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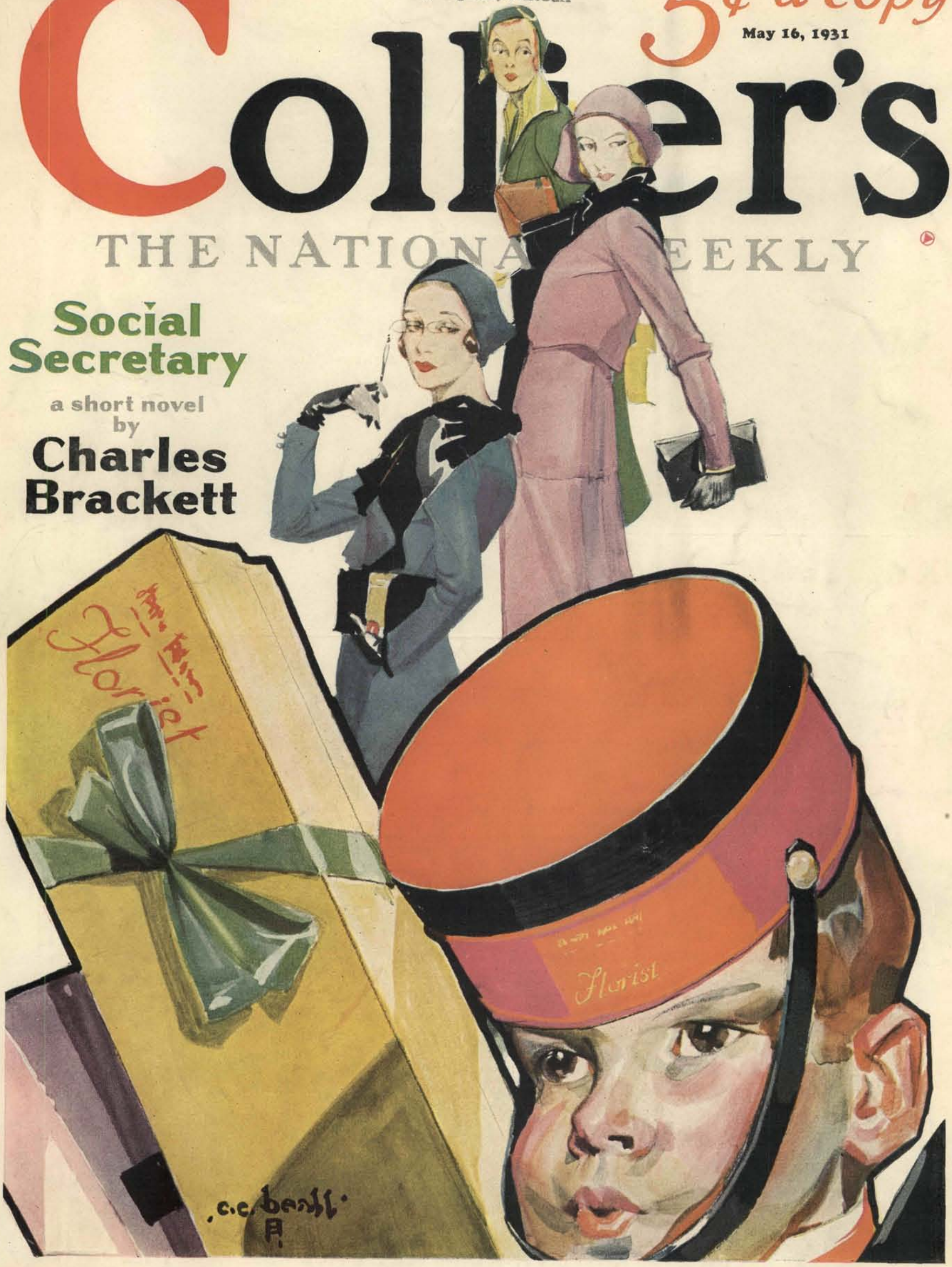
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Social Secretary

a short novel
by
Charles Brackett



The Bloodhounds of Broadway – an inside story by **Damon Runyon**

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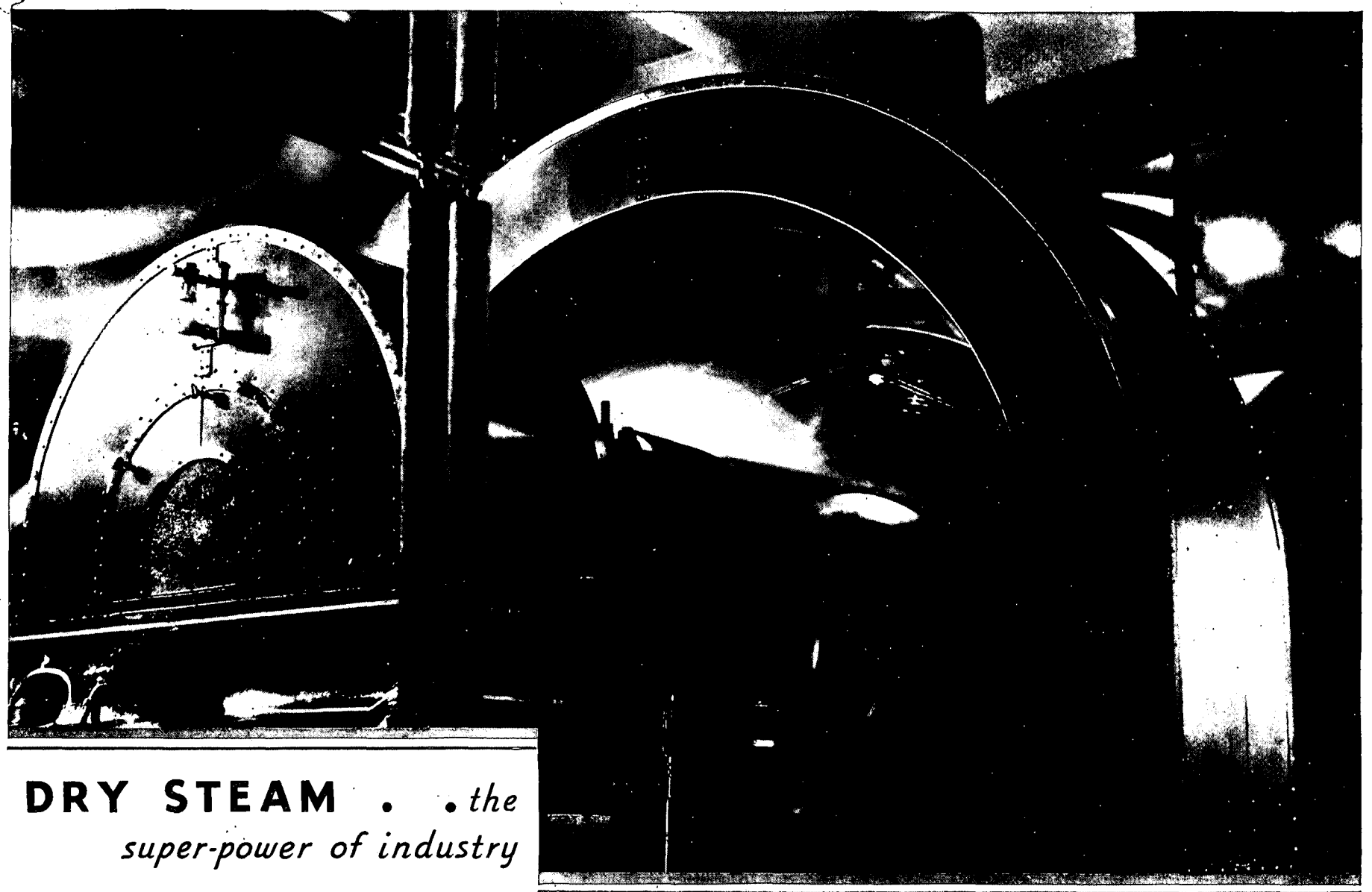

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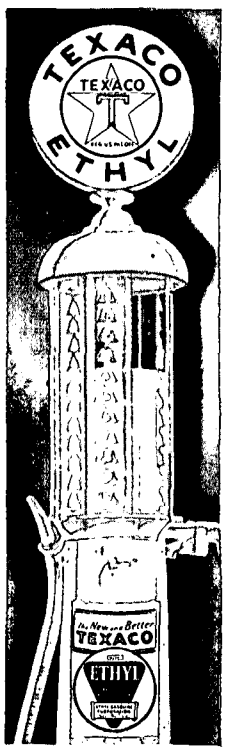

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

LITTLE THINGS, TOO, MAKE FRIENDS

"Perfection," goes the saying, "is made up of trifles." And in a thousand incidents of life we see how much the little things mean. In social contacts and in the realm of business, too, little things make friends.

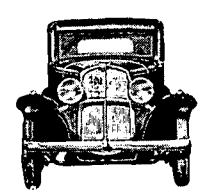
Sometimes, indeed, we think that it isn't the obvious things at all that are winning so much favor for the Oakland and the Pontiac. You can't see the qualities of the steels. But they make for dependability. You will hardly trouble to search out the extra quality in the upholstery. But that is what provides long wear and enduring good looks. You may not be aware of the felt padding which lines the floor-board and dash of the Fisher bodies. But it adds mightily to comfort on hot or cold days. You couldn't be expected to note or care about the hair's-breadth proportioning of one part or another. But this is just the thing that makes Oakland and Pontiac performance what it is.

Throughout chassis and body there are literally scores of points where better things—the results of thought and care and extra quality—lie hidden. All you will ever know about them is their results. These you can readily learn by talking with owners . . . and by seeing and driving the cars. After all, that is the best way to find out what values really are.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher



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Collier's

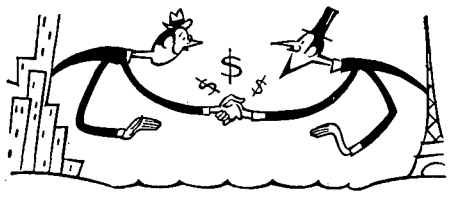
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

SO MANY things are said to be wrong with America (a state of affairs not unusual as we approach a presidential election) that we do not hesitate to increase your confusion by listing one more infirmity. The circus family is facing extinction.

There are many great American names, nearly one hundred years old as circus attractions, that soon will be seen no more on the billboards. The children are not growing up in the business. Circus discipline is too hard for today's boys and girls. Besides, other careers are calling. Soon all of the great circus families will be European and we shall have to pass a law about it.

Courtney Ryley Cooper, the circus addict, in "All in the Family" tells how the circus family lives and works, describes the discipline and drops a tear for the old days. It's almost as good as a free ticket for the Big Top.



YOU often hear of the ties of history which bind us romantically to France. The closer binding, however, is made of something more tangible—manufactured goods and money. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, returned from France not long ago and had a great many interesting things to say about the effect of French activities, political and commercial, on our own prosperity. We asked him to put them together in an article called "France Steps Out." It is clear and concise.

—

WE PRESENT an Arabian Night's Entertainment in "Now I'll Tell One, Scheherazade," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. In the manner long beloved of the world, Mr. Brennan tells the wholly modern story of the Caliph, Sam Scarafina, his Wazir, whose name was Joseph McGuinness, and the beauteous houri, Laura Shaughnessy, whom the Caliph desired. Wickedness and guile abound in the tale, but love and courage are there also and it is well known that Allah is merciful to those whose hearts hold no evil. A good story in which the breaks fall precisely as you would have them.

—

VINCENT RICHARDS, the tennis king, is teaching his small daughter to play his favorite game. Adriane is six and already a veteran. Vinnie is going about the job with a great deal of common sense, we think, so we present his ideas of tennis fundamentals and methods in a short article: "Never Too Young." And if you think it won't help your own game you are much better than we are, or wrong.

—

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY is in again with a fresh mystery to solve; E. P. O'Donnell's "Like a Man" is delightful and unusual; "The Finisher," by Talbert Josselyn, is about golf and life, a large order amply filled; the Short Short Story is by Elmer Davis, the scholar; Grantland Rice, W. R. Burnett, Charles Brackett, Dr. Work, Freling Foster and others have not permitted spring to retard their speed. Keep up with the gang.

THIS WEEK

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Page 10—W. B. Courtney

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE: And how it dooms the innocent.

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THE BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY: Real dogs, real beefsteaks and a real man-hunt.

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THAT EGG: The love story of a stuffed shirt.

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STOP—CAUTION—GO: By Helen Hahn Asbury

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MIRACLE MEN: Latter-day magic with antiques.

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"NEVER BET ON AN EVEN CHANCE": Titanic Thompson, gambler.

Page 26—Grantland Rice

WHEN FIGHTS WERE BOLD: Obviously a bit of pugilistic research.

Page 28—Uncle Henry

HAPPY WARRIORS: The old gentleman steps into Grantland Rice's corner.

Page 34—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE: Mr. Shipstead speaks up.

Page 38—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD!

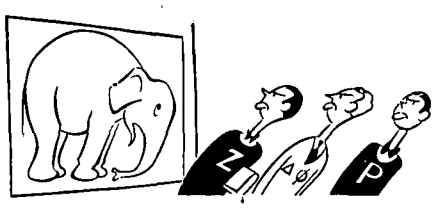
Page 72—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? We'd like to know.

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

BEING pretty well acquainted with droughts and recently having had plenty of time to consider them from all angles, Mr. Leonard Newton of Garden City, Missouri, wants to know why one should save one's money "for a rainy day only to find that money can't buy one." We are just as capable of answering that as we are of satisfying Mr. G. James Ash of Chinchilla, Pennsylvania, who wonders whether part of our troubles isn't due to the fact that Uncle Sam hasn't a wife. Or has he?



SEEKING always to comfort the weary, we pass on to Mr. Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, several suggestions from readers who read with concern his bitter complaint that our colleges are "breeding places of misinformation regarding the Republican party."

One suggests that a law be adopted compelling all applicants for higher education to be passed upon by Congressman Fish, who will administer to those deemed safe the oath of allegiance to the Republican party and deport all others. Another thinks that Senator Fess, himself a schoolteacher by profession, should be made Secretary of Education with arbitrary powers over all schools, public and private. This, the writer points out, would serve the second purpose of solving another Republican problem—what to do with Colonel Fess.

But a third problem-solver suggests to Mr. Lucas that the Administration follow Cuba's lead and close all schools until the minds of our young atrophy to the Republican viewpoint. We think this a bit radical; but something will have to be done. That's clear to everybody, including Mr. Lucas.

—

"I THINK," writes Mrs. Laura B. Metzger of Birmingham, Alabama, "that you ought to be warned. So I am warning you. Take good care of yourself for the next few months so that you will be able to stand the things that the ex-Hon. J. Tom Heflin will say about you in the new paper he is going to edit—the Heflin Herald. If I were you I would subscribe to it just to keep abreast the news about yourself."

—

WE HAVE become a bit skeptical of "solutions of the prohibition problem;" having read and listened to thousands. But Mr. John J. Messer of Flushing, N. Y., offers one which has at least the quality of novelty. He writes:

"Permit the manufacture of 2.75% beer by private enterprises to be sold through the Post Office Department . . . which would sell it in case lots of six, twelve or twenty-four bottles to be delivered at your home and paid for at the post office. With the post office system of inspection there would be little or no leakage or breakage, all graft would be eliminated and the profit would go a long way to reduce taxes. Have light wines and whisky sold through drug stores on a doctor's prescription as at present."

And so on. But something tells us that this plan, like others, is going to be disregarded.

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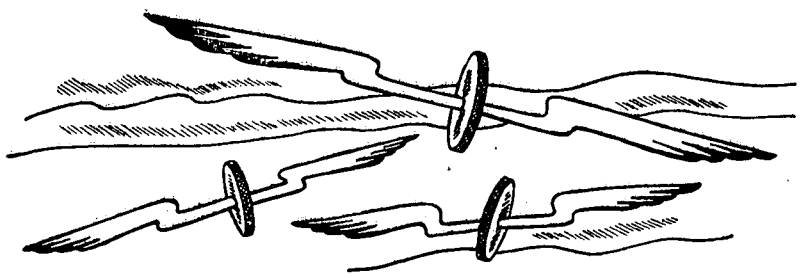
PENNIES FOR WINGS



DAY in and day out you take wings by talking over your telephone . . . with friends . . . the grocer . . . the doctor . . . a relative hundreds of miles away . . . and every month you get a bill for this service.

Perhaps a single call made during this period has been worth more to you in time, money or convenience than the whole amount of your telephone bill. But the telephone company makes its charge—not on any such basis—but simply on what it costs to give the best possible service to its customers.

The Bell System has voluntarily taken the position that the telephone business is a public trust. Its policy is to give the best possible service at the least cost consistent with financial safety.

The more telephone subscribers there are, the more valuable telephone service becomes to each subscriber. Unlike most other businesses, the telephone industry does not enjoy reduced costs as the number of customers increases. On the contrary, the trend is upward. To offset this, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company takes advantage of every scientific advance and aid to efficiency which can possibly reduce service costs—and these savings are used for the benefit of the subscriber.

The twenty-four Associated Companies in the Bell System are pledged to this ideal . . . to give constantly better telephone service at the lowest possible rates . . . to reduce, by every means in their power, the number of pennies that you pay for wings.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

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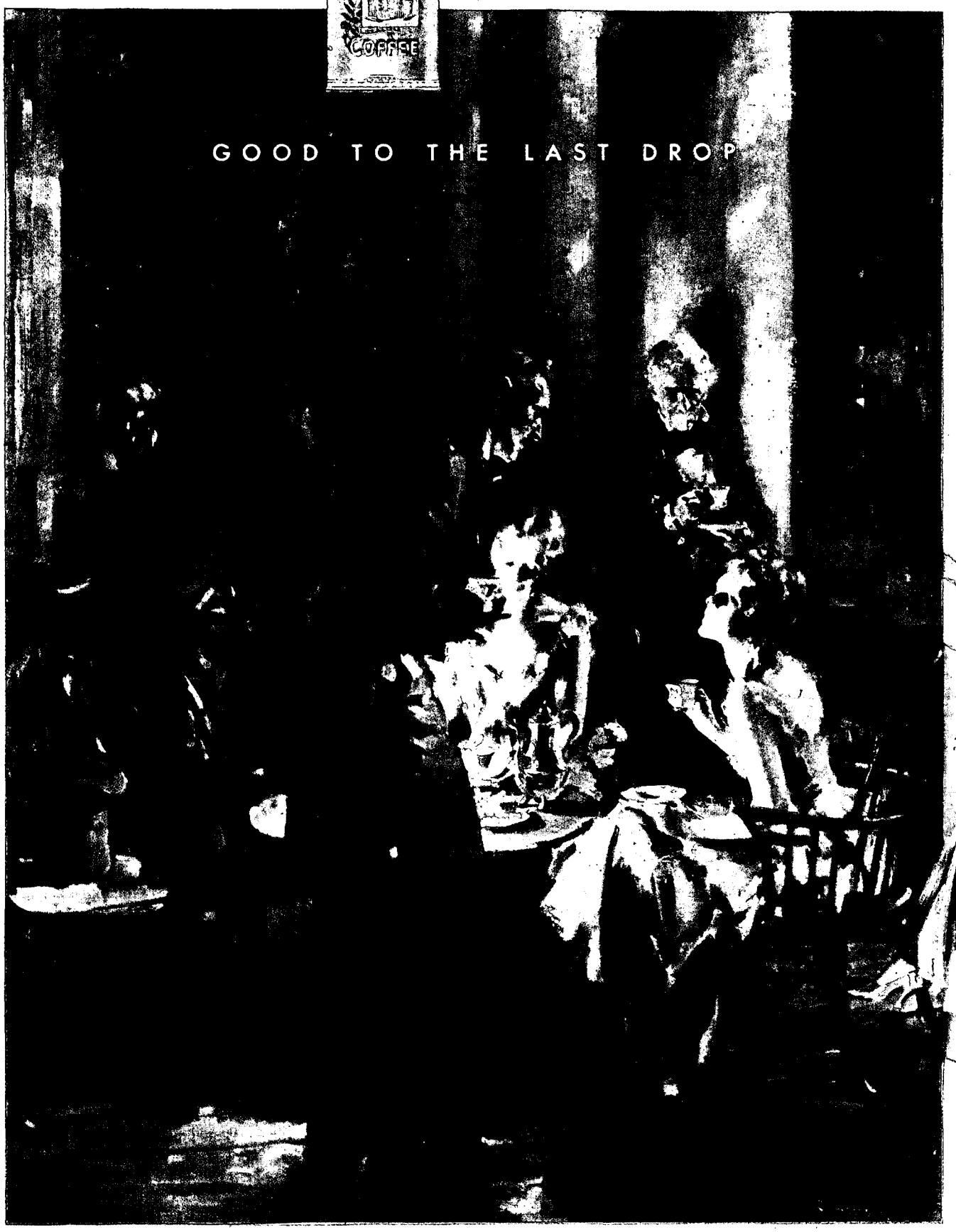
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE



Maxwell House Coffee is today's expression of the good living of the Old South

THERE is something in excellence which transcends either time or fashion. This is as true of a masterpiece in coffee as of a masterpiece in paint. Thus, in the Old South, where dining was a ceremony and living was an art, Maxwell House Coffee held a supreme place. In America today, where coffee is a national beverage and a daily refreshment, Maxwell House Coffee holds and steadily multiplies its friends. It takes extraordinary merit for any product to survive and to enhance its prestige over a half century. Maxwell House Coffee has done that in surpassing degree. Just you try Maxwell House tomorrow morning, taste its inimitably rich and mellow flavor. Then, indeed, you will see why!

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Social Secretary

Beginning the story of a girl who climbed to happiness on a ladder of loyalty

By Charles Brackett

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

YOURS of the second received and contents noted," Mrs. Ogden Harriman dictated from the Louis Fifteenth frivolity of her vast bed, "and, Newport or no Newport, forty thousand dollars is too darned much for three months' rent of a cottage like that. The owners can either cut their price or find another tenant. Yours and so forth. Have you got that?"

"Newport or no Newport," the cool voice of Mrs. Harriman's secretary repeated, "forty thousand dollars is altogether too much—"

"Who said anything about 'altogether'?" The splendid old dowager's tone was so fierce that the plumy, red-gold Pekingese beside her broke into a rasping, sympathetic bark. "Shut up, Fifi," she ended.

Helen Blake, the secretary, smiled at her employer. Of all Helen Blake's features her lips were perhaps the least in accordance with the proportions prescribed by artists for the ideal face, but if they had been different she wouldn't have been half so lovely. Her direct, gray eyes under their straight brows, her nose with its delicate perfection of bridge and nostril, might have totaled into a classic severity. Her mouth, which wasn't classical at all, but utterly sweet, made her enchanting.

"Don't you think 'darned' sounds a little too interested?" she asked.

"Maybe you're right, Blakey," Mrs. Harriman admitted, and reached to turn the enameled clock on her bedside table so that she could see its face.

"How about looking over your invitations?" Helen asked quickly.

She had let her sympathies get deeply involved with this family who lived in the big limestone palace at 779 Fifth Avenue, and if Mrs. Harriman saw the time it meant that she would be upset. Possibly it meant a scene, for Mrs. Harriman was already in what Helen described as "dudgeon, medium size."

"Hand them over," Mrs. Harriman said, and as Helen picked up the big pile: "Quite a lot today! I must be coming into fashion again."

"You're always in fashion," Helen told her, which was true, for Mrs. Harriman's power didn't vary like the tides or the stock market but was a fact like the height of Mount Everest or the ascertained resistance of a piece of steel.

Mrs. Harriman grunted, and said: "Maybe it's because I don't give a hang whether I'm in fashion or not."

SHE then glanced at the top invitation, but before she had time to fling it at Helen with the word which indicated whether it should be accepted or refused Mr. Harriman entered, as he did every morning on his way downtown, and Helen knew that the scene was inevitable.

"Morning, Harriet."

"Good morning, Oggy. Those papers aren't ready yet though I distinctly told Sylvia to be here before ten to sign them, and Blakey reminded her maid over an hour ago."

"There's no breakneck hurry, Harriet," Mr. Harriman told his wife. "Wasn't she at some dance last night?"

"Yes, the Chalmers', but that's no excuse. This is just typical of her utter carelessness."

It happened that the Chalmers' butler had telephoned at a quarter of nine the evening before to ask if Miss Harriman had made some mistake about the date of the dinner dance to which she was expected, but with an instinct not to tell tales, and to protect someone of her own generation, and to save Mrs. Harriman, Helen Blake had not reported that telephone call.

"Glad to have her have some sleep," said Mr. Harriman, who also wanted to avoid a scene.

It was useless for him to be mild. It merely bore in upon his wife the fact that a chit of a girl was interfering with his routine, a routine which the whole world respected.

"Sleep!" she snorted. "She can sleep all day long. Usually does."

"Why don't I take the papers in to Sylvia?" Helen suggested. "I can explain everything to her, I'm sure."

"Well—"

Before Mrs. Harriman could bring herself to permit that divergence from her plans it was unnecessary, for Sylvia strolled in.

"Hello, Gran. 'Lo, Grandfather. How's tricks?"

Delivered in Sylvia's drawl it was not a soothing entrance speech. Helen suspected that the scene would be even more violent than she had feared.

"You've kept your grandfather waiting," Mrs. Harriman announced in portentous accents.

"He'd be waiting still," Sylvia replied, "if Lottie hadn't socked me in the face with a wet towel. I might as well have a Prussian drill sergeant for a maid."

She was evidently in one of her defiant moods, and she was not even looking her best, which made a difference, because when she was pretty it appealed, if only subconsciously, to her grandmother's pride. Today her clever, sulky little face was a bad color and only her natural chic saved her from actual plainness.

"I TRUST you won't consider your rising underpaid," Mr. Harriman interposed in a humorous, gentling voice. "Do you know how much money you'd have lost if you'd failed to take over those stock rights Miss Blake has on the desk, before noon?"

"No."

"Seventy-two thousand dollars."

"Does that mean anything to you?" Mrs. Harriman demanded.

"Not much."

Instead of making the outraged rejoinder Sylvia had undoubtedly wanted, Mrs. Harriman turned to her husband.

"Sylvia is trying her shock technique on us again," she said. "We're supposed to be horrified. Now have you any idea what you're doing when you take up those stock rights, Sylvia?"

The girl had seated herself on the edge of her grandmother's bed.

"No, and don't try to give me a lesson in business today, Gran."

She put both hands on her forehead, and rested her elbows on her knees.

"What's the matter?"

"Just a bad case of the jitters."

"The jitters, huh! Did you drink

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too much of the Chalmers' champagne?"

"I didn't go to the Chalmers'," Sylvia replied. "Freddie Ives and I got within a block of their house and decided it would be too stuffy."

"Where did you go?"

"Up to Harlem."

"From your condition I judge that you and Freddie found a congenial spot."

FREDDIE was an innocuous young man who acted as Sylvia's tame cat. Print cannot reproduce the scorn Mrs. Harriman put into the pronunciation of his name.

"No," Sylvia answered. "We had a rotten time, if that's any consolation to you."

The curious issue of near-hatred was joined.

"Do you think I enjoy having my only grandchild the most discontented person I ever saw?" Mrs. Harriman demanded.

There was a good deal of anguish in the words, the anguish of a wrung devotion which somehow couldn't express itself tenderly. Mr. Harriman hated hearing it.

"Sign the papers, Sylvia," he said.

"Good idea."

The girl slouched over to the ormolu-mounted writing table. "Where's the dotted line, Blakey?" she asked.

Helen pointed it out.

"Not much of a signature, I imagine," Mrs. Harriman commented from the bed.

"No. Blakey'd better write 'Sylvia Harriman, her mark.'"

Suddenly the shock technique had its desired effect.

"How drunk were you?" Mrs. Harriman flared up.

Sylvia had her chance to snub her grandmother.

"Pretty drunk," she said. "But able to find the way to my own bed, thank you. And now, with this hangover of mine, I don't think I'll stay to hear my failings discussed."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take something white and fizzy and a cold shower. If those don't work I may snip off some hair from the dog that bit me. So long, everybody."

She trailed out triumphantly, winking at her grandfather in a way which was supposed to indicate an understanding between them, an understanding which had no real existence.

HELEN BLAKE folded the stock rights carefully. Mrs. Harriman sat silent, staring straight before her.

"Not quite what we hoped for, is it, Harriet?" Mr. Harriman commented at last.

"Sometimes," Mrs. Harriman said, "I think it would have been wiser if I'd pretended I didn't know about her carousing. I might have kept her under more control."

"You couldn't have done that. Deception's not your line."

"I suppose not."

Once again they were off on the hypothesis that it was Sylvia's cheap little misdeeds that hurt them so instead of Sylvia's second-rate self.

"What are we going to do about this sort of thing, Harriet?"

"I'm stumped, Oggy. Reason has absolutely no effect on her, and I can't pull the reins any tighter or she'll walk out of the house and cut us off without a grandchild."

"If only Dick and her mother hadn't left her their money outright!"

"No use going into the ifs."

"I suppose most girls are discontented nowadays."

"Blakey isn't, and Blakey's a raving, tearing beauty who has to work blamed hard."

It embarrassed Helen frightfully to hear herself referred to in such terms.

"You must remember," she said, to cover her confusion, "that I have an advantage you couldn't possibly give your granddaughter, Mrs. Harriman."

"What? Sense?"

"My way to make in the world."

"When I think of you at her age, Harriet!" Mr. Harriman said.

"Mrs. Harriman was married when she was as old as Sylvia, wasn't she?" Helen asked. "Most rich girls lack purpose until they take over their husbands' ambitions."

"I suppose you think the crazy boys Sylvia plays around with have ambitions," Mrs. Harriman said. "She'd have to struggle to get them through six lessons on the ukulele."

"If only our friends had bred boys with the right stuff in them," Mr. Harriman sighed.

"Would they choose Sylvia?" Mrs. Harriman asked. "The answer is that there are such boys around but they don't flatter her, so she's not interested in them. I suppose the fact that she prefers little flutter-budgets has been a source of safety in one way, but I'm not even so sure of that as I used to be."

"Whom will she marry eventually? Some flat-headed fortune hunter?"

"'Man piles up riches and knows not who shall gather them,'" Mrs. Harriman quoted. "Let's put whatever we leave her into an ironclad trust, Oggy, for when Sylvia presents us with the man of her choice I imagine that we'll both drop dead."

"I wish she could be put down on a ranch in South America or New Zealand for a year or two." He sighed.

"She can't be."

They sat, two of the great of the earth, facing the question of a beloved grandchild and quite as helpless as lesser men and women.

"No answer to it," Mrs. Harriman said at last.

"There's an answer to every problem."

"Except the really important ones. Best thing we can do with this one is to

"Hello, Gran. 'Lo, Grandfather. How's tricks?" Helen suspected that the scene would be even more violent than she had feared

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keep it out of our minds, though Lord knows I'd like to tackle it with a carpet slipper."

A rap which Helen had been expecting summoned Helen to the door at that point in the inconclusive colloquy.

"Madame D'Arcy for your facial, I imagine," she told her employer as she crossed to answer it.

Mr. Harriman rose.

"I've got to be starting for my office anyway."

"Just a moment, Madame D'Arcy," Helen said. "Will you wait outside?"

When she turned back to the room Mrs. Harriman was tapping her cheek with her forefinger.

"THIS is the kind of problem I concentrate on," she said. "But maybe you think I don't envy you your office, Oggy."

"Even controlling most of the oil in the world isn't absorbing enough sometimes, Harriet," he returned. "Goodby. 'Morning, Miss Blake."

"Sylvia is spoiling these last years for him too," Mrs. Harriman said bitterly when the door had closed on his discouraged back. Then she made one of her shrewd comments: "Of course his office isn't absorbing enough. Only the labor of necessity would be. We're padded too thick against life, Blakey, and when life jabs through the pads it knows how to hurt. Tell D'Arcy to come in."

Certainly Mr. Harriman's days were filled. Had it not been for a commonsense coöperation with the doctor who watched him, as a trainer watches a race horse, the demands on his time would have killed him years before. It was between demands of such moment that they must be heeded that he was supplied with the protection against the jars and annoyances of existence which his wife had called "pads." Not one ion of Mr. Harriman's precious energy must be wasted.

As he went down the great staircase of his home Baker, his valet, stood by the newel post holding his coat. Nearer the front door was stationed Harvey, his secretary, and at the door itself Parker, the Harriman butler. When Mr. Harriman passed, Harvey swung into step beside him. Parker opened the door. Mr. Harriman and Harvey descended a few steps to the street.

A GREAT limousine waited at the curb with a footman beside it who opened the door and tucked a rug around Mr. Harriman's thin old legs when he was seated. Then, the footman having taken his place beside the chauffeur, the chauffeur eased the car into the traffic of Fifth Avenue.

The traffic was an annoyance Mr. Harriman shared almost equally with other motorists. So far, however, since leaving Mrs. Harriman's room, Mr. Harriman had not been called upon to perform one gesture which would distract his mind for an instant from the fact that something must be done about Sylvia. Something must be done for her grandmother's sake as well as Sylvia's. These rows couldn't continue. No wonder Harriet's blood pressure was way up.

Once in the limousine Harvey endeavored to perform the function which made Mr. Harriman have him as a companion every morning—namely, to distract Mr. Harriman from the tedium of the traffic.

"I'm afraid you'll be a little late for your appointment with the representative of the Tress Oil Company," Harvey said.

As people who were granted audiences with Mr. Harriman were always told to come fifteen minutes ahead of time the "little" was a decided understatement.

"He'll wait," Mr. Harriman grunted.

"I WENT over your notes on Tress Oil last night," Harvey continued, for he was not averse to italicizing his own efficiency. "It's the English company which is in rather bad financial straits. They have some interesting holdings in Mesopotamia but unless you care to ally yourself with them it's quite possible that Tress Oil will be available at a very low price indeed."

Harvey rather fancied the Machiavellian suggestiveness of that sentence but evidently Mr. Harriman didn't appreciate it. He sat with his eyes fixed emptily on the coonskin collar of the chauffeur.

Harvey went on with some well-chosen Tress Oil statistics. Finally he said, "Don't you think so, sir?"

"Haven't been listening to a word you said."

"Really, sir?"

"No. I've been beating my brains against one of the real problems. Hang it all, it seems to me this ride has taken longer than usual."

"No, we're quite on schedule. This is Twenty-second Street." But Harvey knew he had not fulfilled his function.

When they arrived at the tower city in which Mr. Harriman had his offices the elaborate mechanism to spare Mr. Harriman came into full play again.

He had only a few steps to walk to a private elevator. It conveyed him to the twenty-eighth floor, where his coat was taken by an old colored man whose sole duty in life was to take Mr. Harriman's coat, and who regarded it as a highly successful career.

Then, over a deep-pile carpet, Mr. Harriman moved to his private office. Harvey had preceded him and was at its door.

"Waiting?" Mr. Harriman asked.

"Yes, Mr. Harriman," and Harvey opened the door.

A TANNED man in his late twenties rose from a leather chair.

"You represent Tress Oil," Mr. Harriman said. "Pretty young, aren't you?"

"I've been five years in our Mesopotamian fields. I think I know the subject rather thoroughly."

"All right."

What sort of emissary Tress Oil sent to him made very little difference to Mr. Harriman. He knew well enough what the representative would say, so he didn't have to pay attention, and could go on stewing about Sylvia.

He had all but shut off his mind from the interview when, surprisingly, he found it becoming unshut. The young man did know his subject and loved it, and it was Mr. Harriman's subject.

Mr. Harriman began asking questions, making comments. He stopped worrying about the life of any other person. He was back entrenched in his own vivid life, his interest rekindled by the blazing interest of this youngster. Mrs. Harriman had been right in envying him his office.

Her escape had been less successful.

"Is that fool never going to kill that man?" she demanded, through the green mud which impacted her visage. "I can't bear indecision. If he doesn't do it before the end of this chapter throw that book in the fire, Blakey."

"All right, Mrs. Harriman."

"And wash this stuff off," Mrs. Harriman issued another command, this time to Madame D'Arcy. "It's beginning to pull."

"Just one little moment of patience," Madame D'Arcy pleaded. "For every little pull it pulls out a wrinkle."

"Wash the stuff off. I don't know why I waste money on this face anyway. I must have put enough into it to restore the battlefields of France."

"Oh! What is that?" Madame D'Arcy took advantage of a sputtering, banging noise in the street below to exclaim with a pantomime of great fear.

"Truck backfiring. Didn't you ever hear one before?"

Madame D'Arcy went to the window. Halted before the house was a van labeled Garvin, Antiques, and men were bearing swaddled bundles into the area entrance.

"Madame is right," she proclaimed. "It is a great truck. Madame has been buying some more beautiful, beautiful antiques."

"Bootlegger, Blakey," Mrs. Harriman said. "Go find how much we owe him and write out a check. And now are you going to wash off this mud, D'Arcy, or are you going to take it for your name?"

"In the library, Miss Blake," Parker said in answer to Helen's inquiry as to

(*Continued on page 61*)

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Circumstantial Evidence

What compensation does your state provide for an innocent man jailed in error? Probably none, unless you live in California, Wisconsin, or North Dakota. Our other states may have competent juries and able prosecutors, but Professor Borchard feels that, in some respects, their justice scales are off-center

By W. B. Courtney

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

IT WAS a lovely spring morning in 1912 and Dolphus Tidwell and his son were fishing in the Warrior River—that most haunting of all American rivers, memories of which tear with homesickness the heart of every wandering son of Alabama. But Tidwell and his boy were not thinking of poetry that morning; their startled and fascinated eyes were fixed upon the bleached remains of what had once been a human hand and arm, protruding from a bluff above their heads.

Quick scooping unearthed a well-rotted piece of matting over a jumble of bones which the inexpert Tidwells took to be the skeletons of an adult and child. "I reckon we've hit on an Indian burying ground!" exclaimed the boy with enthusiasm, and his father agreed.

The news of the Tidwells' discovery spread over the county and many persons visited the bluff, some even bringing screens with which to sift the dirt in the hope of finding Indian ornaments and relics. Apart from the skeletons found by the Tidwells, however, the soil of the bluff was quite barren of objects of interest; and the local archæological enthusiasm had been about exhausted when suddenly a new and ominous turn came into the matter. Jim House, a native who worked occasionally for a farmer named Wilson, began to spread an ugly story.

Living with Farmer Wilson was his son Bill, whose wife, Jenny, had disappeared five years previously, following a prolonged quarrel with him. She had taken their two-year-old child. Foul play had been suspected at the time, but when several weeks of gossip and fanciful speculation had turned up nothing definite the matter was forgotten.

But now Jim House's story was caught up and eagerly bandied around the county, with repetition lending it credibility, until James Embry, the county solicitor, heard it and became convinced of its truth. In short order Embry had Bill Wilson indicted and placed on trial for the murder of his wife and child.

The bones were exhibited to the jury as the skeletons of Jenny Wilson and her infant. A convict who occupied a cell adjoining Wilson's, wherein the latter was awaiting trial, related that Wilson had warned his daughter, upon an occasion when she had visited him, "If you ever tell anything I will 'tend to you when I get out." Various witnesses testified that Bill Wilson had threatened to kill his wife, and had made sundry vague threats about her. Another witness testified that he had once seen at Wilson's farm an ax handle which had been found near the bones.

Evidence in Plenty

House swore that one night, a year after her original disappearance, he had encountered Jenny on a hill near the Wilson farm. She had told him she was going to visit the Wilsons, and House said he tried to dissuade her for fear she might have trouble with Bill, who had begun a suit for divorce. House said he watched her until she reached the door, where she was received by the elder Mrs. Wilson and one of the Wilson daughters without any show of hostility. "The next day," continued House, "I met Bill Wilson and asked him how Jenny was, and he denied that Jenny had called at the Wilson home the night before." Thereupon, according to his story, House walked away from Bill Wilson toward the river, where he found a baby's diaper and saw some blood on a rock.

House's account then jumped four years to a scene on the same river bank, when both he and Bill Wilson were in a group rummaging in the bone heap which had been discovered by the Tidwells. Bill Wilson, said House, picked up a little bone and handed it to him with the remark: "Here's the baby's rib. You'd better take it along!" To which House replied: "Yes, Bill, that's the very thing I want!"

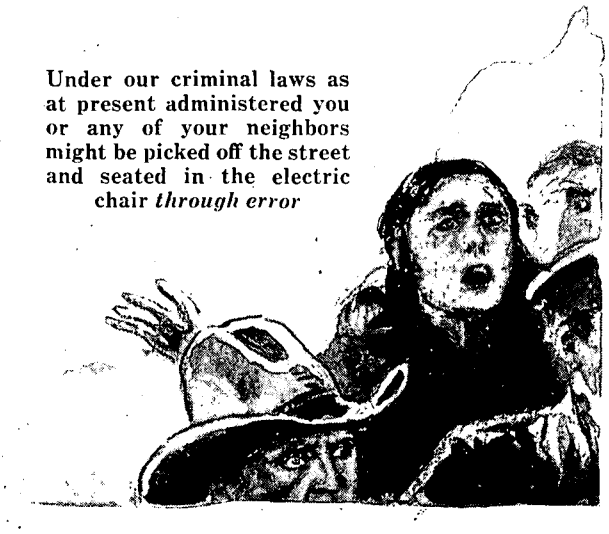
The defense showed that there had long been ill-feeling between Bill Wilson and Jim House, and contended that the latter's testimony was a fabrication inspired by hatred and prejudice. Witness by witness the defense fought down the case the State had built. Plenty of evidence was offered that Jenny had been seen alive a year after the time Bill Wilson was supposed to have done her to death. The entire Wilson family denied that Jenny had visited them at any time after the separation. Bill Wilson's daughter contradicted the statement attributed to her by the convict and said that her father had merely warned her to be a good girl or he would punish her when he got out of jail. Two of Jenny's girl friends described some fillings in her front teeth, whereas the skeleton supposed to be hers bore no signs of such dental work. Doctor Hancock was the defense's last witness; and his expert opinion was that it would take at least ten years for bones to decay as much as those alleged to be Jenny's had done; moreover, he testified that the teeth in the large skeleton were those of a very old person, and that the small skeleton showed second teeth, which Jenny's baby would not yet have had.

There you have the case just as the jury got it. There wasn't a shred of direct evidence that Bill Wilson had murdered his wife and their baby. The charge against him was sustained wholly by circumstantial evidence. Now, suppose you had been a member of that Alabama jury. Would you have considered that circumstantial evidence enough to warrant depriving Bill Wilson of his liberty for the rest of his days?

Well, the real jurors did. Evidently they were swayed by Jim House's story to discount all the defense evidence; they found Bill Wilson guilty of murder in the first degree, and he was sentenced to a life term in the state prison.

The Frailty of Juries

"It seems quite probable," said Professor Edwin M. Borchard, of Yale University Law School, in summing up this case for me, "that this Alabama jury, like many juries in other cases in other states, was moved by considerations other than the actual evidence. At any rate, the Wilson case presents an illustration of the frailty of juries; of the fact that a prosecuting attorney's eloquence and zeal, backed by inflamed public sentiment, may work injustice



Under our criminal laws as at present administered you or any of your neighbors might be picked off the street and seated in the electric chair *through error*

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to an innocent person; and of the grave danger of ever depriving a man of his life or of his lifetime liberty on purely circumstantial evidence.

"After the trial, doubt of Bill Wilson's guilt continued to mount. Doctor Hrdlicka, famous curator of physical anthropology at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, declared that the skeletons which Alabama claimed were the remains of Jenny Wilson and her baby were in reality parts of four or five very old skeletons. Judge Blackwood, who tried Wilson, urged the governor to commute Wilson's sentence, and Judge Kelton stated in an affidavit that 'public sentiment convicted Wilson, but this had in a great measure changed.' Yet Wilson was held at hard labor in the penitentiary until Jenny at length was found living with her second husband in Vincennes, Indiana."

On July 8, 1918, after he had served three and a half years for a crime which had never been committed, Bill Wilson was turned out of jail, a broken man. The state of Alabama did better than most states do under similar circumstances; it voted Wilson $3,500, not for the grievous injury that had been done him, but as "pay for services rendered the state while in prison!"

The Tragic Sequel

The horrible miscarriage of justice in Bill Wilson's case is not uncommon. There is an ever-present danger that perhaps some day a net of circumstantial evidence may trip you or any other law-abiding citizen and tangle you and throw you into jail, or worse. Professor Borchard, who is not a criminal lawyer, but an authority on international law and who holds the Hotchkiss chair of law in Yale University, has devoted himself to his hobby of scientific investigation of errors of criminal justice. He has the records of scores of such miscarriages. "The Wilson case," he said, "had a feature that made it an unusually good illustration—not alone of the need for a statute providing honest indemnification for such mistakes, but also of the need for official, standardized handling of all such indemnities.

"For poor Bill Wilson's indemnity only contrived to get him into court again. The money was paid to a probate judge of Wilson's home county as trustee. The judge ran away with the money. Wilson was forced to sue the judge's bondsman. The action cost him $700; and it is doubtful whether he ever received more than $2,500 of the grant made to him.

"Now comes what is perhaps the worst—the aftermath. It is part of the tragedy of these cases of miscarried justice that they too often have bitter sequels. Bill Wilson bought a small farm with what was left of his indemnity money and tried to begin life anew. But his experience had sapped his courage, and the fight overwhelmed him. He got into debt, lost everything, and when last heard of was a day laborer in a mine."

Oh, you might say, remembering the tales you have heard or read of lynchings in the South, Bill Wilson was as much the victim of the phenomenon of public opinion which is peculiar to the hot-blooded folk in the section in which he lived, as of circumstantial evidence. And if you do say that, Professor Borchard, with a slight smile, will reach into the capacious filing box in which he keeps his "cases." He has selected for exhibits in a book which he is writing on this subject seventy cases, out of hundreds which his research staff has investigated, in which the innocence of the victims was proved beyond doubt.

He will hand you at random another case—you may be sure it is a fascinating human document wherever its scene. Let's see—this one is in Maine. Rigorous, rugged Maine with its rockbound coast and cold winters; surely there can be no charge from you of local predisposition to mob hysteria among these calm Down-Easters. Yet Henry Lambert, French-Canadian farmhand, who once was young and free, could tell you how mob hysteria, plus a pair of new shoes, cost twenty-two years of his life.

"Mud time," which sharply marks the line between winter and spring in New England, was scarcely ended that second week in May of 1901, so travel on the stage road between the towns of Monson and Greenville in north central Maine was infrequent. No one knew surely, therefore, when the Allen farmhouse had burned down; the ruins were first seen by a farmer taking his children to school on Monday the 13th.

Ripe for Hysteria

When neighbors from the thinly settled countryside gathered and searched the ashes they found human bones, blood spots, exploded revolver shells and other evidences which caused them to jump to the conclusion that Farmer Allen, his wife and their fourteen-year old daughter Carrie had been murdered by someone who then burned down the house to hide traces of his crime.

There had been a series of robberies in the vicinity lately, and everything was ripe for the community hysteria which followed the Allen tragedy.

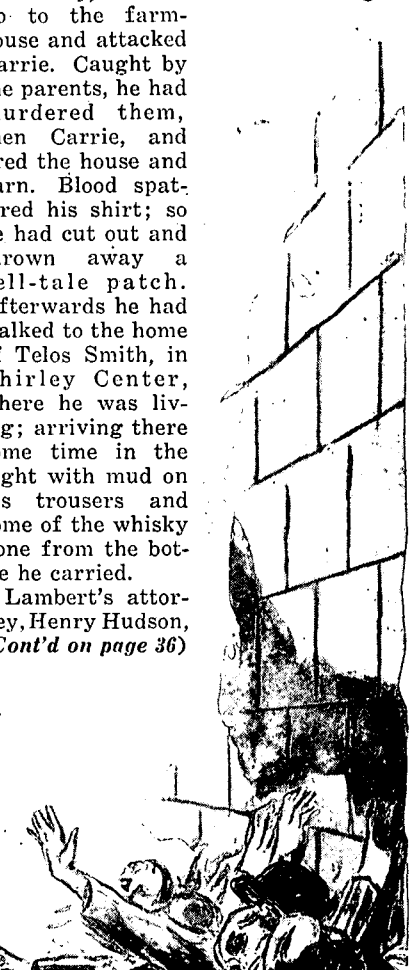
Stores selling arms were quickly depleted of their stocks by anxious farmers, arming themselves for protection, and homes were barricaded after dark every night.

With gossip and speculation rife and fear stalking the countryside and with a hundred little, unexplainable details clouding the mystery, it was inevitable that a net of circumstantial evidence would begin to spread. It crept upon and entangled a young man named Henry Lambert, a twenty-six-year-old French-Canadian farmhand.

Here is what had happened at the lonely Allen farm, according to Attorney General Seiders' eloquent prosecution for the State and his interpretation of the testimony of State witnesses. It was all horribly simple. Lambert coveted Carrie Allen. He had spent the week-end in Greenville, leaving there at four o'clock Sunday afternoon wearing a pair of new rubbers, size 6½, of a popular brand, and carrying an umbrella, a quart of whisky and a box of safety matches. He had once owned a cabin near the Allen farm and had sold it with the understanding that he could have the use of it whenever he got the key from the new owner, Elmer Huff. He had gone to the cabin this Sunday night, leaving therein his umbrella and the safety matches. Then he had gone up to the farmhouse and attacked Carrie. Caught by the parents, he had murdered them, then Carrie, and fired the house and barn. Blood spattered his shirt; so he had cut out and thrown away a tell-tale patch. Afterwards he had walked to the home of Telos Smith, in Shirley Center, where he was living; arriving there some time in the night with mud on his trousers and some of the whisky gone from the bottle he carried.

Lambert's attorney, Henry Hudson,

(*Cont'd on page 36*)



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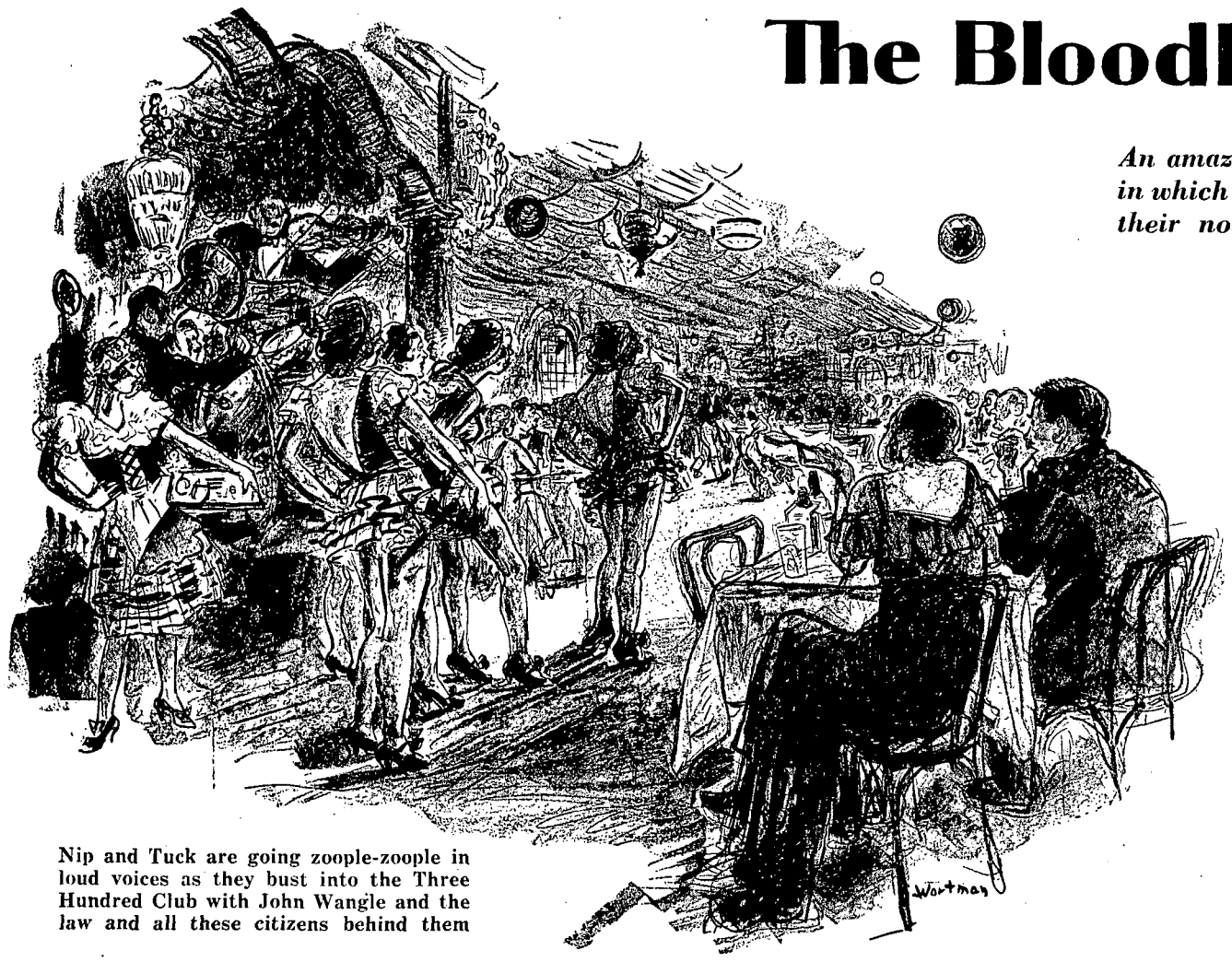
The Bloodhounds of

An amazing story of a man-hunt, in which Georgia man-trackers try their noses on Manhattan trails



Nip and Tuck are going zoople-zoople in loud voices as they bust into the Three Hundred Club with John Wangle and the law and all these citizens behind them

ONE morning along about four bells I am standing in front of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway with a guy by the name of Regret, who has this name because it seems he wins a very large bet the year the Whitney filly, Regret, grabs the Kentucky Derby and can never forget it, which is maybe because it is the only very large bet he ever wins in his life.

What this guy's real name is I never hear, and anyway names make no difference to me, especially on Broadway, because the chances are that no matter what name a guy has it is not his square name. So, as far as I am concerned, Regret is as good a name as any other for this guy I am talking about, who is a fat guy and very gabby, though generally he is talking about nothing but horses, and how he gets beat three dirty noses the day before at Belmont, or wherever the horses are running.

In all the years I know Regret he must get beat ten thousand noses, and always they are dirty noses, to hear him tell it. In fact, I never once hear him say he is beat a clean nose, but of course this is only the way horse-racing guys talk. What Regret does for a living besides betting on horses I do not know, but he seems to do pretty well at it, because he is always around and about, and generally well dressed and with a lot of big cigars sticking up out of his vest pocket.

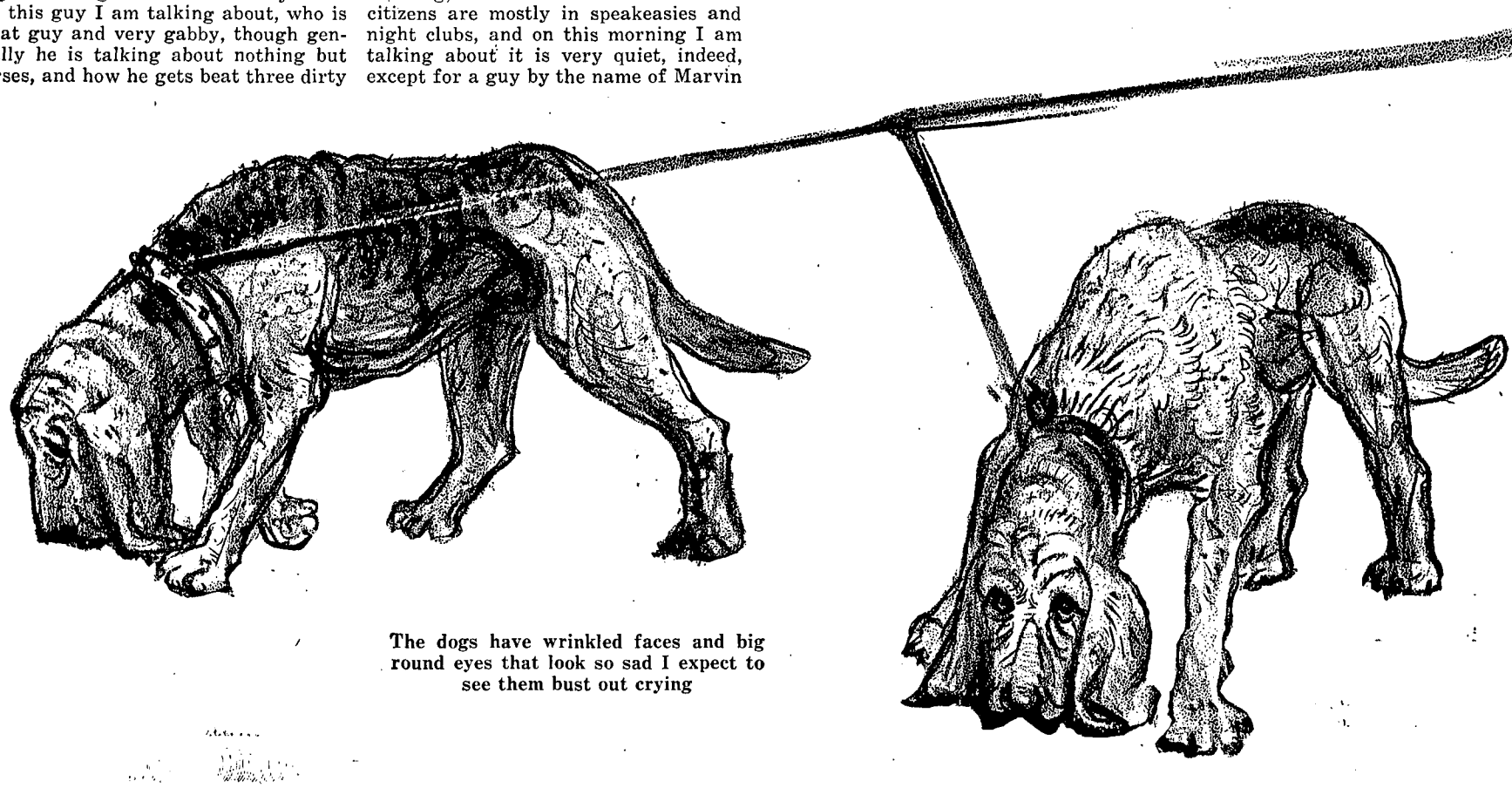
It is generally pretty quiet on Broadway along about four bells in the morning, because at such an hour the citizens are mostly in speakeasies and night clubs, and on this morning I am talking about it is very quiet, indeed, except for a guy by the name of Marvin Clay hollering at a young doll because she will not get into a taxicab with him to go to his apartment. But of course Regret and I do not pay much attention to such a scene, except that Regret remarks that the young doll seems to have more sense than you will expect to see in a doll loose on Broadway at four bells in the morning, because it is well known to one and all that any doll who goes to Marvin Clay's apartment either has no brains whatever or wishes to go there.

This Marvin Clay is a very prominent society guy who is a great hand for hanging out in night clubs, and he has plenty of scratch which comes down to him from his old man, who makes it out of railroads and one thing and another. But Marvin Clay is a most obnoxious character, being loud and ungentlemanly at all times, on account of having all this scratch, and being always very rough and abusive with young dolls such as work in night clubs and who have to stand for such treatment from Marvin Clay because he is a very good customer.

HE IS generally in evening clothes, as he is seldom around and about except in the evening, and he is maybe fifty years old and has a very ugly mug, which is covered with blotches and pimples. But of course a guy who has as much scratch as Marvin Clay does not have to be so very handsome, at that, and he is very welcome indeed wherever he goes on Broadway. Personally, I wish no part of such a guy as Marvin Clay, although I suppose in my time on Broadway I must see a thousand guys like him, and there will always be guys like Marvin Clay on Broadway as long as they have old men to make plenty of scratch out of railroads to keep them going.

Well, by and by Marvin Clay gets the doll in the taxicab, and away they go, and it is all quiet again on Broadway, and Regret and I stand there speaking of this and that and one thing and another, when along comes a very strange-looking guy leading two very strange-looking dogs. The guy is so thin I figure he must be about two pounds lighter than a stack of wheats. He has a long nose and a sad face, and he is wearing a floppy, dingy old felt hat, and he has on a flannel shirt and baggy corduroy pants and a see-more coat, which is a coat that lets you see more hip pockets than coat.

Personally, I never see a stranger-looking guy on Broadway, and I wish to say I see some very strange-looking



The dogs have wrinkled faces and big round eyes that look so sad I expect to see them bust out crying

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Broadway

By Damon Runyon

guys on Broadway in my day. But if the guy is strange-looking, the dogs are even stranger-looking, because they have big heads and jowls that hang down like an old-time faro bank dealer's, and long ears the size of bed sheets. Furthermore, they have wrinkled faces and big round eyes that seem so sad I half expect to see them bust out crying.

The dogs are a sort of black and yellow in color and have long tails, and they are so thin you can see their ribs sticking out of their hides. I can see at once that the dogs and the guy leading them can use a few Hamburgers very nicely, but then so can a lot of other guys on Broadway at this time, leaving out the dogs.

Well, Regret is much interested in the dogs right away, because he is a guy who is very fond of animals of all kinds, and nothing will do but he must stop the guy and start asking questions about what sort of dogs they are, and in fact I am also anxious to hear, myself, because while I see many a pooch in my time I never see anything like these.

"They is bloodhounds," the sad-looking guy says in a very sad voice and with one of these accents such as Southern guys always have. "They is man-tracking bloodhounds from Georgia."

Now of course both Regret and me know what bloodhounds are because we see such animals chasing Eliza across the ice in Uncle Tom's Cabin when we are young squirts, but this is the first time either of us meet up with any bloodhounds personally, especially on Broadway. So we get to talking quite a bit to the guy, and his story is as sad as his face and makes us both feel very sorry for him.

In fact, the first thing we know we have him and the bloodhounds in Mindy's and are feeding one and all big steaks, although Mindy puts up an awful squawk about us bringing the dogs in and asks us what we think he is running, anyway. When Regret starts to tell him, Mindy says never mind, but not to bring any more Shetland ponies into his joint again as long as we live.

WELL, it seems that the sad-looking guy's name is John Wangle, and he comes from a town down in Georgia where his uncle is the high sheriff, and one of the bloodhounds' name is Nip, and the other is Tuck, and they are both trained from infancy to track down guys such as lags who escape from the county pokey, and bad niggers and one thing and another, and after John Wangle gets the kinks out of his belly on Mindy's steaks and starts talking good, you must either figure him a high-class liar, or the hounds the greatest man-trackers the world ever sees.

Now, looking at the dogs after they swallow six big sirloins apiece and a lot of matzoths, which Mindy has left over from the Jewish holidays, and a job lot of goulash from the dinner bill, and some other odds and ends, the best I can figure them is hearty eaters, because they are now lying down on the floor with their faces hidden behind their ears, and are snoring so loud you can scarcely hear yourself think.

How John Wangle comes to be in New York with these bloodhounds is quite a story, indeed. It seems that a New York guy drifts into John's old home town in Georgia when the bloodhounds are tracking down a bad nigger, and this guy figures it will be a wonderful idea to take John Wangle and the dogs to New York and hire them out to the movies to track down the villains in the pictures. But when they get to New York, it seems the movies have other arrangements for tracking down their villains, and the guy runs out of scratch and blows away, leaving John Wangle and the bloodhounds stranded.

So here John Wangle is with Nip and Tuck in New York, and they are all living together in one room in a tenement house over in West Forty-ninth Street, and things are pretty tough with them, because John does not know how to get back to Georgia unless he walks, and he hears the walking is no good south of Roanoke.

I ASK him why he does not sell the bloodhounds, and he says it is because the market for bloodhounds is very quiet in New York, and furthermore if he goes back to Georgia without the bloodhounds his uncle is apt to knock his ears down. Anyway, John Wangle says he personally loves Nip and Tuck very dearly, and in fact he says it is only his great love for them that keeps him from eating one or the other, and maybe both, the past week when his hunger is very great indeed.

Well, I never before see Regret so much interested in any situation as he is in John Wangle and the bloodhounds, but personally I am getting very tired of them, because the one that is called Nip finally wakes up and starts chewing on my leg, thinking maybe it is more steak, and when I kick him in the snoot John Wangle scowls at me, and Regret says only very mean guys are unkind to dumb animals.

But to show you that John Wangle and his bloodhounds are not so dumb, they come moseying along past Mindy's every morning after this at about the same time, and Regret is always there ready to feed them, although he now has to take the grub out on the sidewalk, as Mindy will not allow the hounds in the joint again. Naturally Nip and Tuck become very fond of Regret, but they are by no means as fond of him as John Wangle, because John is commencing to fat up very nicely, and the bloodhounds are also taking on weight.

Now what happens but Regret does not show up in front of Mindy's for several mornings hand running, because it seems that Regret makes a very nice score for himself one day against the horses, and buys himself a brand-new tuxedo, and starts stepping out around the night clubs, and especially around Miss Missouri Martin's Three Hundred Club where there are many beautiful young dolls who dance around with no more clothes on them than will make a pad for a crutch, and it is well known that Regret dearly loves such scenes.

Furthermore, I hear reports around and about of Regret becoming very fond of a doll by the name of Miss Lovey Lou, who works in Miss Missouri Martin's Three Hundred Club, and of him getting in some kind of a jam with Marvin Clay over this doll and smacking Marvin Clay in the kisser, so I figure Regret is getting a little simple, as guys who hang around Broadway long enough are bound to do. Now when John Wangle and Nip and Tuck come around looking for a hand-out, there is nothing much doing for them, as nobody else around Mindy's feels any great interest in bloodhounds, especially such interest as will cause them to buy steaks, and soon Nip and Tuck are commencing to look very sad again, and John Wangle is downcast more than somewhat.

It is early morning again, and warm, and a number of citizens are out in front of Mindy's as usual, breathing the fresh air, when along comes a police inspector by the name of McNulty, who is a friend of mine, with a bunch of plain-clothes coppers with him, and Inspector McNulty tells me he is on his way to investigate a situation in an apartment

(*Continued on page 65*)

Personally, I never see a stranger-looking guy on Broadway, and I wish to say that I see some very strange-looking guys on Broadway in my day

Illustrated by Denys Wortman

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That Egg

By Hagar Wilde

There is more to true love than meets the vagrant eye—and a lot of it would pass for pure nonsense if you didn't know better

IT WAS a lazy, sunny afternoon. From her seat on the broad veranda, Caroline Lane could hear the faint tinkling of her daughter's guitar coming from the hammock which was suspended between the two maple trees at the side of the porch.

Tubby and Rumpel (shortened from Rumpelstiltzkin), the two younger ones, male and female respectively, rounded the other corner in battle royal. Above his head, Tubby brandished a yellow envelope. The silent battle consisted of violent tuggings by Rumpel at Tubby's already torn shirt sleeve, and Tubby's violent shoves at Rumpel to reach Jonquil ahead of her.

"Children!" Caroline said. It was about all she ever said in reproof. It was ignored. They tugged and shoved themselves over to the hammock and Rumpel shouted, "Telegram, Jonquil!" thereby getting ahead of Tubby, who was carrying it.

The tinkling sounds ceased. Jonquil's golden, uncombed head reared itself over the side of the hammock. Her eyes were large and gray, and her nose was the only Irish one which had crept into the English family for generations. "Who's it from?" she said.

"We didn't read it," said Tubby.

Jonquil looked surprised.

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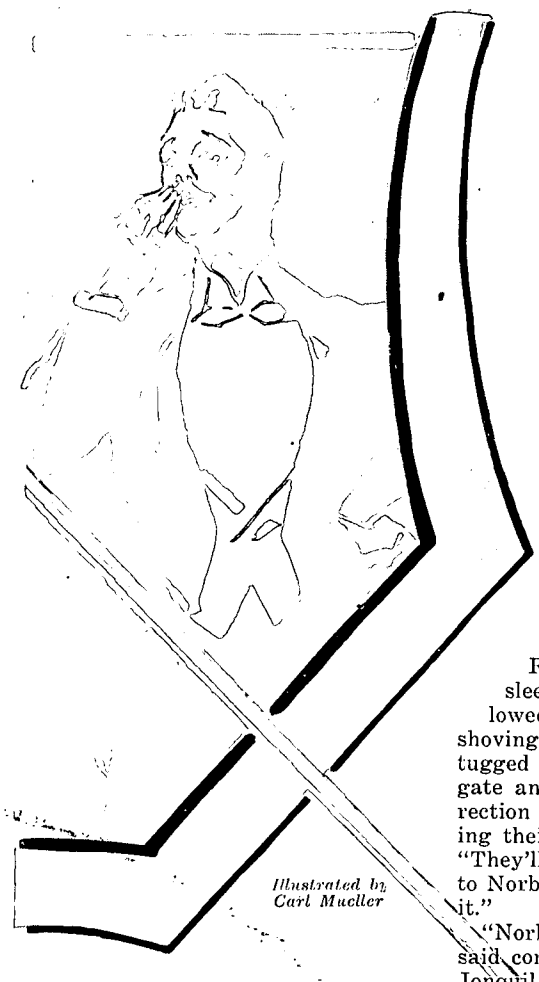

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

Rumpel said, "Tubby thought maybe if we didn't, you'd give us a quarter. There's a pin-wheel down at . . ."

"I told you *not* to . . ." Tubby interpolated, in a fierce whisper.

"But I thought if I told her maybe she'd give us a quarter instead of a dime and . . ."

Jonquil stretched one slender, languid hand in Tubby's direction. "Give me," she said. (To be strictly accurate, she said "Gimme" but meant give me.)

She ripped the envelope, read the message and shoved it back into its crackling sheath. Rising, she stretched and picked up her guitar. On the way to the house, Tubby and Rumpel trotted hopefully behind her.

Jonquil was tall, and her free-swinging shoulders bore witness to hours on the tennis court and an ease in the Australian crawl. She gained the porch before she was too tired and curled into an unbelievable knot on the first step. Tubby and Rumpel stood expectantly. "Quarter in my purse, second right-hand dresser drawer," Jonquil said, disposing of them. They raced off, arguing bitterly about who should search for it. Jonquil's dresser drawers were things of perfume and lace, excitingly tangled and disorderly.

JONQUIL yawned prettily. "Edmund's coming," she said to Caroline.

"When?"

"He's at the station now, I imagine," Jonquil said. "Or nearly."

"You'll have to meet him," Caroline said.

Jonquil nodded.

"Sometimes," Caroline went on, "I feel that it was a mistake for you to get yourself engaged to Edmund. You don't seem very happy about it."

"Don't I?" Jonquil said.

"He's a nice boy," her mother said, arguing with herself.

"And how many millions?" Jonquil said.

"You're not marrying him for his money?" Caroline said, in sharp alarm.

Jonquil smiled and shook her head. "No, darling," she said. "I only meant that that always goes with a description of Edmund. 'He's such a nice boy, and he has umpty ump millions.' That way."

"Johnny would die if you married for money," Caroline said.

"Johnny's a dear," Jonquil said, sighing, "but I could never hope to get a husband like Johnny. That took you, Caroline."

Caroline Lane sighed contentedly. She was glad that her children approved of her husband. Had they not, it would have presented a problem and Caroline did not like problems. Jonquil said, "One of the nicest things about you, Caroline, is that you know how to pick a father." Caroline smiled.

Tubby and Rumpel fell out of the door and down the steps, Rumpel tugging at Tubby's shirt sleeve in silent demand to be allowed to carry the quarter and Tubby shoving his indignant refusal. They tugged and shoved themselves to the gate and disappeared thinly in the direction of the village. Jonquil, watching their retreat, said a trifle bitterly, "They'll get the pin-wheel and take it to Norb Underwood, and he'll play with it."

"Norb's a nice young man," Caroline said comfortably. "I can't understand, Jonquil, why you attack him so bitterly."

Every young man who did not throw rocks through her windows, kick her front door in and trample on her favorite flowers was a nice young man to Caroline.

Jonquil said, "Oh, he . . . he makes me sick."

"Now, Jonquil," Caroline protested, "he goes about his business and lets you strictly alone. He plays with Tubby and Rumpel and . . ."

"Pin-wheels and kites and fishing tackle," Jonquil said. She rose suddenly. "I haven't anything against him, really, only Tubby comes home with insane ideas about just living and having a good time and letting the successes fall where they may."

"They're not insane ideas at all," Caroline said. "It's very sound. That's just what Johnny always said and . . ."

But her daughter had disappeared. Caroline could hear her skipping languidly up the stairs. Presently she came down again wearing a fresh white dress. A green silk béret made a distracted effort to capture her golden hair and humiliate it. Skipping down the steps, she paused at the bottom and said, "Who's got the wagon?"

"You'll find it around somewhere," Caroline said comfortably. "Johnny took the roadster this morning. Elsa came over and borrowed the wagon yesterday. If it isn't in the garage, you'll probably find it over at Van's. Maybe she brought it back."

"Elsa?" said Jonquil, and didn't bother to look in the garage. Van was her elder brother and Elsa was his wife. Jonquil started out at a rapid walk in the direction of Van's house. A few minutes later, Caroline watched her whaling around Van's driveway in the station wagon. They waved at each other and Jonquil disappeared in a cloud of dust.

From a long distance off, approaching Norb Underwood's house, Jonquil could see and hear Tubby and Rumpel enthusing over Norb's expert manipulations of their pin-wheel. She pretended not to see them until she was nearly past, and then jammed the brakes on suddenly and said in a stern voice, "Tubby! Rumpel! Your faces are dirty!"

Tubby said, "Oh, look, there's Jonq. Look, Jonq, he can make it *wiggle*."

Rumpel said, "Make it wiggle for Jonq, Norb. She bought it."

"Hello, Jonqu'l," Norb said.

"Hello," Jonquil said coldly.

"Going somewhere?"

"No," she said. "I'm exercising the station wagon. It leads such a sedentary life!"

HE DIDN'T ask her where she was going, but rolled over on his stomach in the grass and made the pin-wheel wiggle some more. Tubby and Rumpel squealed delightedly.

"I'm going," Jonquil said in a loud voice, "to the station to meet Edmund Vrillon!"

Tubby looked at Rumpel. Rumpel rumpled her nose. Norb lifted his eyebrows and things went on much as they had before. Jonquil whaled furiously out of sight and Tubby said, "That egg!"

"What egg?" Norb inquired.

"Edmund Vrillon," said Tubby.

"He's going to make a terrible husband," Rumpel said. "He knows absolutely nothing about kites."

"Jonq's awful pretty," Tubby said fiercely. "I don't want her to marry that egg!"

"He talks about bond issues," Rumpel said. "What's a bond issue, Norb?"

"It's a thingumajig," Norb said.

"Don't you think Jonq's pretty, Norb?" Tubby asked.

Tubby and Rumpel looked at each other quite anxiously while Norb wiggled the pin-wheel and decided. Finally he said, "Yes, Jonqu'l's pretty."

Rumpel sat down cross-legged. "She'd make an awful good wife," she said. "She doesn't jabber. Elsa jabbers. Did you ever hear Elsa jabber, Norb?"

"Yes, I guess so," Norb said.

"Well," said Rumpel, "Jonquil doesn't."

"We don't really know that she doesn't," Tubby said, "but we don't think she does."

"She doesn't," Rumpel said firmly. "Elsa jabbers at us, too. It isn't only Van because he's married to her. She just naturally jabbers."

"Stop saying jabbers," Norb said.

"Of course," Tubby murmured, pulling at his shoe lace in an engrossed fashion. "Jonq oughn't to get married to a bond issue, ought she?"

"Jonqu'l seems to know her business," Norb said.

"She does," Rumpel said, "but it's not a bond issue. I can tell by her eyes when he's talking."

NORBERT looked up and forgot to wiggle the pin-wheel. "You don't think she's happy about this engagement?" he said.

Tubby counseled caution by waggling his ears at Rumpel. It was their signal. "Well," they said, in unison, and then Rumpel dropped out and let Tubby finish it because he knew better what they were going to say, and it had been his idea. "We wouldn't," said Tubby cagily, "say exactly that."

Norb ran his long fingers through a shock of dark hair and made it stand on end. He pulled a blade of grass and chewed it thoughtfully, staring at Tubby. Tubby stared back with bland self-control.

Rumpel said, "I think men should be married. Johnny's awful happy with Caroline. He said once if he hadn't married Caroline his life would have been a h-e-l-l on earth. Jonquil's an awful lot like Caroline, and . . ."

"Caroline told you not to say that word," Tubby said.

"I didn't. I spelled it."

Norb reached for them and rubbed their heads together. "Designing brats," he said, "and all because I make good kites. Go on home. I haven't got any money. Jonquil needs money."

They tugged and shoved themselves home carrying the red and blue pin-wheel, and later presented themselves at the dinner table shining like bright, new dollars. Together they regarded Edmund Vrillon with a species of loathing which would have resolved itself, had it been uttered, into the word "Egg!"

Jonquil had changed her dress again. She wore yellow, and looked awfully pretty. She sat beside Edmund and stabbed morosely at her fruit cup. Van and Elsa were there for dinner and Elsa was jabbering. "When you and Edmund are married," she said to Jonquil, "Van and I thought maybe you'd take the old Cranston place. It'll be marvelous when it's done over. Van knows a man who knows more about fixing up old houses than anybody in the country. It isn't his business, you understand, but . . ."

Edmund interrupted to say, "I can't live out here. I must be near the office. We'll take an apartment in New York. Jonquil will like it when she gets used to it."

"JONQ lived there for three years while she was going to school," Tubby said, "and she didn't like it."

"She didn't know any nice people," Edmund said fondly.

Jonquil fluttered her eyelashes at him languidly. "I didn't know any who weren't," she said.

"Weren't what?"

"Nice."

Van said hopefully, "Maybe you can take the house and fix it for the summers. Jonquil could stay down and you could come three or four times a week. It isn't such a terrific trip."

"No," Edmund said, "if I have a country house I want it in Virginia. We could make it down there overnight for week-ends."

"And the Christmas holidays," Jonquil said, looking at him. "And then, if the Fourth of July fell on Monday we'd have two whole days."

"Yes," Edmund said.

Jonquil looked at Johnny. Johnny looked worried. Jonquil grinned. Tubby and Rumpel shoved their chairs back with discordant unity and fled.

They found Norb sitting on his front porch and sat down on either side of him to stare gloomily at the sunset. Nobody said anything. Presently the Lane roadster, bearing Jonquil and Edmund, came around the corner, nosing determinedly toward the village. Jonquil blatted the horn at them. Tubby and Rumpel waved. "They're going to the movies again," Rumpel said. "He always makes her go to the movies with him when he comes here because he doesn't like the country at night."

"Jonquil hates the movies," Tubby said morosely. "I heard her say so once. He's an egg, that guy."

In desperation, Norb said, "Would you kids like to hear a story?"

(Continued on page 52)

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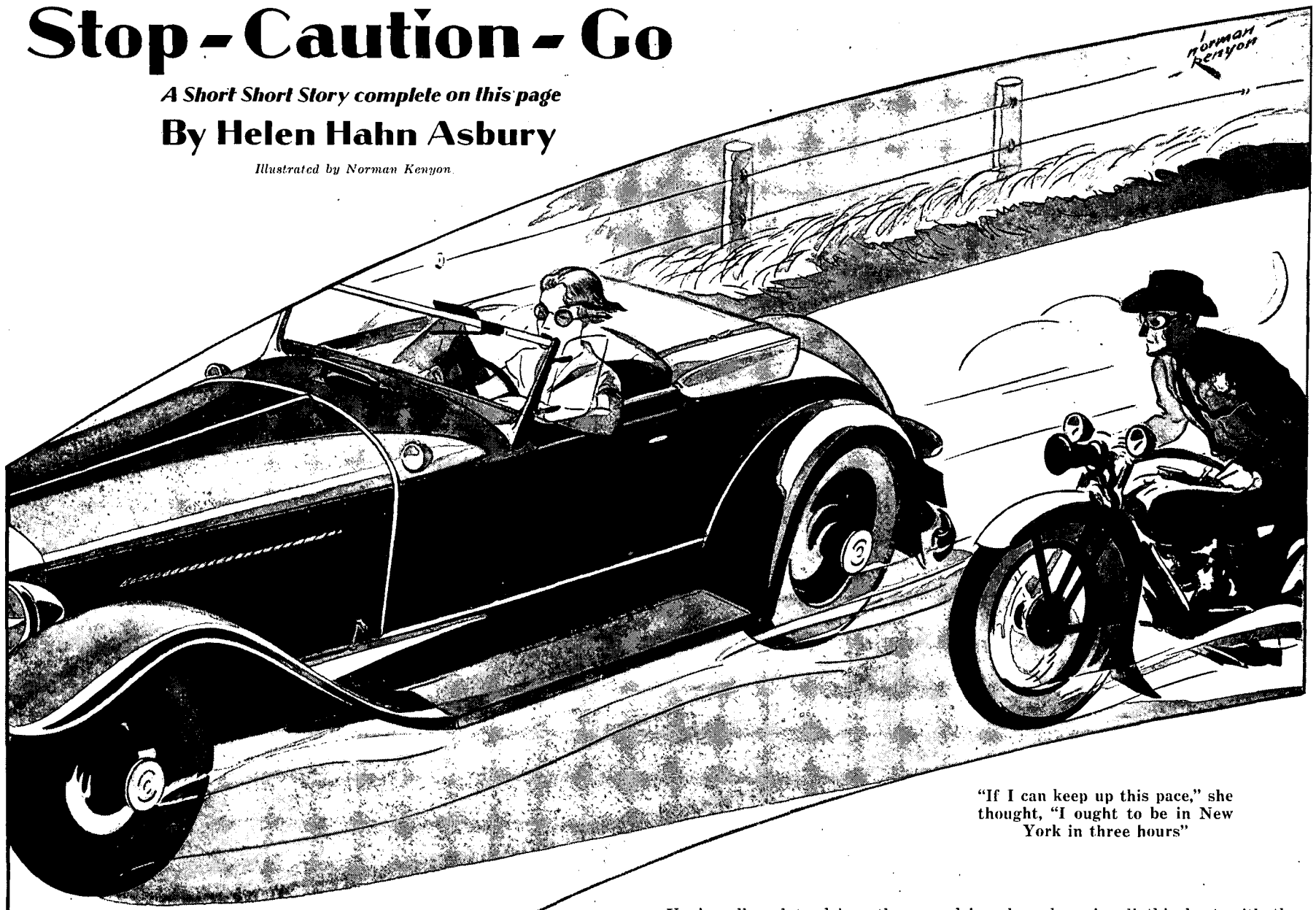
Stop - Caution - Go

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Helen Hahn Asbury

Illustrated by Norman Kenyon



"If I can keep up this pace," she thought, "I ought to be in New York in three hours"

THE red light gleamed balefully from a tangle of wires above the Albany Post Road. Josephine saw it just in time to slam on the brakes and come to a screeching stop at the only street crossing the town boasted. Someone said, "Careful, young lady; careful!" She turned to retort—it was a hot day—but thought better of it when she saw that the gentle admonition had come from a State Trooper, and a young and handsome State Trooper, too, who was leaning against a hydrant and talking to a man in shirt sleeves. He grinned and waved her on, but she waited impatiently for the light to change, her foot on the accelerator and the car in gear.

As she picked up speed across the bridge and up the hill, the rush of wind tossed her hair about and flicked it at her temples. That was one reason for the sun-glasses—they protected her eyes from the sting of her whipping hair, besides softening the glare of the hot July sun. Of course, she could have put up the top of her coupé, but she never did that for anything short of a downpour.

"Three minutes at that silly town," she fumed, "and not a bit of cross traffic, either. They make more fuss about their traffic lights than New York."

Trees, signboards and telegraph poles were whizzing by with gratifying rapidity. "Well, if I can keep up this pace," she thought, "I ought to be in New York in three hours." Then she heard the putt-putt of a motorcycle. She groaned, and pulled up to the side of the road in obedience to a gesture from the State Trooper.

"What's your hurry?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer went on to the query next in order: "Do you always drive that fast?"

"Not always," Josephine admitted meekly, unhooking the sun-glasses from behind her ears. "Only when I'm in an awful hurry."

"Let's see your driver's license and your registration card."

Josephine took a cardcase from the side pocket of the car.

"Here's my driver's license, but the owner's license is at camp. My father always keeps it, and I forgot to get it from him when I left this morning."

"Forgot it, huh? That's what they all say. How do I know this is your car?"

"It isn't my car; it's my father's. You're allowed to drive other people's cars, aren't you, if you have an operator's license?"

"Sure, if you ain't stolen it. How do I know you didn't just come along and see this car and drive away with it? There's a lot of that going on lately. Who's your father?"

"Bryan Howland. I'm Josephine Howland, and I've got a lot of baggage in the back that belongs to Josephine Howland, born August 1, 1912; sex, female; color, white; hair—"

"That don't mean anything to me. What I want to know is, does this car belong to your father, or did you just pick it up somewhere? You could put your baggage in a stolen car as easy as in your own. Know what I think I'll do? I think I'll hold the car for identification, and let you go to New York on the train."

"OH, NO!" Josephine was suddenly alarmed. Until now she had been having rather a lark, planning the story she'd tell when she reached town. "The best-looking cop stopped me for speeding!" she was going to say. "I was whizzing along at about seventy, and he just scolded me and told me to run along." That had happened before, and had always added zest to her driving. But now things looked serious. The Trooper seemed rather grim, and the blistering sun wasn't conducive to leniency on the part of an earnest man pursuing his sworn duty. Nor, she realized, had the heat increased her own charms. She was painfully conscious that her face was wet and shiny and red, and that the dust of the much-traveled highway had settled in copious quantities upon her clothing.

"But, Officer," she wailed, "it *is* my father's car! I wouldn't be trudging along here in all this heat with three heavy bags under my arm, would I? Do I look like the kind of a person who would steal a car?"

"All sorts of people steal cars," said the Trooper. "You'd better turn around and come back to town with me."

"Officer, please!" Josephine was almost crying now. Driving back would mean four or five hours' delay. She knew there wouldn't be a train through until five o'clock.

"P-Please, Officer, I've been speeding and I admit it, but I *didn't* steal the car. Can't you just give me a summons or something, and let me go on? There are p-people waiting f-f-for me, and I have to have the car tonight or it'll just spoil everything!" Two big tears plowed a furrow through the dust alongside her nose and splashed on the steering wheel. They were effective, though adding nothing to her beauty.

"Well," said the Trooper, slowly, "I guess I'll let you off this time, but you'd better be careful. We've got orders to hold the cars of everybody who can't show ownership. It's the law, and I ain't got no right to let you go. You take it easy into town, and while you're on this road you keep under forty-five. Next time you pop along at seventy somebody'll stop you that won't be as easy."

"Oh, thank you *so* much," Josephine breathed gratefully as he returned her license. "I'll be ever so careful."

She watched him grow smaller and smaller down the road. . . .

Back at the intersection the Trooper swerved his motorcycle to the side of the road and dismounted. The man in shirt sleeves was still leaning against the hydrant. The Trooper drew a dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to him.

"You win," said the Trooper; "they're blue."

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The Luckiest Young Man

Dagger Rodwell meets a most lovely and beautiful lady—and Peter Hames, amateur student of crime, meets another thrilling adventure

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

EVERYONE in his particular set, and at the haunts which he was accustomed to frequent, had been telling "Dagger" Rodwell for the last two years that, with his luck, he ought to visit foreign gambling places, where real money was to be touched. Rodwell, however, who had led a precarious existence until some time before, when he had developed an amazing habit of winning at whatever game of chance he indulged in, was shy about the matter.

"You see, Jimmy," he explained to his own particular pal, Jimmy Dane, who had gained the security of a hotel in Bayswater, a share of a club in Notting Hill and an interest in a very wide-awake stable at Newmarket which had a habit of unexpectedly winning races, "I can't speak the lingo for one thing. Then, turning an honest penny at *chemie* as we play it in London, with always a mug or two at the table, is easy enough. One is up against a different class of play over there, and a mountain of money."

"Dagger, my lad," his friend persisted, "your luck would stand anything. If we weren't pals, and if I hadn't known you all my life, I should have said that you had taken to stacking 'em a bit when you drew that fourth ace the other night against Charlie's four kings. It seemed a bit too much to hope for."

"I'm lucky," Dagger Rodwell admitted, "and you know well enough I play on the level. One takes advantage of a mug now and then, naturally, but one does it honestly. If I know more about the game than he does, I've a right to win."

"It doesn't matter how much you know about any game, Roddie," his friend argued earnestly. "The fact is that today you're in what they call a 'streak.' It doesn't matter whether it's horses, cards or a billiard match. You're in luck, and if you take my advice you'll play it while it lasts. Don't hang around here to pick up perhaps a thousand or two. Go for the big things before it stops. Then buy a small hotel, or something solid, and take life easy."

"I'LL think it over," the other promised. "If I could get a pal to go with me I wouldn't hesitate."

Jimmy Dane sighed.

"My busy season, as you know, old chap," he regretted. "Besides, I'd spoil your luck. I can't touch a card now."

"I think I shall leave it alone," the fortunate young man decided.

Nevertheless, when, ten days later, he touched a fantastic double at Newmarket which very nearly sent his bookmaker into the bankruptcy court, and within a few days simply paralyzed the games at the two best-known haunts in London, Charles Rodwell changed his mind. With a new outfit, selected for him by a West End tailor, and a letter of credit of quite respectable proportions, he packed his bags and departed, for the first time in his life, upon foreign travel.

His destination had been subject to the spin of a coin. Rather to his joy, as the place had an alluring sound, fate consigned him to Monte Carlo. Accordingly, on the first day of March, Charles Rodwell, with the London-wide nickname of Dagger, twenty-eight years old, tall, lean and blue-eyed, a touch of the colonial in his occasional awkwardness of speech and demeanor, descended upon the Hôtel de Paris, and in these days of greater latitude found no difficulty in adding a card of admission to the Sporting Club to his *Salles Privées* ticket.

The night of his arrival he devoted to watching the various games. On the following day he drew a thousand pounds from the bank and started operations. In the afternoon he lost six hundred pounds at roulette but won it back again at *chemin de fer* in the evening.

His first reverse was his last. At the end of a week he was six thousand pounds to the good, and should have been more—a fact which perplexed him not a little. He had made friends, too—a Frenchman who spoke excellent English, his lady companion, who also spoke English fluently and whose flirtations were apparently suffered gladly by her protector, and a French supporter of the turf, well known to him by name and reputation. There were frequent little supper parties after the gambling was over, and visits to the various bars. Dagger Rodwell wrote home to his friends that he found Monte Carlo a very amusing place.

This rather exceptional young man, who owed his peculiar nickname to the speed with which he accomplished everything which he set himself to achieve, had spent his youth in circles of dubious reputation. It was seldom, however, that he gave offense, owing to his swift and tactful appreciation of his own failings.

ESTABLISHED at a *chemin de fer* table in the Sporting Club, for instance, he rarely attempted to address any of his neighbors, and he even permitted himself an occasional smile at his own expense at the very fact of his presence there. He was accordingly very much surprised when, one night, while engaged in his usual pursuit, a very attractive young lady seated on his left followed his example of retaining her place during the making of the cards, and rather abruptly addressed him.

"You've been winning a great deal of money the last few days, haven't you?" she asked.

"I—yes, I suppose I have," he admitted.

"Do you come to Monte Carlo often?"

"I have never been in France before in my life," he told her.

"Where did you learn to play *chemie* then?"

"In London."

"I thought it wasn't allowed there."

He grinned.

"If you know the ropes," he assured her, "there's a game every night."

"You play very well," she reflected. "You are also very lucky."

"There isn't much in the way you play," he said modestly. "Unless, of course, you've got a lot of mugs at the table. I'm lucky. That's why I came out here."

"I have seen Legrande take the notes from him, while Fifine has been gazing into his eyes"

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Before he could recover she had brought out his pocketbook and tossed it toward the open door

"Are you here alone?" she asked him.

He nodded.

"My friends aren't used to traveling much," he confided. "I shouldn't have dared to take this on myself if they hadn't bothered me into it."

"Luck," she meditated. "Yes, one hears that word very often at Monte Carlo. Of course no one really believes in it."

He looked at her in blank astonishment.

"You don't believe in luck?" he exclaimed.

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid I don't," she confessed.

"What about that last hand," he demanded, "when the gentleman took no cards against me? I drew to a five, and got a three—eight against his seven."

"Such things happen occasionally."

"You don't believe in luck!" he repeated. "Will you let me show you something?"

She felt that he had only just saved himself from saying "miss," but she nodded pleasantly.

"Will you give me a chip, or as much as you care to risk, and walk with me to that roulette table?" he suggested. "We shall just have time."

She hesitated for a single moment, and then laughed at herself. In the thralldom of Monte Carlo she was becoming a snob!

"Of course I will," she assented, rising to her feet. "Here's five hundred francs. Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"I'll show you," he promised.

During their brief progress, Dagger Rodwell almost lost his nerve. His companion curtsied to a minor royalty, and exchanged greetings with many of the people whom his French acquaintances had pointed out to him as being among the great ones of the earth, none of whom, however, they had seemed to know themselves. He set his teeth, and pushed his way a little ruthlessly to the table. Again he justified his nickname. He scarcely glanced at the numbers, and placed the five hundred francs which had been entrusted to him, and one of his own, upon the *cheval* of fourteen to seventeen. Seventeen turned up. He fought his way back to the outside circle where the young lady had loitered, his hands full of counters.

"EIGHT thousand five hundred," he counted out, "and five hundred for your stake. Now, do you believe in luck?"

He looked at her triumphantly. Notwithstanding a certain quaintness of deportment, he was quite handsome in his well-cut dinner clothes which accented his long, lean body and thin face. His blue eyes were sparkling with pleasure.

"Well, I must believe in yours at any rate," she acknowledged, smiling. "Do you mind keeping the counters until we get back to the table?"

They returned to their places. He was becoming more voluble.

"I just can't help it," he confided. "Perhaps it won't last. I don't know. If it doesn't, I shall leave off playing, but I haven't been a loser a single day since I've been here, or a single week in London during the last two or three months. It isn't only cards. It's racing. I touched a bookie just before I left London for a double at two hundred and eighty to one."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Do you gamble every night in London?" she inquired.

"Pretty nearly. Gamble or play billiards."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so," he replied doubtfully. "There isn't much else to do."

"Haven't you a business of any sort?"

He shook his head.

"I meant to be a jockey when I was young. I was at Newmarket for two years, but I grew so fast I couldn't keep my weight down. Later I used to help my father, who was a bookmaker. Then this luck began, and I haven't been doing anything since."

The game claimed their attention for a few minutes. A short, dark man and a very chic but somewhat obvious young woman sauntered up, and stood at the other side of the table. Dagger Rodwell exchanged greetings with them eagerly.

"Do you know that gentleman?" he asked his companion, complacently. "That's the Marquis de Verrais, and his lady friend."

SHE looked across the table and studied the two with thoughtful eyes.

"The Marquis de Verrais," she repeated softly. "Is he one of your friends here?"

"We have supper together most nights," Dagger Rodwell confided. "Lucky for me—coming across him and a chap named Ambrose, a racing fellow. I don't speak a word of French."

"Your luck seems to extend itself in strange directions," she murmured.

Dagger Rodwell felt there was something in this speech which he didn't quite understand, so he passed it by.

"Do you find that your supper excursions cost you a great deal of money?" she inquired.

He flashed a look of quick surprise at her.

"In a way," he admitted. "To tell you the truth, I'd begun to wonder whether there were any pickpockets about, or whether the waiters were quite honest at the hotel. I never count my money carefully, but I always seem each morning to have a lot less than I expected."

"The marquis and his companion might be expensive guests," she remarked.

"I generally pay the bills," he confessed frankly, "but they don't come to

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Miracle Men

They're the antique furniture racketeers. Making five tables out of one is child's play to them, and they're perfectly capable of spiriting away your most treasured heirlooms under your very eyes. Here's how it's done

By Hope Hammond

Illustrated by Fred Chapman

IN A SMALL Southern city, one morning a few years ago, a gentleman stepped down from the New York sleeper. He was armed with letters and credentials which represented him to be a collector of data for a history of early American painting, and, with this as an introduction, he was soon enjoying the proverbial hospitality of the South, an honored guest in houses celebrated for their rare and valuable heirloom furniture.

Much at home in these pleasant surroundings, the gentleman devoted himself to the leisurely study of portraits through a magnifying glass. Apparently only once did furniture attract him, and that was a minor thing, a little table in a side bedroom, where his hostess had taken him to see a quaint portrait of a child. The portrait was appraised by him: "Clever brush work—excellent flesh tints," the magnifying glass upon it. Unfortunately, the lady, glorying in the thought that she was receiving from a national authority a critical estimate of a disputed painting, did not suspect that the magnifying glass was invariably held at an angle to reflect the objects behind the gazer. While the visitor used stock phrases related to figure painting, through the inverted glass he studied the furniture in the room. That completed, he turned to leave; then, as an afterthought, lifted his glass to an American primitive hung above a little table.

"A poor likeness of Great-aunt Bethyl," his hostess explained.

An Amusing Little Table

"Done by a young lady amateur of the period, I see," he replied. "However, this room gives you space for your unworthy odds and ends, and you who know art, who are so much more intelligent than the young artist here, would never mix any of these rather tawdry objects with your valuables. Now this little table is insignificant. I am sure you do not regard it highly and I hope you do not include it among the possessions you will not sell, for it happens to be the size my sister wants at the head of her bed. For that reason I ask you to honor me by selling it to me, so that I may take her a souvenir of you and your delightful city." She wanted to give the table to him at first, but finally accepted five dollars for a charity. And, except for the "amusing little table" (which, being an exquisite Heppelwhite, quickly brought five hundred dollars in the market), the art connoisseur appeared unaware of his immediate proximity to the superlatively beautiful antique furniture, most of it imported from England, where it was made for the houses which were hospitably opened to receive him.

Throughout his stay he listened politely, though once it was remarked that he seemed unimpressed when he was told that while he sipped Chinese tea he rested upon the most priceless antique sofa in that part of the country, a rare piece that would never leave the South, one of those pieces which are handed down from generation to generation and can never be bought by an outsider. At that time the sofa belonged to a little spinster aristocrat, who was too poor to keep servants and who, so the story went, locked herself and her precious inheritance of furniture, silver and portraits in the house together every night, against thieves and robbers.

Hijacking Furniture

Time passed, as it usually does in a small Southern city, through uneventful weeks and tranquil months after the flutter caused by the advent of the big art critic. Then one day, shortly after the noon hour, when ladies take their customary naps, the spinster was aroused and opened her door in response to a tinkling bell. Three men in work clothes stood before her. One placed his foot on the sill so the door could not be closed, and in the driveway ahead was a black van, a man on the driver's seat, the engine throbbing. They had come for the priceless sofa, the man with his

(Continued on page 64)

The glass was held at an angle to reflect the objects behind the gazer

The pair bore her treasured sofa out through the gate and into the van

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Protection

The tense adventures of a hard-boiled dreamer

By W. R. Burnett

The Story Thus Far:

ROBERT OGDEN JOYCE, *prominent in Chicago society,* owes a night club $3,000. He is unable to meet the obligation. Canovi, a brutal collector, proceeds to hound him.

The name of the club's owner, Joyce learns, is Frank Harworth. To plead for time, Joyce calls on him. The man amazes him. Immaculately garbed, wearing a monocle, waited on by a liveried servant, he receives Joyce in a luxurious book-lined apartment, and courteously grants his request. . . . A short time later, while entertaining his cousin, Louise Joyce, and some of their friends—Berg Richman, an author, Olaf Larsen, an artist, and Arthur Burne, a composer who is in love with Louise—Joyce mentions Harworth, describes his experience with him. "Why not ask him over?" someone asks. Joyce does so.

No one, observing his entry, would ever have guessed "Harworth's" past: his boyhood days with his father—old man Keogh, proprietor of a disreputable saloon; his years of aimless wandering; his arrival in Chicago, with a "nest-egg," a wise and loyal adviser, old August Stein, and the will to make himself wealthy; his five-year struggle, during which he had gained control of the Casa Alvarado, a night club, The Machine (a gambling establishment), and a number of restaurants. . . . The struggle has left him bitter, lonely. His employees, products of the underworld—Sam Michaelson, Anton Hrdlicka, Canovi, and others—obey him because they fear him. No one except Stein—not even Lily, the little blonde who professes to care for him—really loves him.

A strange fellow, Harworth. Surrounded by dishonest men, he is honest. Molina, the millionaire bootlegger, has offered him a small fortune to sell liquor in his restaurants. He has declined the offer, firmly. He does not drink. His habits are exemplary. And, as his riches grow, he dreams of better things.

To Louise, accustomed to men of another type, he is a novelty. She likes him—promises to go to a prize fight with him Friday evening. Later, however, prompted by Burne, who does not like Harworth, she breaks the date. Harworth, who is sensitive, is deeply hurt. . . . Friday evening, he goes to a hotel for dinner. Louise is there, with a Mrs. Magnussen, a beautiful woman whom she introduces to Harworth.

III

HELEN looked up at Harworth. "Louise tells me you own the Casa Alvarado. What a wonderful place!"

"It's nice," said Harworth. "Ever been to The Machine?"

"That's on the North Side, isn't it? No. But I've heard about it, what an original place it is. Is that yours too?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to the fight?" asked Louise.

"Yes. I haven't anything better to do. The main go ought to be good."

"I love fights," said Helen. "My brother took me once or twice to the Garden when we were in New York."

"Was it brutal?" asked Louise.

"Sort of. But it was fun."

There was a short silence, then Harworth bowed.

"I think I'll go eat. Very glad to have seen you."

When he had gone Helen looked at Louise for a long time before she spoke.

"Well," she said, "I like him."

"Oh, I guess he's all right," said Louise. "But he's always pretending. I mean, the monocle and the bowing. I'd like to know what he's really like."

"I DON'T care a bit. He'd be fun."

"Maybe. But Arthur and Bob got on their high horses, so I thought I'd better not disgrace the family."

Louise smiled. Helen said:

"I wish he'd ask me some place. I haven't anything to lose. Divorcees aren't quite nice anyway."

Louise looked at Helen thoughtfully. Helen had put her head on one side to get a better view of Harworth, who was ordering.

"Arthur and I saw him the other day. He was in his car with a woman."

"What kind of a woman?"

"An actress, or something."

The waiter came with their dessert and for a little while they ate in silence, then Louise said:

"I wish we hadn't come here. I felt queer, running into him."

"That's what you get. Now you can spend the evening with Arthur and listen to a lecture on music from Bach to Prokofieff."

"Oh, Arthur's all right. And everyone thinks he has talent; even Berg Richman."

"Well, I wouldn't know."

"I wouldn't either. I haven't any ear for music, so Arthur says. Oh!" she burst out suddenly, "I'm sick of everything."

Helen was watching Harworth and said nothing.

When they had finished Louise asked for the check and they got up to go. Louise opened her purse and took out some money, but stopped and looked at the check again; then, flushing, she said:

"Helen, this is awful. I haven't enough money."

Helen smiled.

"Give me the check, dear. I'm rich today. Mr. Alimony dropped round to see me."

"But I invited you."

"That doesn't matter."

Louise said:

"A perfect day all around."

When they were crossing the room Helen turned to smile at Harworth, who bowed gravely. Louise did not turn. Harworth watched Helen cross the room; she was wearing a yellow silk dress which was very tight at the hips.

"Well," thought Harwood, "that one's not so uppish."

THE semi-windup was dull. Harworth sat at ringside with Curran from the Examiner, who kept falling asleep and at the end of each round asking Harworth how it was going. In the tenth round the fight livened up a bit, and the favorite knocked his opponent into the ropes. But Curran yawned, wakened by the yelling, and said:

"What a life! What a life! I ain't seen a good fight in two years."

When the referee held up the hand of the winner there was some feeble cheering which was nearly drowned by the boos.

Then the principals climbed into the ring. Maginnis, Red Cannon's man-

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"Well," said Molina, "I'm shoving off. I want to see you sometime." "All right," said Harworth, not wanting to refuse

Illustrated by Donald Teague

ager, put his stool beside Harworth, who had an aisle seat in the first row.

"It's in the bag," he whispered. "It won't go five rounds."

"Crooked, you mean?"

"No," said Maginnis, "Red's all hopped up. He'll lick this wop in jig time."

Red turned and waved a glove at Harworth, who nodded.

"This fight's worth about three grand to you, Mr. Harworth," said Maginnis. "We got a lump sum and a small cut at the gate. It's a sell-out."

Harworth nodded. Someone touched him on the shoulder and, turning, he saw Faro Welch, a gambler who lost all he won on prize fights playing faro at The Burgoyne.

"Three grand even money on the Sailor."

Harworth nodded. Maginnis turned around laughing.

"Kiss it good-by, Faro."

"I already have," said Faro. "Harworth's the luckiest guy in town."

The first round was too fast, the pace too hot for a ten-round bout. Red fought in a crouch which bothered the Sailor, whose best bet was a terrific right hand. Red threw overhand lefts up out of this crouch and at the end of the fourth round he had the Sailor groggy. Dancing back to his corner, Red grinned at Harworth, who nodded. At the beginning of the fifth the Sailor caught Red coming in and sent him back on his heels with a right. Red's eyes were glazed but he kept on his feet and, putting his head against the Sailor's chest, body-punched him groggy. In the sixth round the Sailor went down under a series of sharp lefts and didn't get up.

The gallery howled and newspapers sailed down. Faro Welch put his hat on the floor and jumped on it, then he leaned forward and handed Harworth a wad of bills.

"I'll get that back tomorrow night," he shouted, above the uproar.

RED spoke a few words over the radio, then Harworth got up and shook hands with him. Red had a big purplish bruise on his left cheekbone, but he was grinning. Over in the Sailor's corner they were giving him the ammonia and he was demanding to know why the fight had been stopped. He was still out.

"Well," said Curran, "somebody got knocked out anyway. It wasn't the usual waltz."

"What do you think about Red?" asked Harworth.

"Good boy. I think he likes to fight, which is very, very unusual nowadays."

Curran yawned and stretched, then said:

"Well, so long. I wish my mother had made a preacher of me like she wanted to. I'm tired of work."

Harworth shook hands with Maginnis, then he followed the crowd up the aisle and into the big cement corridor. Someone touched his arm and said:

"Hello. I won three leaves on your boy."

It was Canovi and he was grinning.

"Hello," said Harworth.

"Look," said Canovi, "Molina's right over there with some of his boys. Want to meet him?"

"Not now."

"Say," said Canovi, "he can put you 'way up in the bucks. Come on, meet him. He told me he'd heard you was a swell guy."

"Well—"

Molina was standing at the door of the promoter's office and he was surrounded by half a dozen men. He was tall and fat with a flabby, dark face, a double chin and a heavy jaw.

"That's how it is, see, that's how it is," he was saying to the promoter, who was standing with his head inclined deferentially and a foolish smile on his face.

"Joe," called Canovi, "here's Mr. Harworth."

"Hello, hello," said Molina, very cordial. "I'm sure pleased to meet you, yes, sir. I heard a lot about you. And I used to spend a lot of money over at the Alvarado. Swell dump."

They shook hands. Molina's hand was soft and moist; he winced slightly under Harworth's grip.

"What a hand," he said, looking from one to another of his men, who all had their eyes fastened on his face, waiting for his next word.

"This guy's got a hand," said Frankie Dean, Molina's chief bodyguard. The other men nodded and looked at Harworth.

"What do you think of Cannon?" asked Harworth, a little uneasy.

"Good boy," said Molina. "Got an interest in him, ain't you? Want to sell it?"

"No," said Harworth, "he made six grand for me tonight."

"Not bad," said Molina, negligently. "Eh, Frankie?"

"No, not bad," said Frankie, in the same tone of voice.

"Well," said Molina, "I'm shoving off. I want to see you some time, Harworth. We ought to get together."

"All right," said Harworth, not wanting to refuse.

Molina nodded and walked off down the corridor, surrounded by his men, who shouldered the crowd out of his way.

"Great guy, eh?" said Canovi, jerking his thumb toward Molina.

"Great guy," said the promoter hurriedly.

HARWORTH stood talking to the promoter. Canovi had gone and the crowd was thinning out. The promoter was telling Harworth what a good drawing-card Red Cannon had become, but stopped suddenly and said:

"My God! What's that!"

They listened; there was a rattle of gunfire down the street, then a silence, followed by shouts and the screaming of a police siren.

"They got Molina," said the promoter, paling. "I bet they got Molina."

In a moment Frankie Dean came running back, his hat off and a big cut on his forehead. He was followed by a milling mob which a lone policeman was trying to hold in check.

"Where's a phone? Where's a phone?"

The promoter, pale with fright, pointed to his office.

Canovi pushed his way through the mob and came over to Harworth.

"What a nerve!" he said. "They sidewiped his car and then let him have it. They sure fixed that car up pretty."

"Did they get him?" asked the promoter.

Canovi grinned.

"Naw! They'll never get him. He's lucky, that guy, but they bumped his chauffeur and another bird."

(Continued on page 44)

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"Last night I forced the truth from our little Orange Blossom, Aswâmi . . . you understand?" He began to laugh dreadfully

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

A BAND of murderous criminals, led by the mysterious Yu'an Hee See, is plotting to capture, rob, and sink the steamship Wallaroo, en route to Australia carrying a large consignment of gold. Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard, who is hot on the conspirators' trail, learns that the girl he loves —Eileen Kearney—has been abducted by the gang and taken to Yu'an Hee See's harem, in a small Red Sea port. . . . Haig follows. Presently, disguised as a member of the band, he finds himself one of the harem guards. . . .

Making use of a huge submarine, Yu'an Hee See captures the Wallaroo, removes the golden treasure, and torpedoes the vessel. Men, women and children leap into the water. The sharks devour some; Yu'an Hee See's scoundrels shoot the rest. One man alone—Jack Rattray, an officer—succeeds in swimming away. . . . Left behind, almost alone, Haig tries to rescue Eileen—and fails. Then, while he looks on, the girl, drugged, is put on board a motor-boat. Quickly, Haig follows—in a second boat.

Speeding through the water, Haig sees a floating chair. Someone is clinging to it. Jack Rattray! . . . Yu'an Hee See returns to his harem with Aswâmi Pasha, a trusted lieutenant. Eileen—whose beauty had fascinated him—is gone! He believes some enemy in his employ has had the girl sent to a near-by potentate, who wants to buy her, and begins preparations for her recovery.

Conclusion

OLD Hassan es-Sûk stood with extended palms before a portly figure seated upon one of the divans in that sunken stuffy room at the back of the Café Magrâbi in Keneh.

The fat visitor regarded him with cynical distrust.

"I tell you, Ali Mahmoud," said Hassan, speaking in Arabic—"she is more desirable than any woman in Egypt. The sight of her turns the blood to fire. When she speaks there is silence in paradise; and when she walks the young palm trees droop in shame."

"To the devil with your poetry, O Hassan! What is her *price?*"

Hassan shrugged deprecatingly; and:

"Oh, Ali Mahmoud, I must charge the cost of obtaining her. This has been difficult. You understand? She is American. There will be a hue and cry. Already I have been persecuted, here, in my house, by the English and by the Americans. I fear for my safety, Ali Mahmoud. I do not disguise *your* risk —but I must charge for mine."

"Where is she?" the other asked impatiently.

"On her way from Koseîr. She will be here at noon."

"This means, O Hassan the Liar, that you have never set eyes on her! that you are telling me what is reported to you! And you say she is American? This is more than dangerous. This is insanity, unless she belongs to that class. . . ."

Hassan extended expressive palms, and:

"This I cannot tell you, Ali Mahmoud. But for her beauty, I can answer."

"Very well." Ali Mahmoud stood up. "At twelve o'clock, my friend, in the inner room. But I beg of you, observe great caution."

"Always I am cautious. Ever I have been silent."

"And I beg of you, O Hassan, no girdles, no veils, no cunning devices to enhance. I would see the merchandise from Koseîr as God the Compassionate made her."

Dimly penetrating from the street beyond came cries of hawkers and of drivers of vehicles, a confused but characteristic clamor.

The chief eunuch of the bey went out, not too easy in his mind as to the outcome of this commission entrusted to him by his exalted master. He was experienced in the wiles of old Hassan es-Sûk, yet was forced to deal with him; for through the hands of Hassan passed some of the choicest human merchandise obtainable in the Near East. And Keneh was so convenient.

AS THE stout eunuch walked down the street, he reflected upon previous journeys he had been compelled to make as far as Fez and, twice, to Mecca.

But if Ali Mahmoud was unsettled, Hassan es-Sûk had even better reasons for distrusting the future. The British police (he started at the mere reflection) had turned his place upside down.

Of course (he wrinkled up his cunning old face) they had found—nothing. But it was a long time since the house of Hassan es-Sûk had been searched in that manner. The augury was not good.

And now, as he stood in the door of the café, a convenient camouflage for the real business of the establishment, walking towards him along the street so that he passed the portly figure of Ali Mahmoud thirty yards down, came Major Hilton of the American embassy in Cairo!

He had accompanied the English search party, and Hassan es-Sûk was much disturbed to observe that tall, approaching figure. However, when the major reached the front of the shop:

"Truly," said Hassan, "as I observed during my morning prayers, Saturday is a fortunate day for the faithful. Al Ghazâli (whose name be blessed) tells us that our Lord Mohammed (may God be good to him) conceived the chapter called Yah Sîn, the Cow, on a Saturday."

"Indeed," said the lean Bostonian, looking the speaker over with an unfriendly glance. "That's surely good news. I stayed on here in Keneh, Mr. Hassan, with a very definite reason, and I'm here this morning to tell you one thing . . ."

"Why, from so deep a well," Hassan exclaimed, "only one drop? Always, most excellent sir, I am your servant, as I have shown. And always I listen with respect to every word you utter."

"Then listen with respect," said Hilton dryly, "to the words I'm going to utter. I'm stepping outside my duty in giving you a chance to play square. Have you got that? There's a woman coming here, to your house, some time today. Her name is Miss Eileen Kearney. When she arrives, call me up."

In a car specially equipped for the desert journey and belonging to the manager of the Italian mines near Koseîr, Dawson Haig was headed for the Nile Valley.

He had done everything that it was possible to do at the seaport. Jack Rattray had stayed behind at the wireless station, busily sending messages.

The motor boat with her crew of two had been detained.

But what had alarmed Haig was the absence of Dr. Julian Hess. The villa

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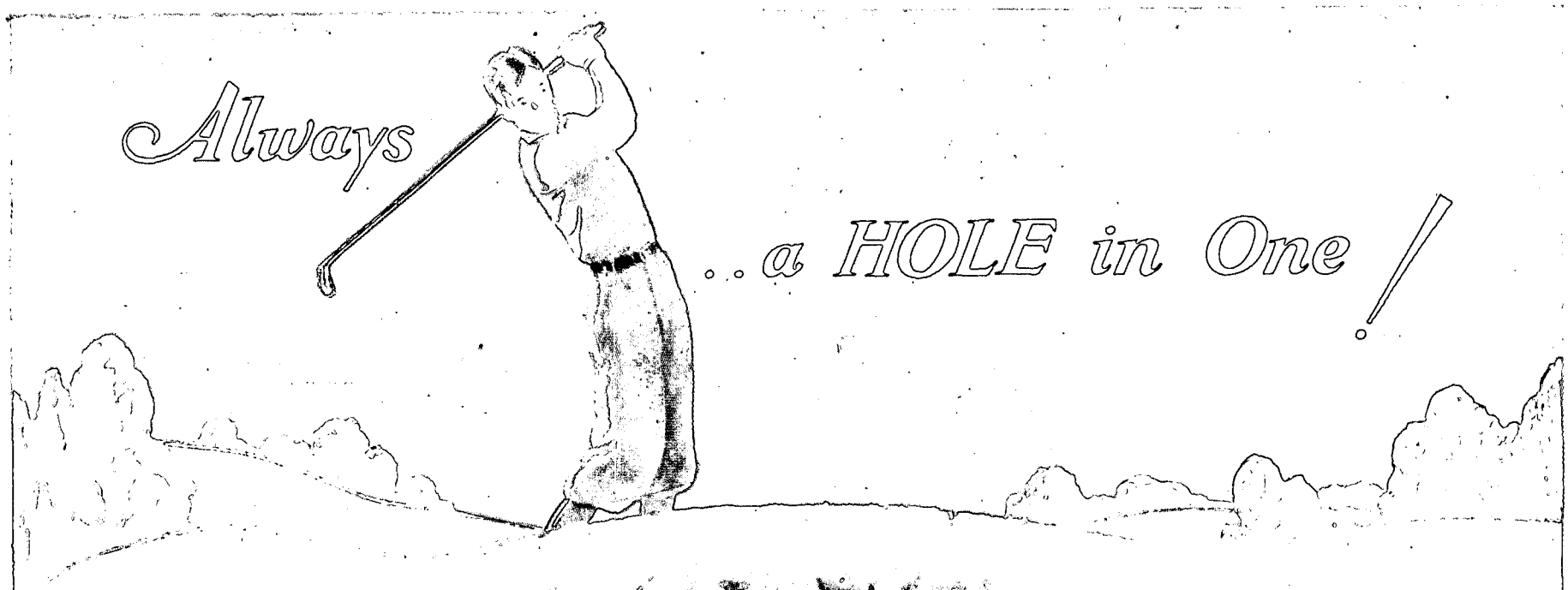


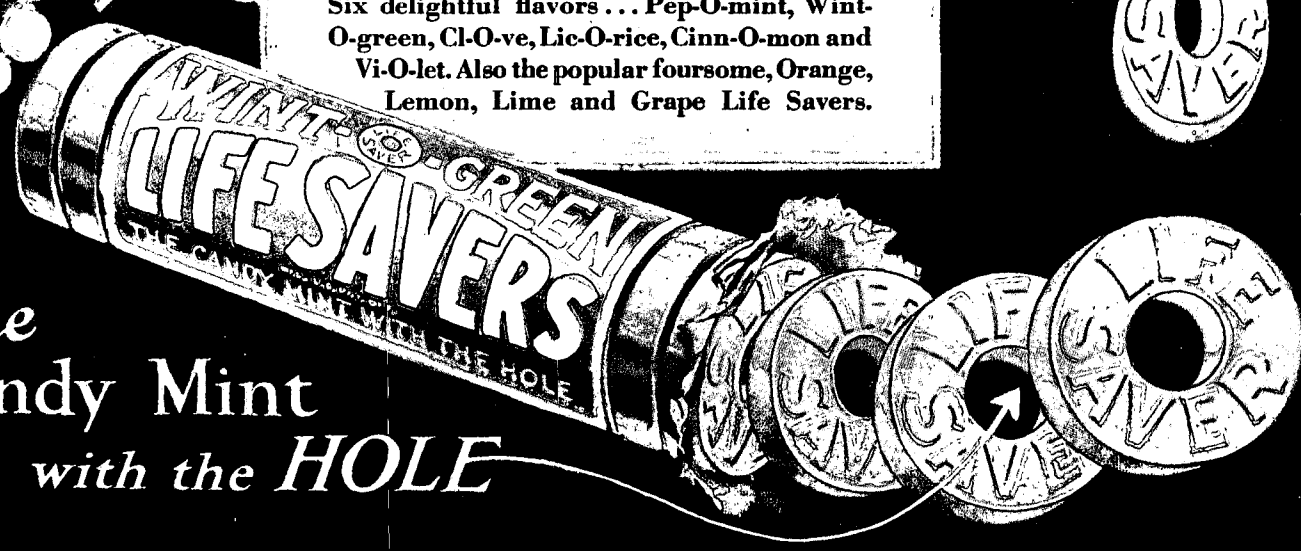
TASTE SENSATION OF A NATION

Cooling

as the breeze that sweeps across the fairway...*Soothing* as the drive from rough to green...*Sweet* as a hole in one...Wint-O-green Life Savers, always a Hole in one!

Life Savers...the candy mints with the hole...as new and exhilarating today as they were seventeen years ago...still the *Taste Sensation of a Nation!* 'Hole-some rings of refreshmint...soothing to the throat...quieting to the nerves ...after eating, after smoking...aid digestion, sweeten breath...foil-wrapped to keep weather out and flavor in.

Six delightful flavors... Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. Also the popular foursome, Orange, Lemon, Lime and Grape Life Savers.



The Candy Mint *with the* HOLE

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

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The new Chevrolet Convertible Cabriolet—inset shows top lowered.

Many well-known *Chevrolet* features and many valuable *new* ones

The new Chevrolet offers a combination of quality-features exceptional for a car so low in price. Many of these are the same time-tested, time-proved features that have won the approval of thousands of owners of previous Chevrolets. And many others are entirely *new* developments, revealed for the first time in this bigger and better Six: Longer wheelbase. Smarter, more beautiful bodies by Fisher. Luxurious new interiors. Greater roominess. High quality mohair or broadcloth upholstery. Insulated front compartments. De luxe wire wheels. Smooth 50-horsepower six-cylinder engine. Heavier frame. New worm-and-sector steering mechanism. Improved clutch, transmission and front axle. Chrome-plated grille on sport models. Four long semi-elliptic springs. Four hydraulic shock absorbers. Fully-enclosed 4-wheel brakes. Safety gasoline tank. With all these modern features, the new Chevrolet Six is a very inexpensive automobile. It sells at one of the lowest prices at which motor cars are sold. *And its operating and upkeep cost is just as low as that of any other car.*

New Low Prices—*Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Convertible Landau Phaeton, $650. Special equipment extra. Chevrolet Trucks, $355 to $695. Low delivered prices and easy terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.* Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

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"Never Bet on an Even Chance"

Colorful and competent Titanic Thompson, whose gambling is a cold, hard business, minus emotions

Here is the picturesque story of Titanic Thompson, professional gambler. His life is a succession of games and "little prop'sitions" and he usually knows just who is going to win. Gambling is his business—an exacting, hazardous, soul-searing business. He devotes his life to it

By Ruth Ridenour

HIS breakfast is a large dish of vanilla ice cream. This occurs at 6 P. M. in the winter because he works at night. He has a taste for orange pajamas, purple satin brocade dressing-gowns, green broadcloth suits and yellow polo coats.

He is thirty-six years old, lean, well-built and very tall. He has a clean-cut, boyish face. Disregarding clothes he looks like a healthy farmer, except for his eyes, which are remarkable for their lack of expression. They are small and alert, like the eyes of a squirrel, so bright they snap, yet they convey nothing. His hair is sandy brown and has a tendency to stand up straight across his forehead. This and his trick of wrinkling up his brow contrive to give him a perpetually surprised expression—if you don't happen to notice his eyes.

He owns a pale blue, nickel-trimmed limousine, but one of his many friends is usually out riding in it, so he walks or uses a taxi. He likes to walk. The roll of bills he carries in his pocket is not wrapped with a thousand-dollar bill; it is solidly constructed of them. . . . He had a fifteen-hundred-dollar roll in smaller denominations under his pillow in a hotel room once—to use for little matters like tips—and he started out of the room without it. His large roll was in his pocket. The chambermaid discovered the money and cried excitedly to him.

"Throw it on the dresser," he called back.

He never touches a drop of liquor. He has never smoked in his life because when he was a little boy he promised his mother he wouldn't. No one can be found who has heard him swear, or even commit a mild "dog-gone it." He is not the exclaiming type.

He is attracted to pretty women but he has little time for them because his business is so exacting. He prefers brunettes. He thinks they are more lively, less calculating than blondes. "Dumb" people irritate him.

He carries an army-type revolver, the handle wound with adhesive tape so that his grip will not slip. The adhesive is worn and soiled from frequent handling. He is apt to pull out a $20,000 diamond bracelet, a marquise diamond ring or some other such trinket from his pocket and ask you if you would like to buy it.

The Perfect Gentleman

He talks as rapidly as Floyd Gibbons, with little inflection and a perpetually plaintive overtone. He has a pronounced Southern accent. His tone never varies, whether he is telling a joke or discussing something very serious. His syntax is sometimes fanciful, but his manners are irreproachable. His friends consider him an entertaining person and a fine fellow.

He can throw a small rock over a twelve-story building—and will do it if anyone will bet enough against it. His business affairs cause many involved mathematical problems. He figures them out in his head with the speed and accuracy of an adding machine. He is impatient with people who think slowly. He does astonishing tricks with matches, coins and cards. He is an expert marksman and will do tricks with his gun also, either for money or for fun. He takes an ingenuous delight in showing off his tricks to new acquaintances.

He has discovered a tough spot on his skull—or perhaps there is some trick to this also—and he will bang it against the woodwork with a force that shakes the room and then grin at the exclamations of horror from his audience.

He can kick his slipper up to the ceiling and catch it neatly on his foot as it falls. O. O. McIntyre's alibi for a black eye recently was his attempt to do the same stunt.

Asked why he did not go into vaudeville with all these accomplishments he sniffed with scorn. "How could I live in the best hotels around the country, keep up my car, support my mother, two sisters, an ex-wife, and have any fun on a vaudeville salary?" he inquired.

This colorful and competent person was named Alvah Clarence Thomas, but is better known in sporting circles as Titanic Thompson. The Alvah Clarence was converted into Titanic many years ago when he was but a youngster, lucky but obscure. He was playing a little game with strangers. One player asked another who the fellow was who was taking all their money. "I don't know what his name is," was the reply, "but it should be Titanic—he sinks everybody."

He is an ex-farm boy who emerged as a big-time gambler. He sat in the famous high spade game which preceded by several weeks the shooting of Arnold Rothstein when the slain gambler lost $300,000. Titanic won about $30,000, but he does not think it was much of a game. He has played in far better and bigger ones. He wishes he had never played in that one. He was a reluctant and uncomfortable witness at the trial of George McManus. He did not like to discuss his business operations in public, but chiefly he was distressed over the press publicity he received.

"It's got so everybody is afraid to bet with me," Titanic said in his mournful voice. "It used to be I could go around and make bets and no one knew who I was. But after my picture and stories about what a smart gambler I was were in all the papers I couldn't make any money. Business has been tough ever since. Why, I was out in Tulsa after that, playing golf, and such a big gallery got to following me around because of the stories in the papers that I couldn't play."

A man came up to him in Tulsa and said he would like to bet with him just so he could say he had bet with Titanic Thompson. "So I fixed up a little prop'sition to oblige him," Titanic said, "and he quit after I had taken a coupla thousand from him."

There are innumerable legends about Titanic and he feels that some of them are unjust and that his prowess as a smart gambler has been exaggerated.

Playing a Cinch

There is a story going around that he had a trained rat in the basement of his home in Los Angeles. He would bet his guests he could catch a rat. Then, the story went, he would go down and get the trained rat out of its cage and collect the money. This tale offends him.

"Here's how that got started," he said. "A bunch had a club room for a little while in the basement of a warehouse in Toledo. To reach it you had to go through a cellar full of junk and rats. They were big rats and they ran whenever anyone appeared. I was goin' through one night and I saw one in a big box. I tipped the box over just for fun and the edge caught the rat across the neck.

"I went on in the club room and after we had been playin' a while I began talkin' about what a good shot I was. I said I bet I could shoot one of those rats in the head. They all knew they ran like lightnin' so I got lots of bets. 'All right, go shoot one,' they said, 'and bring him in here.' So I went out and shot the rat and brought it in to them. Trained rat in Los Angeles!"

Then there is the story of his throwing a rock over a tall building. It has many different versions. He once

(*Continued on page 58*)

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Gunboat Smith, the despoiler of "white hopes," who deplores present-day pugilism between bouts with the stock ticker

When Fights were Bold

By Grantland Rice

So were the fighters—of Gunboat Smith's day. Now the old Gunner is refereeing and sadly shaking his head at the waltzing contests we moderns pay to watch

A TALL, gaunt referee, with all the earmarks of his trade, stood in the ring as the next two fighters crawled through the ropes. Just before the fight started he frowned. Later I asked him why.

"Did you notice that big guy start dancing while he was warming up?" he said. "I knew I could get ready to count him out. Whenever I see these big coves trying to look like boxers I can tell they're good for about two rounds."

The referee was Gunboat Smith, who, when he weighed 170 pounds, whipped Jess Willard, hit Jack Dempsey the hardest punch Dempsey ever took, knocked down Carpentier and cleaned up most of the white hopes of his time.

"When you are refereeing some of these modern fights," I asked the Gunner, "how does it feel to look back to the days of Ketchel, Papke, Joe Thomas, Joe Gans and a younger Dempsey?"

"Don't ask me," he said. "Don't ask me. When I think of Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford and some of that old bunch I'm glad they're not around now because they probably would be arrested for murder. Most of the bunch today haven't time to train or learn anything. There are too many other things to do. And none of them has the natural fighting instinct the old-timers carried to the ring."

"I suppose you still recall those two battles you had with Jack Dempsey," I suggested to the Gunner.

"You might forget a war or two," Smith replied, "but not a fight with Dempsey. Both were funny, in a way. But not too funny to me. I had just finished a tough bout with Jess Willard or Frank Moran or somebody when I got an offer to fight four rounds with a young fellow named Dempsey in San Francisco. As both my hands were sore and I was under weight I suggested a later date. But my manager told me Dempsey was a mug who couldn't fight a lick and as I had never heard of him then I decided to take a chance.

A Champ in the Making

"After the first round I went back to my corner and said to my manager: 'This guy is young and he doesn't know much, but he's no mug. I'm in a tough spot and the best thing for me to do is to stop him quick with the old right.' Dempsey came out for the second with the rush of a timber wolf. I got planted and nailed him on the chin with the same right that had cleaned up most of the white hopes. I hit him so hard his knees hit the floor, but instead of staying there he bounced up and came tearing back in, throwing both hands at my chin and stomach. They gave Jack the decision, but I thought I'd won."

"Did you know," I asked, "that Dempsey said later he had been out for two hours and thought he had been knocked out?"

"That shows you what helped to make Dempsey," the Gunner said. "He may have been out on his feet but he came at me like a wildcat. But anyway I thought I had my chance a year later. I asked them to get me Dempsey again for I thought he was a sucker for a right hand. This time I trained carefully and got ready to take him, although I knew I was slipping. I think I'm one of the few who knew he was over the top of the hill and on his way down. But I still had the old right and I thought I knew too much for Dempsey then.

"The gong sounded and I got the shock of my life. He was an entirely different Dempsey this time, faster than a streak, smart, on top of me before I could get my breath. I couldn't even get a shot at his jaw. It was like trying to slap a wolf in the face. And all the time his fists were working so fast I thought he had ten hands. I kept throwing my right but there was nothing there to hit. I managed to last out the first round but in the second he laid me on the canvas."

The Gunner then began talking about the two greatest fighters he had ever seen—Stanley Ketchel and Sam Langford. "I missed seeing the first Ketchel-Thomas fight," Smith said, "when I heard that Joe Thomas, a smart, game, hard-hitting champion was to meet an ex-waiter from some tough dive in the West. But after what happened in that bout I didn't miss the next two.

"That last Thomas fight shows you what Ketchel was at his best. Thomas knew that Ketchel was a high-strung nervous fellow, so Joe killed all the time he could to delay the start of the first round. Stanley was like a wild man.

"When the gong sounded Ketchel was across the ring almost before Thomas could get off his stool. He came with a snarl and a rush and stopped Thomas in less than two rounds. That was one smart piece of ring psychology that didn't work as it had been planned.

"The funniest experience I ever had," he continued, "was that fight out West with Jess Willard.

The Imperturbable Willard

"I weighed 168 and Willard weighed 260. And he was in good shape. I walked out, got set, started the old right from way over in a neutral corner and nailed Willard on the chin with everything I had. He never even changed his expression. Then I hit him in the stomach with another right and he hardly grunted. A few seconds later he nearly closed one of my eyes and nearly broke one of my ribs. After that the old Gunner just socked and ran—socked and ran. I'll bet I traveled twenty miles that night but I got the decision. And I was tired for the next two months."

"Who was the hardest puncher you ever saw?" I asked.

"I think it was Carpentier," he said. "Dempsey was a hard and heavy puncher, but he worked in close. Carpentier had a great pair of legs and he had a way of jumping at you from five feet away. He also had a great way of timing that spring and that right-hand crack. You'd think he was out of reach and then—wham—he just missed my chin and he just missed Dempsey's. Too high both times—but if he had landed on the button. . . ."

"What's the matter with most of the present bunch?" I asked the Gunner.

"They don't know much about either fighting or boxing," he answered, "and they either won't learn or they have no one to teach them. They won't train and keep in condition and I believe condition is about fifty per cent of the answer. Only a few are natural punchers and I have always believed a puncher is born, not made. You either have it or you haven't and can't get it. But they could learn to box and they could learn something about fighting. There's too much easy money around. They don't have to show much to collect."

Too Much Imagination

"Why is it," I asked, "that college athletes never make good fighters, although many of them have experience, both in college and later on?"

"An easy answer," Gunboat Smith replied. "Too much brains. It's a rough racket and no smart guy wants to have his eyes closed or his nose broken, his ears puffed up or his body punched. Their brains won't let them go into action in the right way. They have too much imagination, I guess. When you let that right go you know what's going to happen if you miss—it won't be any pink tea or afternoon dance.

"I swung twice at Bombardier Wells, missed twice, and listened to the bones crack in my nose both times. Maybe if I had been a college man I wouldn't have kept on throwing that right till I knocked him out. I probably would have decided that I might need that nose later on. But not having a college education I wasn't that smart."

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Instantly overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in 4 days

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The most searching scientific analysis ever made on the subject of deodorant power of mouth washes now reveals Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as the outstanding deodorant for oral use.

Repeated tests show that Listerine immediately overcomes odors that other solutions fail to mask in 4 days.

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For the treatment of halitosis (bad breath) there is nothing like it. 95% of halitosis is caused, dental authorities say, by fermenting food particles in the mouth and by infections of the oral tract.

Listerine instantly halts fermentation, and at the same time attacks infection. Having struck at these two causes of mouth odors, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

Use it every morning, every night. And between times before meeting others. It is your assurance that your breath will be sweet, clean, and wholesome, and therefore inoffensive.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it with you when you travel. No other antiseptic mouth wash is so pleasant-tasting. No other mouth wash has swifter deodorant and germicidal effect. No other mouth wash is more healing. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE ends halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

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Happy Warriors

"Pugilism has come to be the most refined of all the learned professions, an' the hours are shorter than in tennis or golf. Tilden, Babe Ruth an' Bobby Jones have to keep on their feet for days at a time, but a ring man only puts weight on his dogs about once a year, an' then for forty minutes at the most"

Uncle Henry

IF I HAD it to do over again," meditated Uncle Henry, "I'd take up some form of sport as a career. There's the life for you! Jes' enough activity to keep a man a jump ahead of the vagrancy laws, an' yet miles removed from any approach to the wear an' tear of actual drudgery.

"An' sport's where the Big Money is these days. No matter how hard times are, every red-blooded American can always dig up the price of a prize fight, a wrestlin' match or a ball game. He may force his wife to make her own finger waves, deny his children lessons in tap dancin' an' haggle fiercely with the butcher an' the grocer, but even fifty bucks isn't too much for him to plank down at a third-rate sportin' event.

"I think fightin' would be my choice of a callin'. Pugilism has come to be the most refined of all the learned professions, an' the hours are shorter than in tennis or golf. Tilden, Babe Ruth an' Bobby Jones have to keep on their feet for days at a time, but a ring man only puts weight on his dogs about once a year, an' then for no more than thirty or forty minutes at the most.

"Fightin' has the added advantage of bein' safe as well as sedentary. Either it's fixed for one man to win, in which case there's no possibility of punishment, or else he's due to lose, goin' down the first time he feels the wind of a punch. An' if by any chance one opponent should wax ruffianly, hittin' with intent to bruise, the other can always burst into tears an' sink to the canvas, claimin' a low blow.

"Back in my youth, prize fightin' was looked upon as brutal an' degradin', an' its practitioners were referred to as bruisers an' plug-uglies. Bouts were highly secret affairs, an' patrons had to slip out of town by twos an' threes, assemblin' in some remote an' lonely barn. An' usually, jes' as things got goin', somebody yelled 'Here comes the sheriff,' an' by the time we stopped runnin' we were in the next county.

"Nowadays, however, fights are social events. You can't get in without a card of introduction, an' the officers of the law only intervene in case they discover some bounder in a lounge suit. Instead of towels an' buckets, the seconds carry finger bowls an' serviettes, an' there's a butler behind each man to push in his chair.

The Ring and the Book

"It used to be that referees were a rough lot who called the principals to the center of the ring an' rasped instructions to the effect that buttin' an' bitin' didn't go. Nowadays, however, Mrs. Emily Post is usually the third woman in the ring, an' merely warns the fighters against pointin', puttin' their elbows on the tables, wearin' a white tie with a dinner jacket, an' pickin' their teeth with a forefinger.

"Officers of the law only intervene when they discover some bounder in a lounge suit"

"The old-time fighter had to know his onions. Modern boxers are only required to know their gardenias. In my day a ring man worked hard an' long perfectin' a right cross. The only thing that matters now is the double cross an' the managers attend to that.

"Back in John L. Sullivan's time, the pugilist carried the marks of his callin'. Faces looked like a bull's-eye view of No Man's Land, noses had a wing spread of fifty feet an' the ears met at the back of the neck in a simple knot. His one ambition was to save up enough to buy a saloon, an' his literary aspirations were amply satisfied by pictures in the Police Gazette.

"Today I defy you to tell a fighter from a movie star unless the movie star gets rough. An' as for his future, he's got all sorts of choices. Take actin', for instance. What better stage trainin' could anyone want than learnin' how to claim a foul after a wallop on top of the head?

"Then there's literature. Tennyson an' Longfellow had to grow whiskers an' sweat over their stuff but any time a fighter learns how to hold a book right side up George Bernard Shaw sends him greetin's, an' the Sunday supplements besiege him for the story of his life, his views on art, music, Behaviorism an' the Russian Five-Year Plan.

"A fine rich life, 'Lonzo. If you or me wants to meet high-class people, we've got to spend three or four dollars on a trance medium, and rest satisfied with Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Alexander, Napoleon or somebody else who's been dead for centuries. But a fighter has only to pick up a Bradstreet or a Social Register, an' simply tick off the names of those he's willin' to pledge in a dish of tea.

"Wrestlin' is also a profession that offers many advantages. It's really fairer than fightin', for there's no favoritism in it. After a man has been a champion for a certain length of time, he drops back to the foot of the line, an' can't be champion again until every other man has had his turn.

"Tennis is another great sport. After lookin' it over, I've come to the conclusion that Chicago people spell racket the wrong way. The practitioners move from one tournament to the other—north in the summer, south in the winter, with swell trips to Europe every now an' then—an' money's no bother. Expense bills are never checked, an' any time a player wants to take a girl out or buy a new suit, he can put it down to laundry or stationery.

"Everything about sport is soft. Take a sportin' editor for example. He doesn't have to wiggle a hip. One day he sits down an' writes a column about Jack Dempsey returnin' to the ring. The next day he contradicts the report, statin' emphatically that Jack will never fight again. The day followin' he contradicts the contradiction an' states that Jack is conditionin' himself privately. Then comes another column of denial.

"When the Dempsey stuff begins to wear thin, he can turn to Mr. Ruth, startin' off with the calamitous report that the Babe's legs have gone back on him. The next day he comes out with a statement that the Babe's legs were never stronger. An' so on.

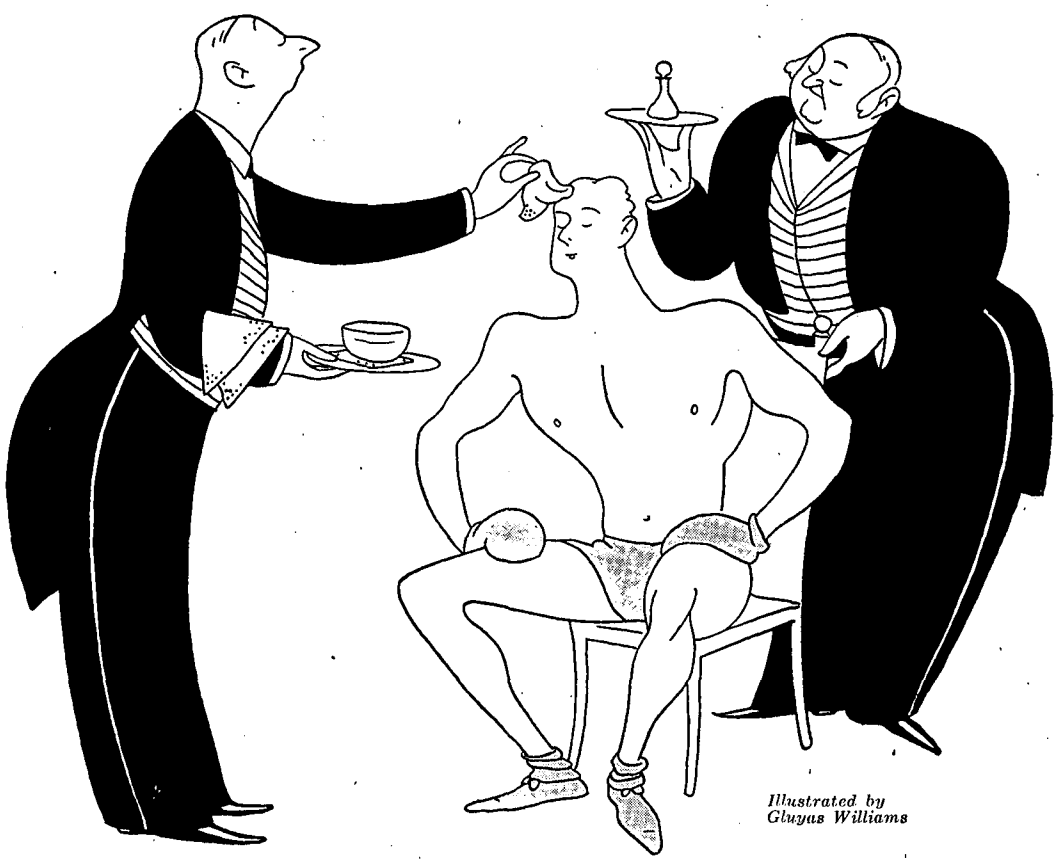
A Match for Max

"The nicest thing about sport, however, is the utter absence of the abuse that makes politics so unpleasant. Of course, crowds get mad now an' then, an' call a fighter or a wrestler a big bum or a hunk of cheese, but it's generally in the fond, indulgent tone of a father reprovin' a child.

"It's the newspapers that have made sport what it is. Take up any great daily, an' you'll see a sportin' section, runnin' from two to four pages, an' those pages have got to be filled every day in the week. Now don't ask me why. I'm still tryin' to figure out why a comic supplement is called comic."

"I wonder who they're goin' to pick to fight Stribling if he beats Schmeling?" Mr. Stubbs asked the question without any large show of interest.

"Well, the Democrats have jes' started their series of elimination bouts," said Uncle Henry, "an' I understand that Strib is goin' to be matched against the winner."



"Instead of towels an' buckets, the seconds carry finger bowls an' serviettes"

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The MOTOR OIL "MELLOWED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS"

Simplifies its name

HENCEFORTH the Sinclair Refining Company will discontinue the use of "Mobiline" as a trade name for its Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

With the tremendous increase in the use of Sinclair Mobiline Pennsylvania Motor Oil it has been decided, for brevity and clarity, and to avoid confusion with any other motor oil, to eliminate the word Mobiline. The new name will be simply "Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil".

THE CHANGE IS IN NAME ONLY

Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil will continue to be made 100% from Bradford-Allegany crude oil—the highest priced of all Pennsylvania grade crude oils—the rare oil formed by Nature in the Devonian Age more than a hundred million years ago.

Sinclair Pennsylvania will continue to be the finest motor oil that money can buy—an oil that is triple-filtered, stripped of its carbon-forming compounds and freed from trouble-making petroleum jelly at as low as 60° F. below zero, a temperature much lower than is required for the removal of wax.

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Good News MOLLÉ can also be had in jars for 75c—containing twice as much as the giant 50c tube.

Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

Get MOLLÉ (Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way. If you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube or jar to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

The Luckiest Young Man

Continued from page 18

much. The marquis only gets his money four times a year, and he lost a hundred thousand francs gambling a week or two ago."

"Really," she murmured. "Now we must both pay more attention to the game."

He accepted the hint, and relapsed into silence. Presently his companion picked up her winnings, and, with a pleasant little nod of farewell to her neighbor, took her leave. Dagger Rodwell gazed after her wistfully. He had come into indirect contact with people of her class before, in the gambling rooms of London.

"If only I had dared to ask her to have a drink!" he sighed.

THE lady friend of the Marquis de Verrais watched the departure of Dagger Rodwell's new acquaintance with anxious eyes. She drew her companion into the background.

"François," she asked, "do you know who that woman was—that girl—there she is—talking to the duke?"

"Never saw her before in my life," the marquis replied.

"You have. You've seen her often," the girl went on. "That is the woman who comes sometimes to the Régal and calls herself Mademoiselle Anna."

"*Imbécile!*" the marquis declared scornfully. "There is a slight likeness, but I tell you—I, who am a judge—that young woman is a person of consequence. Her jewels are real. She—"

"I know all about that," the girl interrupted, "and her dress came from Worth, but I tell you she was Mademoiselle Anna, and she was talking to Monsieur Charles—how is it you call him?—Monsieur Dagger Rodwell. She recognized me, too."

Her companion remained incredulous.

"If one listened to you," he observed, "one would have nerves all the time. You mistake a *maître d'hôtel* for a detective, and a commissionaire for a gendarme. Listen. We will prove this."

The Marquis de Verrais had a large and catholic acquaintance among the frequenters of the place. He stopped a well-known English bookmaker who was passing.

"Monsieur Jackson," he said, "you are acquainted with all the world. Please tell us the name of the lady in the pearl-colored dress and rubies, talking to the duke there."

Monsieur Jackson glanced down the room, and nodded.

"One of our English beauties," he replied. "The Honorable Sybil Christian, her name is, the daughter of Lord Farrowdale."

"I am obliged to you," the marquis acknowledged. "Well, Fifine?"

Fifine was looking a little dazed, but her eyes were fixed upon that departing figure.

"That was Mademoiselle Anna," she repeated. "She was talking with the boy who wins the money, with whom you wish me to take supper tonight."

"*Imbécile!*" the marquis repeated wearily.

Peter Hames, the young American painter and seeker after adventure, in a lazy fit had gone to bed at ten o'clock. At midnight he was awakened suddenly to find the telephone buzzing by his side.

"Is that Mr. Peter Hames?" a soft voice inquired.

"That's right," was the electrified reply.

"I want you to come down and join me at the Régal."

"I'll be there in a quarter of an hour," Peter promised cheerfully.

"Say half an hour. It won't be necessary tonight, I'm sure, but just in case—you'd better bring your—flask."

"I understand."

In less than the appointed time, Peter Hames had achieved a satisfactory toilette, and made his way down the hill to Beausoleil. He found a retired spot for his car, and entered the Café Régal. The place as yet was almost empty, but Mademoiselle Anna was seated upon her accustomed stool, smoking a cigarette in a long holder, and talking confidentially to the barman. She beckoned Peter Hames to her side.

"Sit close to me, please," she invited, "and listen. I ought to have told you before. I owe you all the confidence in the world. However, I tell you now. Since the affair of monsieur the chemist, and the death of old madame, this place has belonged to me. Madame Lapouge is my woman; John here does as I tell him. That is why now and then I have been able to pick up scraps of interesting information."

"You might have told me," Peter Hames said simply.

She recognized the hurt in his tone, laid her hand impulsively upon his, and pressed it.

"Forgive me," she begged. "Reticence has become almost a vice with me. This little world here is so small."

"Go on, please," he enjoined. "I am pacified. You have some work for me, I hope?"

"There may be," she admitted. "There is a young Englishman over here—an amorous young man, very simple, who has been winning a great deal of money. Legrande has got hold of him—Legrande, if you please, posing as the Marquis de Verrais—and Fifine, my little neighbor at the bar, posing as his mistress and an actress at the Opéra Comique. The little beast very nearly recognized me this evening. I never dreamed of her getting into the Sporting Club.

"Most nights, to wind up with, they come here. They make this young man pretty well drunk—you know how clever Legrande is at it—and they help themselves to his loose banknotes. I have sat there and seen Legrande take the notes from him whilst Fifine has been gazing into his eyes. However, enough of that. They are planning a much bigger thing. What it is I don't know, but they have sent for the three men we know as the Three Musketeers, who will rob or murder anybody for a thousand francs, and the three are now upstairs in the salon."

"LOOKS like a dirty business," Peter Hames commented.

"I am afraid it is," she agreed. "Now presently, the marquis, as he calls himself, and the young man and Fifine will be here. I cannot be certain if Fifine recognized me tonight, but I am absolutely sure that she was suspicious. I meant to use the microphone from the small bedroom, but if they did recognize me, of course the whole thing is finished. Will you take that on?"

"Rather," he assented.

"I'm afraid I'm leaving you all the work," she sighed, "but I know that little cat will never let me out of her sight. If you wouldn't mind just having one more whisky, and getting up to the salon, I shall clear out quietly. Legrande will go upstairs to meet these three desperadoes, and you will listen to his orders. I'll tell you one thing: I'm sure it won't be for tonight. They'll want to have all the young man's money. Meet me tomorrow morning at the bar of the Hôtel de Paris at eleven o'clock, and tell me what you have discovered."

Peter Hames had discovered a great deal when he met Sybil Christian at eleven o'clock the next morning in the Hôtel de Paris bar. Her face grew graver all the time as she listened.

"The one weak point about it that I can see," he remarked, as he drew to an end of his story, "is this: What would happen if, instead of winning tomorrow night at Nice, this young man, Dagger Rodwell, should lose his money? It seems to me they're risking the whole grab."

Sybil shook her head.

"Legrande is no fool," she declared. "If he sees that the luck has changed there, he will make Fifine stop the play, and take Rodwell out to supper. Then they'll bring him back, and everything will proceed according to program."

Peter Hames meditated for a few minutes.

"Are these Three Musketeers really clever fellows?" he asked.

"They're slippery, treacherous, and diabolically cunning," she assured him.

"Then I have an amendment to propose. Listen, please."

Sybil listened, and the amendment was carried.

AT ABOUT twenty past two in the morning, a large and comfortable limousine was driven out of Nice onto the slopes of the most picturesque road in the world. Inside, Fifine was sitting with one arm around Dagger Rodwell's neck, and his arm, it must be confessed, was round her waist. She had thrown off her hat, and her head rested upon his shoulder. Outside, Monsieur le Marquis, by the side of the chauffeur, was apparently enjoying the view so much that, notwithstanding the jealousy insisted upon by Fifine, he never once looked round.

"I say," Dagger Rodwell asked once, as he ventured to snatch a willingly returned kiss, "is this all right with the marquis there?"

"Of course it is, you stupid," she answered. "He has to let me do what I like, or I wouldn't stay with him."

"What became of Mr. Ambrose?"

"He went home with some friends," she replied carelessly. "Aren't you glad? We didn't want him in here."

The young man demonstrated his satisfaction at this information, and their heads remained only a few inches apart.

"Such luck as yours," she murmured, "I have never seen. What was it you took with you?"

"Five thousand pounds."

"And how much did you win?"

"Just about another five thousand," he confided, his eyes alight with the joy of his success.

"You will give me a little present, dear, will you not?" she begged. "Nothing much. I dare not accept anything valuable. Something that costs only a little. Just a souvenir."

"You wait," he promised. "We will go to Janesich tomorrow."

"It must not be anything elaborate," she reiterated. "I dare not accept presents from anyone, and the marquis will give me all I want when he has some money."

"*Darling!*"

They mounted higher and higher. Now the bluff and lights of Cap Ferrat stretched out beneath them. The high

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Here are Tommy Armour's scores

for his first five rounds with Spalding Cushion-Neck Golf Clubs

67 – 70 – 69 – 68 – 69!

FOUR rounds under 70! Five rounds under par. And over the Boca Raton (Florida) course, one of the longest and toughest in America. That's the amazing record Tommy Armour made the first five rounds he played with Spalding Cushion-neck Clubs.

"Yes," choruses the Skeptics Society, "but Tommy Armour could make a good score with a set of shinny sticks."

Let Tommy answer that himself. Retained by Spalding in an advisory capacity, Tommy has used Cushion-neck Clubs exclusively for the past 2 years with highly satisfactory results. And he has seen 350 of the crack Professionals of America discard their hickory-shafted irons and take up Cushion-necks.

Yes, Tommy has his own theories as to why Spalding Cushion-neck Irons are the sweetest-feeling, most deadly-accurate irons that ever laid a ball in the shadow of the pin. Let him tell you, in his own words:

"The most obvious thing about Cushion-neck Irons is their sweet feel. The patented rubber sleeve, that insulates the shaft from the head, really does prevent the shock of shots from running up the shaft and into the hands. And that's important!

"But I have discovered that the Cushion-neck principle also actually helps to give straighter and longer iron shots!

"Let me see if I can explain that without getting too technical. You see, even the greatest golfers vary in their shots—the old human element, you know. At the time of impact, the hands are never quite the same on any two shots.

"What most golfers never realize, though, is that the hands also do a marvelous corrective job—that in the fraction of a second that the clubhead is on the ball, the hands tend to correct the error of the shot.

"Now in the Cushion-neck Irons, that fraction of a second is prolonged by virtue of the controlled torque produced by the rubber cushion. This keeps the club on the ball a fraction of a second longer, and gives the hands more time to compensate for errors.

"The only other club that offers anything to compare with this accommodating liveliness of the Cushion-neck, is a club with the finest, the ideal hickory shaft. But Old Ma Nature has seen to it that no two hickory shafts are alike—and then she makes it even worse by changing, with every change in atmospheric conditions, their flexibility, their liveliness, and even their weight. So with hickory, the hands, in addition to correcting their own errors, have the extra burden of trying to keep pace with the variance of the shaft.

"This all sounds far-fetched? That's because this reflex muscular action, even with the average player, is so fast as to be almost intuitive. You may not be conscious of the corrective job your hands do for you, but the most experienced golf teachers and students will tell you that it's absolutely true.

"And it's just as true that the Cushion-neck gives your hands a better chance to do this than they've ever had before. I've seen it work—often. And I don't mean with just us fellows who make golf our life's work. I mean average players . . . my pupils, advanced and not so advanced . . . players who are still hoping some day to break 100 regularly. I've seen them hit straighter iron shots with Cushion-necks than they ever hit in their lives. Yes, and longer shots, too!"

* * *

That's Tommy Armour's explanation of the better shots that come from Spalding Cushion-neck Clubs. Ask *your* Professional. Ask him to let you try a set. And prepare yourself for one of the greatest thrills a round of golf ever gave you!

Prices of Kro-Flite Cushion-neck Clubs

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED IRONS
Set of nine $90 Set of six $60

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED WOODS
Set of three $45 Pair $30

STANDARD REGISTERED IRONS
Set of nine $75 Set of six $50

AUTOGRAPH K WOODS
Set of three $37.50 Pair $25 Each $12.50

RELATED IRONS
Set of nine $54 Set of six $36 Each $6

Let your Professional outfit you. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores.

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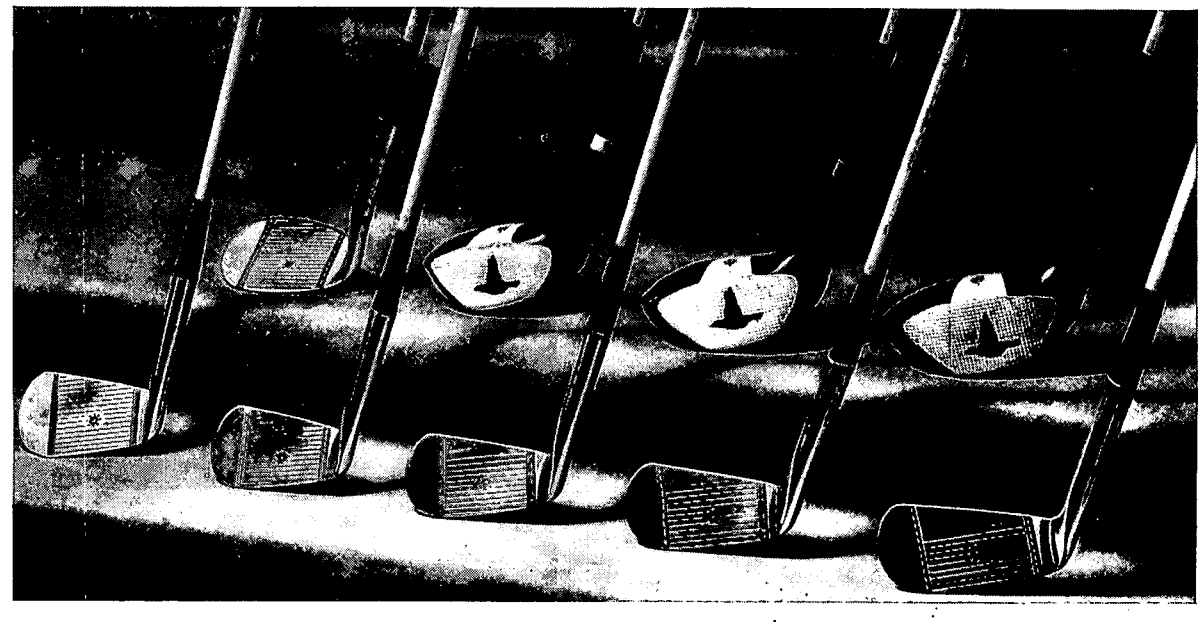

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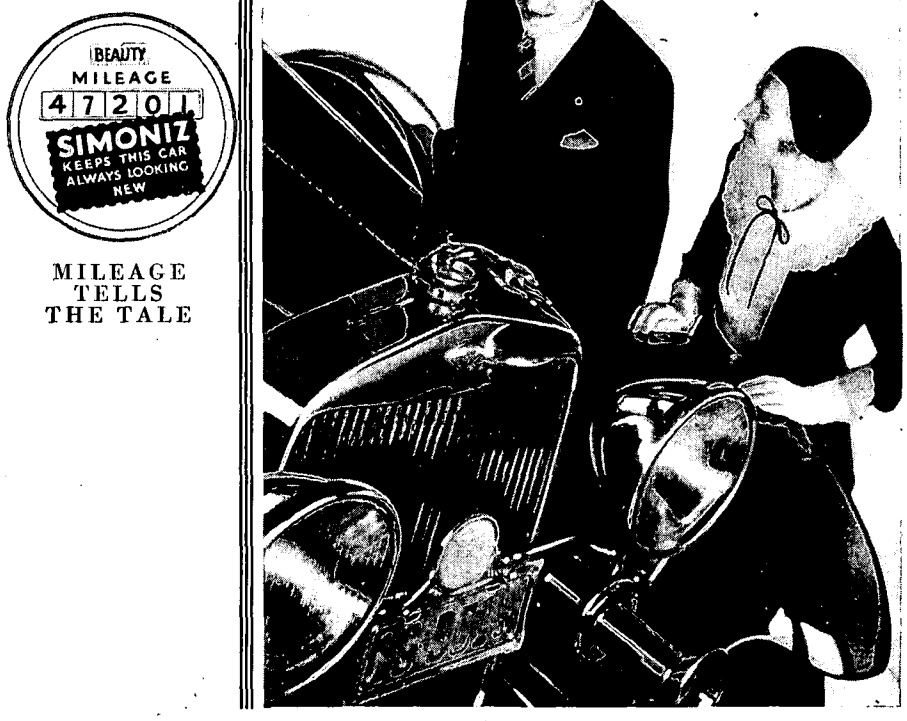
MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



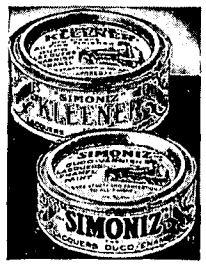
MILEAGE
TELLS
THE TALE

The Guardian of
Motor Car Beauty

Simoniz your car! It's easy. As the miles and years roll by your car will stay beautiful. You'll see why nothing takes the place of Simoniz.

Simoniz guards the finish with a hard, long lasting surface. Stops weather and grime's relentless attack. Makes the finish last longer. Keeps colors from fading.

And Simonizing will make your car look new again. Simoniz Kleener removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes. Then Simoniz gives that sturdy, sparkling surface of protection that never lets your car get old looking.



Just wiping with a soft, dry cloth removes dust and dirt and makes the finish sparkle brighter than ever.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. At leading hardware and auto accessory stores everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY · CHICAGO · U·S·A·

The Luckiest Young Man

Continued from page 30

lights of Eze, few but clear, confronted them on the right. Fifine was glancing from side to side with eager eyes.

"Why are you trembling?" he asked.

"I don't want to get back to Monte Carlo too quickly," she sighed.

"Hullo, what's this?" her companion remarked, looking out of the window. "A car broken down?"

The events of the next few seconds were amazing and speedy. A dark form, swinging a flashlight, stepped out into the road, the brakes were put on their car, and it was brought to a standstill. Through the window they caught a momentary glimpse of a strange little scene.

They saw the chauffeur leap from the car, saw him roll for a moment in the dusty road, spring up and run for the sheltering woods upon the left. Monsieur le Marquis, looking very dazed, made a brave show of tackling the aggressor, but received a blow which placed him almost immediately *hors de combat*. There was no time to watch more, for their own troubles had begun. The door had been thrown open, and the muzzle of a very ugly-looking gun was plainly visible.

"Your pocketbook—quick as hell!" a gruff voice demanded.

Dagger Rodwell clenched his fist. In another moment, he would have been upon his assailant, gun or no gun, but Fifine's arms were around his neck.

"Don't hurt him!" she shrieked. "He shall not be hurt. Here! The pocketbook is nothing. Take it!"

Before he could recover from his amazement, she had thrust her hand into his pocket, brought out the pocketbook, and tossed it toward the open door to the man whom they could now see dimly. Without a word the door was slammed, the man joined his companion and both disappeared. Dagger Rodwell shook himself free from the girl's arms.

"Here, I say!" he cried. "I'm not going to stand this. That's every penny I've got in the world, Fifine."

"He would have killed you," she sobbed. "There was a man murdered here last year. He would have killed you! We can do without money."

"I'm going after mine anyway," Dagger Rodwell declared, pushing her away.

He sprang into the center of the road. Almost immediately another car came rushing round the turn and pulled up. Before he knew where he was, there were more automatics, and a chorus of cries and exclamations. Monsieur le Marquis came staggering into the little circle of light thrown by the headlights of the newly arrived automobile. He tackled one of the newcomers with much apparent courage. The other two were within a few feet of Dagger Rodwell, a villainous-looking pair and obviously meaning business.

"Throw up your hands!" Fifine shrieked from the car. "What does it matter?"

Dagger Rodwell did as he was bidden. After all, what did it matter?

THE luckiest young man in the world received the shock of his life when, on arriving at the Hôtel de Paris, at four o'clock in the morning, scratched, bruised, disheveled and practically penniless, he was taken charge of by the night *concierge*, to whom he had begun to tell his story, and ushered into a sitting-room on the second floor. There he saw, in the order of their importance to him at that moment, two bottles of whisky upon the sideboard, some opened bottles of perrier, ice and glasses, the aristocratic young lady who had vouchsafed to talk to him at the gaming table, and two good-humored looking giants of men, both of whom were strangers to him.

"I say," he began—

Peter Hames mixed a generous whisky-and-soda, and handed it to the dazed newcomer. The latter drained half its contents, and set it down. Once more he looked round the room, and this time he saw, also, upon the table, his bulging pocketbook. He gave a little gasp. Peter Hames nodded as he saw the direction in which his eyes had traveled.

"That's your pocketbook all right," he assured him. "Miss Christian, I think it would be best if you explained to our young friend."

SYBIL smiled and thrust a cigarette into her holder.

"You remember my speaking to you at the Sporting Club?" she asked him.

"Of course I do," he answered.

"Well, that man whom you told me was the Marquis de Verrais was, as I knew, a rogue and an adventurer. The woman with him was a little *cocotte* of the place—never been near the Opéra Comique in her life. What they were after was your money.

"It is rather a hobby of mine," she went on, "and of my two friends here, to interfere where it is possible in affairs like yours. I shall not tell you how, and you must never ask me, but Mr. Hames and I got to know that you were to be taken to Nice with all the money you possessed, and induced to gamble. If you showed signs of losing, they would bring you home; if you won, so much the better. Then they arranged a little holdup and robbery, on the Corniche Road."

"But there were two sets of robbers!" the young man pointed out, raising his glass once more to his lips, and draining its contents.

"Quite so," Sybil agreed. "Our first idea was to wait until the three men who work for your sham marquis had robbed you of the pocketbook, and then interfere ourselves, and get it back for you. Mr. Hames, however, had a better idea. He pointed out that these three thieves were absolutely reckless, and would use knives as freely as an Englishman does his fists and, however clever and quick my two friends here were, might very easily get away with the pocketbook. If we called in the police, who, by the by, never pay much attention to these affairs unless they have direct information themselves, they were very unlikely to patrol the Corniche Road just on the strength of our word.

"Accordingly, we changed our idea. My two friends here held up your car, robbed you first, and the three men who were hired to take the pocketbook away from you at any price, arrived a few minutes too late. There is your pocketbook, and all you have to do is to shake hands with Mr. Peter Hames and Mr. Paddy Collins here, and thank them very prettily for looking after you."

The young man stood up, and those blue eyes of his were very bright. He wrung the hands of the two men, and he held out his tumbler willingly at Paddy Collins' suggestion. This time habit was too strong for him, and the "miss" slipped out.

"You aren't going to tell me after this, miss," he remarked, looking across at her, with a twinkle in his eyes, "that I'm not the luckiest young man in the world?"

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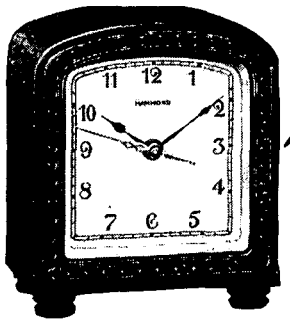
It masters time

The finest of astronomical chronometers measure time with no greater accuracy than does this clock of the hour. Positive, dependable time always! Tickless, quiet, it has made the fussy little key-wound clock a thing of the past. Pulsates in exact unison with the power-house generator, adjusted to the 3600th part of a minute. Test it by its interesting round-sweeping second hand. Extremely simple. No winding, oiling, regulating. Many beautiful models. At department stores, jewelers and electric shops. Or write us direct for illustrated booklet.

The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago.



The new Logan model. An unusually attractive small electric clock, $6.75. Others to $32.50. Chime clocks $72.50 to $110.

HAMMOND

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

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You'll like your looks *better* in these new glasses

The same girl, but different glasses. How much better she looks in the large picture wearing Ful-vue than in the small picture at the top, wearing old-style glasses.

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you the new, patented FUL-VUE *frame.*

The high temples of FUL-VUE reveal your eyes... *make you look so much better*

EVERYONE notices the difference when you put on Ful-vue. This new, modern frame for your glasses makes a remarkable improvement in your appearance.

Why? Because in Ful-vue the temples present a straight streamline from the ears to the top of the lenses. Then, too, the shape of the lenses follows the natural contour of eyes and brows.

Ful-vue is made in a new precious metal, pink gold, which blends with the complexion naturally.

The details of the new Ful-vue for men are smart, but distinctly masculine. Other Ful-vue models are more delicate. Look for the name FUL-VUE under the bridge.

Beautifully illustrated booklet free

Send the coupon, and we will mail you a new free booklet which shows how this new frame makes you look so much better. It also contains important facts about Tillyer Lenses — facts every wearer of glasses should know.

Mail the convenient coupon today.

FUL-VUE

FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY

© 1931, A.O.CO.

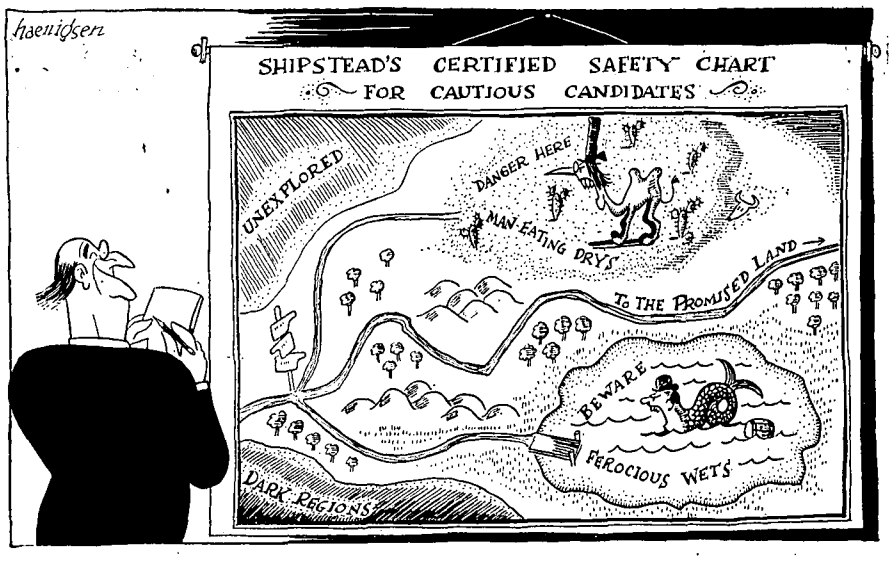
American Optical Co., Dept. C1, Southbridge, Mass. Please send free Ful-vue booklet.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

The name of the man who fits my glasses is_____

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR



The People's Choice

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SENATOR HENRIK SHIPSTEAD solved the problem of what a candidate for the Senate or the House of Representatives should do when confronted by the prohibition issue in a community where the electorate is pretty well divided between wets and drys. I believe many senators and representatives will adopt his method when the repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment becomes a more insistent question.

Mr. Shipstead was running for reelection to the Senate in Minnesota in 1928. He had to be wary, for he was in effect running as an independent candidate. Nominally he was the Farmer-Labor candidate but, as in reality there wasn't any Farmer-Labor party, he was practically running on his own.

It was very obvious that he was popular and was likely to be reëlected. So the Republicans thought of a scheme to embarrass him and perhaps divide his support. They egged on the drys to ask him how he would vote on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mr. Shipstead had considerable Democratic support. In fact, before the campaign the Democrats withdrew their candidate for senator. It was hoped that he would alienate the Democrats and wets if he answered that he would vote against repeal and that he would alienate the drys if he said that he would vote for repeal.

The question was asked and Senator Shipstead did not answer it. Being a very careful man, he did not wish to be hurried into an answer to a query that was intended to present him both horns of a dilemma.

A Cautious Campaigner

The newspapers of Minnesota announced that a letter had been sent to the senator asking him how he would vote on repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and that he was dodging the issue. After that, whenever he spoke, hecklers appeared and demanded an answer. His friends begged him to reply. To them all he said, "Just wait! I'll answer it when I get ready."

The newspapers were full of stories that he was dodging the wet issue. Finally, in a radio speech, he said, "The Anti-Saloon League has asked me whether I shall vote for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. I shall never have an opportunity to vote for or against repeal of the Amendment. It is not the Senate's business to repeal it, or the business of Congress either.

"If I had been asked whether I should vote to submit repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the people of this state, I would say yes. If a resolution to submit its repeal comes up while I am senator, I shall vote for it. I conceive it to be my duty to do so.

"When the Constitution was adopted the right to amend it was reserved to the states and the people of the states. For me to attempt to decide for you whether the Constitution should be amended or not would be for me to usurp rights which you reserved to yourselves or to your state.

The Duty of a Senator

"When an amendment is proposed in which I know you to be deeply and vitally interested, I believe it to be my duty, whatever my personal views of that amendment may be, to vote so that you will have a chance to exercise your reserved rights and decide for yourselves whether the amendment shall be adopted or not. The Constitution is explicit. All that Congress can do is to vote to submit or not to submit an amendment to the states."

Senator Shipstead made this one speech and it ended the baiting. The prohibition issue disappeared from his reëlection campaign. With the democratic idea prevailing in many parts of the country that a member of the Senate or the House merely registers the views of his constituents, neither the drys nor the wets objected to his position. He carried his state by the unprecedented majority of over 300,000.

Mr. Shipstead would not say, of course, that a senator was bound to vote for the submission of every constitutional amendment proposed in Congress to the people of his state. But when an amendment was proposed in which the people were plainly interested the senator held that it was the plain duty of a member to facilitate a decision by the people on that amendment.

If the Constitution contemplated a final decision by Congress upon constitutional amendments, then its members would have to assume responsibility. But the Constitution, in Mr. Shipstead's opinion, merely makes Congress a medium for selecting amendments for submission to the states. The function of Congress, he thinks, ends with deciding whether an amendment is worthy of submission to the states or not.

Most of the members of both Houses are looking for some way of holding a referendum on prohibition. Members accepting Mr. Shipstead's view may say that in voting to submit repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment they are voting for the only practicable referendum and not expressing their personal convictions.

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WHEN THIS PUMPING-JACK GOES UP MOTOR REPAIR BILLS GO DOWN

Every stroke of this jack is a stroke of good luck for some motor. Good luck? Yes, the *best* luck a motor ever had. For this jack pumps from the earth the finest known raw material for motor oil—Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

Why does Pennsylvania Grade Crude make better motor oils? You'll have to go to Nature for the answer to that one. When she made this marvelous Crude she outdid herself. She gave it qualities no other oil possesses. She gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She made it better.

Motor oils refined from this great crude save you money. They give you many more miles per quart of oil. They give you a better piston seal, which means that you get more power and use less gasoline. And—note this well!—they give you the most dependable protection against the pesky, never-ending repairs caused by poor lubrication!

Pennsylvania lubricating oils have greater resistance to heat, the arch enemy of oil. They take punishment and stand up when other oils lie down and quit. That's why you will find them chosen by experts for the toughest jobs on record—in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines.

And when it comes to refining, look for leadership in the Pennsylvania field! In this field, refiners have the longest background of refining experience—generations, not years of it! For oil was refined here long before it was even discovered elsewhere.

The emblem shown below appears on many brands of finished motor oil. Buy whichever brand you prefer. Each is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude. FREE! Send for your free copy of one of the most interesting oil booklets ever written. Valuable, informative. It tells the complete story of Pennsylvania oil. Address the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. C-4, Oil City, Pa.

© 1931, P. G. C. O. A.

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL

from which the world's finest motor oils are made

BE SURE IT'S MADE FROM PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE

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Stingless and Snappier...

and available ONLY in the new LONG BURKE IRONS

HERE is the newest, most scientific improvement in the steel shaft—developed by the makers of the True Temper "stepped" shaft and now offered exclusively by Burke.

Four ribs extend six inches inside the shaft at the hosel end. These ribs increase the strength of the shaft and by stiffening it at the lower end, the whip is thrown a bit more toward the hand. This results in a snappier action in play, a sweeter "feel" ... and AN ABSOLUTE ELIMINATION OF STING!

This is the shaft every club maker will feature *next* year—just as every maker today features the regular True Temper shaft which Burke was first to introduce years ago.

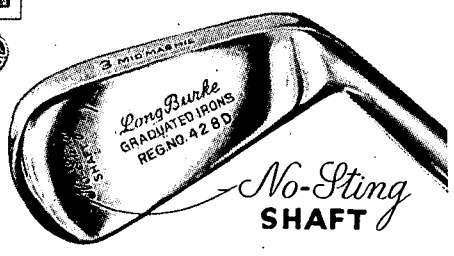
You can be *a year ahead* in the benefits these clubs can give your game. Test their "feel" at your golf shop (be sure the club-head is marked "No-Sting") and your regular foursome will accuse you of having practiced all winter.

A TRUE TEMPER Product

SNAPPIER ACTION IN PLAY

FREE! *Do you know how to "finish a hole" properly, or do you waste strokes at that crucial point? Our new booklet "Making the Club Head Work" giving full details of the four new stroke-saving Burke Smith-irons, is now ready. Send for it—it's free*

THE BURKE GOLF COMPANY
Box B1, Newark, Ohio



Burke

CLUBS · BAGS · BALLS

Circumstantial Evidence

Continued from page 11

of Guilford, Maine, undertook to snap the threads of the mesh the prosecution had wound around Lambert. Lambert had left his umbrella and rubbers in Greenville. He had never used safety matches, but many other people of the neighborhood used them. He had walked from Greenville to his home in Shirley Center and had arrived there at eight o'clock, a time which made it utterly impossible for him to have visited the Allens. Slight bloodstains on his shirt cuffs were from bleeding humors on his hands for which he had often been treated. As to the missing part of his shirt, he had cut that out to bind around his foot, which was blistered from the long walk in a pair of new patent-leather shoes.

Dime Novel Drama

Both prosecution and defense battled over a great deal of testimony concerning tracks made with rubber-shod feet, seen and measured around the Allen farm and along several roads Lambert was alleged to have used to reach it. A pattern designer for the rubber company testified that the tracks were made by rubbers several sizes smaller than those worn by Lambert. Another witness testified that he had bought a pair of boys' rubbers, size 4, for Carrie Allen that winter. It was shown that tracks made by size 4 rubbers were about one-sixteenth of an inch larger than the tracks around the premises. It had been raining, early in the fatal week-end, which made it conceivable that Carrie Allen had made the tracks. The dry-up after the rain would account for a slight shrinkage in the imprint.

That was the evidence and it would seem that Lawyer Hudson had torn the net away from his young client. But there still remained, over and above the facts in the case, an overwrought public mind clamoring for a victim. You may imagine the effect on a jury of farmers, already alarmed for the safety of their own homes and families and daughters, of these words, thundered at them by the prosecutor:

"And the respondent claims he is innocent! Innocent? Then the darkest-dyed demon of Hades is innocent. If you return the respondent innocent, then throw away the gates of our state prisons and let the full flood of the criminals flow out. Open our jails, our houses of correction, and let loose on the community the full flood of the criminal element. Then go to your homes and bare your hearts to the bludgeon, your throats to the knife, your breasts to the shotgun and musket. Prepare your wives for the most horrible indignities that can be placed upon them. Prepare your daughters, those heaven-born gifts which are dearer to us than life itself, for the ravisher's hand. . . ."

This is not a scene from a dime novel, but the actual speech made in the courtroom by Prosecuting Attorney Seiders. At stake there was the liberty of a young man who had all the best of his life before him.

"It seems almost incredible," Professor Borchard told me, "that a jury acting on the evidence could have brought a verdict of guilty against Lambert. There was almost nothing that even faintly pointed to him, whereas much of the prosecution's evidence actually pointed to his innocence. Yet he was sentenced to life imprisonment."

Years passed and Lambert spent his days at hard labor, but there was a growing sentiment outside the prison walls that justice had failed. Powerful influences took form in Lambert's interest; most persistent of these was Charles S. Hichborn, a banker of Augusta, Maine, who had never known or seen Lambert although he devoted years and a small fortune to right this error of justice. But Henry Lambert suffered for twenty-two years before he was finally pardoned, as an innocent man, by the governor. To this day the manner of the Allens' death has never been established. There is no reason to believe that they were not trapped by a fire that started from natural causes. Henry Lambert got no indemnification.

Finding Scapegoats

If it is difficult to understand how jurors could find it in their hearts and heads to credit a preposterous and unsupported theory fastening crime on an innocent man. You at least will tell yourself that it isn't very difficult to understand how a chain of circumstances might reach out and trap a single innocent man. You will find your powers to believe that such things can happen in our day and enlightened age more sorely tested, however, if you are told that sometimes more than one man is thus ensnared; perhaps a whole group. There is in Professor Borchard's collection of investigated cases, for instance, a story which shows what can happen to innocent people when the police and the circumstances really set their minds to finding scapegoats:

(Continued on page 41)

"Wait a minute. Mr. Fink needs two archbishops, a snake-charmer, and a gigolo"

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

Win Fame and Fortune *with a Simple Snapshot*

Cash Prizes totaling $100,000 offered for pictures in Kodak's International Contest

$25,000 *in* U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and $2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	$500
For the next picture in each class	250
For the next picture in each class	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class	10

(847 prizes, totaling $16,330)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state	$100
Second Prize, each state	50
Third Prize, each state	20

(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling $8,670)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country will automatically enter the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and $10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and $1,000

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money	$25,000
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a $500 class prize, the $2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a $1,000 international class award and the $10,000 international grand award . . . a total of $14,000 for a single snapshot.

Only amateurs may compete. Pictures must be made in May, June, July or August

A CAMERA . . . a roll of film . . . some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International $100,000 Competition!

It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of pictures *you* take are the kind wanted for this contest!

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling $25,000 for the United States alone. And first-prize winners in U. S. A. compete for international awards amounting to an additional $16,000. One easy snapshot may win you as much as $14,000.

Three Special Prizes will be given in each state for the best child and baby pictures made in May and June.

Even a beginner has a good chance

No special skill, no long experience, is required. Picture *interest* . . . not photographic excellence . . . is what counts.

The owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

Winners of U. S. prizes will be decided by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, conqueror of both Poles by air; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "*Kodakery*."

Lay in a supply of film today. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10:00 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast Program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.

For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

Read these simple rules for U.S.A.

1. This contest is *strictly for the amateur.* Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)

3. An entrant may submit *as many pictures* as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been *made on or after* May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated *not later than* August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure *more than 8 inches* the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. *No coloring* or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. *Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed.* Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. *No entries can be returned.* All mailings are at owner's risk. *Do not* send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and *hold them* ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be *judged solely on general appeal*—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize *in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize,* will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win *several* prizes with the one picture. Naturally, *the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.*

* * *

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! Do not specify classes into which pictures should go. Each picture will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win. ◆ So that judges shall not know the names of contestants, entries will be filed numerically and each entry acknowledged by a postal card bearing its number. *Please do not* write about entries. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging.

Entry Blank—*Clip it Now!*

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____
(*Please Print*)

Street Address _____

Town and State _____

Make of Camera _____

Make of Film _____ *Number of pictures accompanying this blank* _____

COL. 5-16

KODAK INTERNATIONAL $100,000 COMPETITION

For Amateur Picture-Takers

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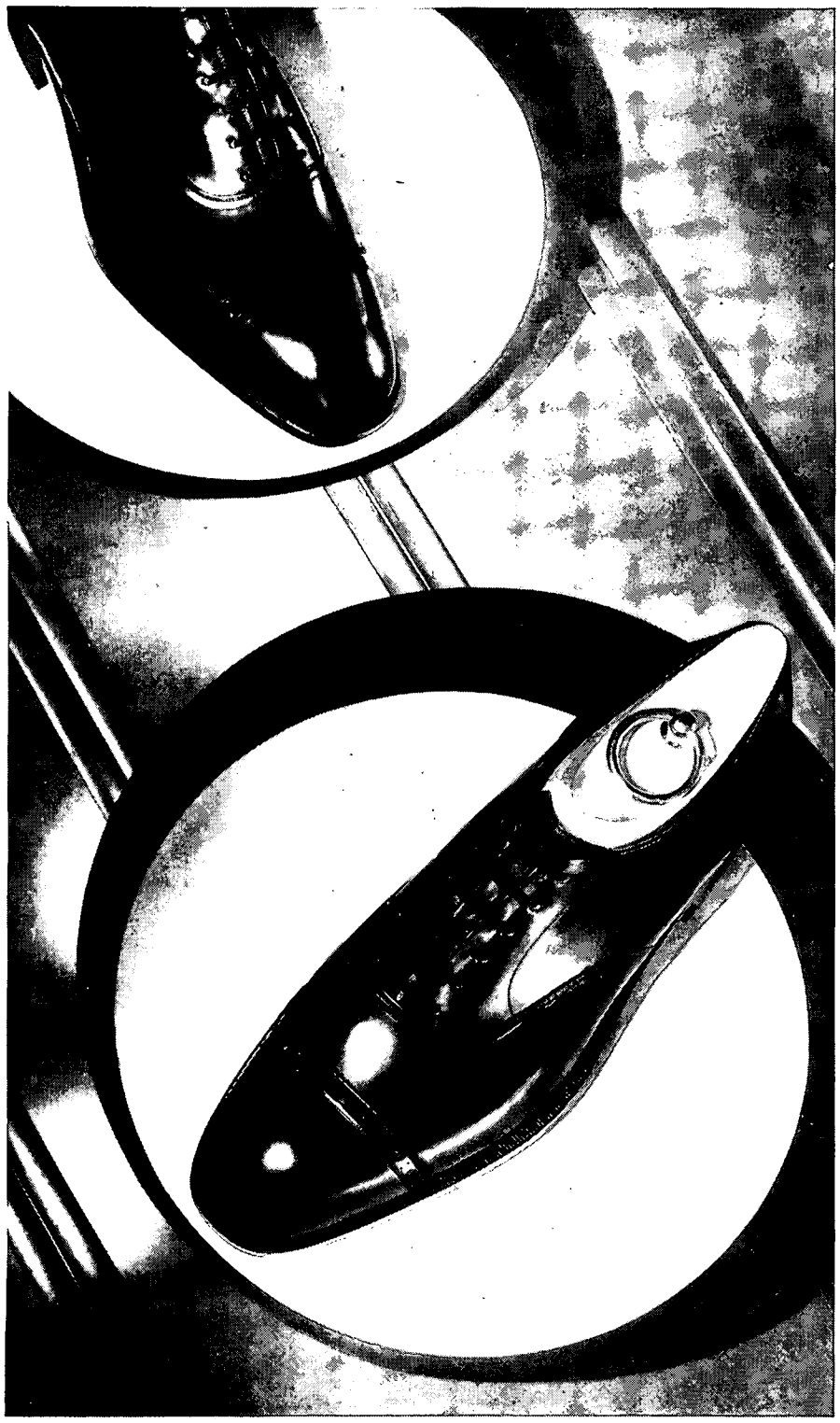
The Allonby

A BOSTONIAN SELECTED STYLE FOR SPRING



With the growing acceptance of custom simplicity in the styling of gentlemen's shoes Allonby has received a warm welcome . . . for it introduces new ideas in fine footwear. Allonby's free-walking tread is well balanced by its English bootmaker toe. Receding toe lines lend character to the tailored looks of this Selected Bostonian. Bostonians are modestly priced at $7 to $10.

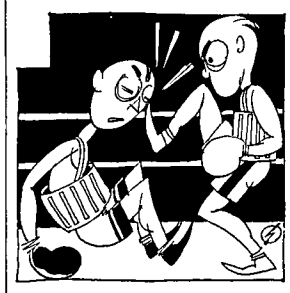
COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY, WHITMAN, MASS.

Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN

Keep Up with the World !

By Freling Foster



In Siam, boxers must be protected with abdominal guards because the rules permit every kind of pugilistic persuasion except biting, one of the favorite ways of scoring a knockout being to kick an opponent in the eye!

Hollywood today has "on call" more than 500 trained animals, birds and insects and 17,000 movie extras of every race, age, size and type, from Abyssinian acrobats to Venezuelan vampires, the majority being only one jump ahead of starvation.—*By Clifford Howard, Los Angeles, Cal.*

Orchids are our costliest flowers, averaging $6 each, because they require from 7 to 8 years of expert cultivation before they bloom—and decorate the darlings of Park Avenue and the "Gold Coast."

Mohammedans, who are scattered through the world and outnumber the Protestants, are required to pray 5 times daily in a prostrate position with their faces turned toward the little town of Mecca, of Hedjaz in Arabia, which is their sacred city and the birthplace of Mohammed.

The average decrease in the value of a willed estate through debts, inheritance taxes and administrative expenses is about 20%, irrespective of its size.—*By Robert A. Sherman, Brunswick, Ga.*

Stealing automobiles is about the poorest-paying crime in this country because from 90% to 95% of the cars always are recovered, a fact that never seems to penetrate the heads of auto "lifters."

Verkhoyansk, in northern Siberia, is the coldest place on the earth's surface, as the temperature there has registered as low as 93.6 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit).

In China, public cemeteries are virtually unknown, the majority of burials still being made on the land of the relatives, except in rare cases when the family is so poor that it is obliged to relinquish the body for interment in the community "potter's field."

A sacred flame that is believed to have come from heaven and has been lit since the beginning of history still is burning today in the Temple of Shambu-Nath in Tibet.

A new "meat powder" that is made of the gluten of white flour and imparts a red-meat flavor to vegetables has been such a success in the Orient that it soon will be introduced to the vegetarians of America.

Three new valuable inventions that displace human guesswork are: A device for measuring the moisture of lumber, a ship's radio compass for determining the distance as well as the direction of a fog signal, and an instrument for grading raw wool.

A retired millionaire lives "alone" today with 14 servants in a 41-room, 16-bath coöperative apartment on Fifth Avenue, New York, which cost him more than $427,000.—*By Malcolm MacDonald, Brooklyn N. Y.*

Entertaining tourists from foreign countries is the chief industry of Switzerland.

There are 10 kinds of animals which produce milk for human consumption: Cows, goats, sheep, buffaloes, horses, camels, reindeer, yaks, zebus and llamas.

The average salaried man should not invest more than double his annual income in purchasing a home, according to authorities.

Many luxurious New York speakeasies offer today from 50 to 60 different fine wines and genuine brandies, gins, whiskies and liqueurs to their heavily bank-rolled patrons.

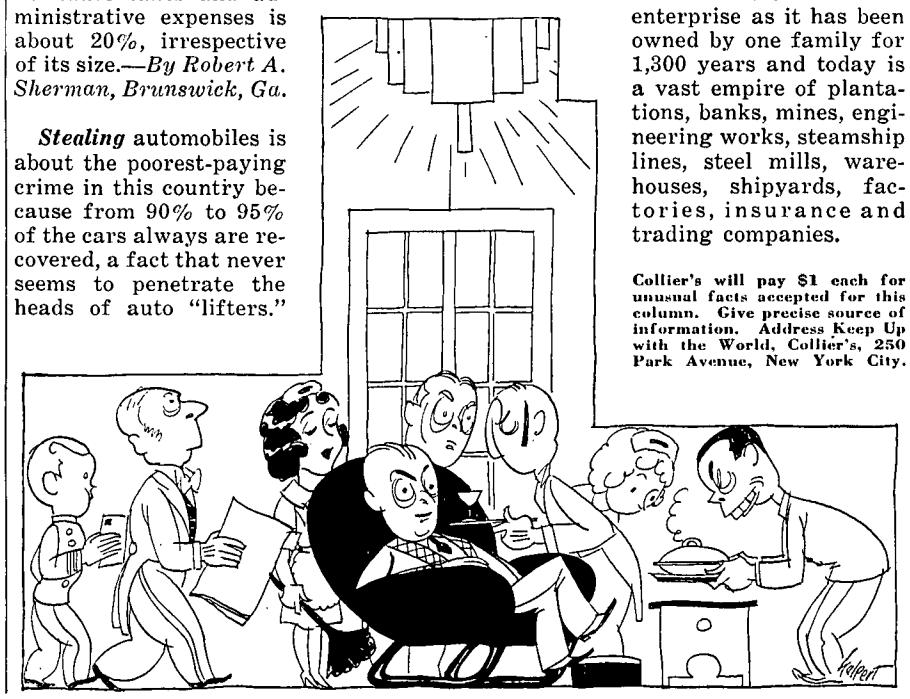
The only stained glass "window" ever installed on a battleship—an incongruous combination—is in a porthole of the chapel of the H. M. S. Repulse.

The London Times is the only newspaper in the world that possesses a coat of arms.

More than half of the world today still believes in and practices legalized polygamy.

The House of Mitsui, Japan, is the world's oldest and most diversified enterprise as it has been owned by one family for 1,300 years and today is a vast empire of plantations, banks, mines, engineering works, steamship lines, steel mills, warehouses, shipyards, factories, insurance and trading companies.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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FREE Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious HIRES ROOT BEER
Just mail the coupon below

Only 1½¢ Per Bottle for delicious Hires Root Beer

An aristocratic beverage at a democratic price

THERE is no worry about the high cost of beverages in homes where Hires Root Beer is served. It is such an economical luxury, compared to other bottled drinks.

Stop and think of the high cost of beverages—how to remedy it this easy way, how to save money on your grocery bill. How easy it is to do your own bottling in your kitchen.

Delicious and invigorating, always welcome, you can serve Hires Root Beer generously to family and friends, no matter how modest the household budget. More money can't buy a finer beverage.

Besides home-made Hires Root Beer you can get it at soda fountains and wherever you see a Hires Keg. Also at stores and stands you can buy it already bottled.

Let us prove both its economy and superior flavor—may we send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

The trial will delight you and your family. Then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract. It makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle when made at home Compare that with what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, pure and beneficial. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor. Nine out of ten doctors, when questioned, agree that Hires Root Beer ranks first as a family beverage because of its purity, fine flavor and economy.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

Canadians may mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Charles E. Hires Company, Dept. M
Philadelphia, Pa. [3-5-16]

Please send me free sample for making Hires Root Beer at home.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

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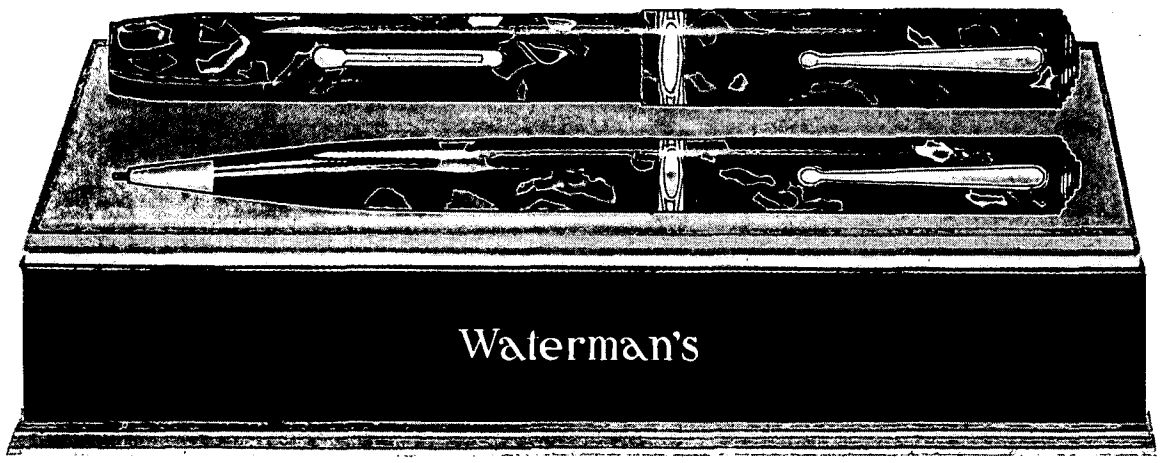
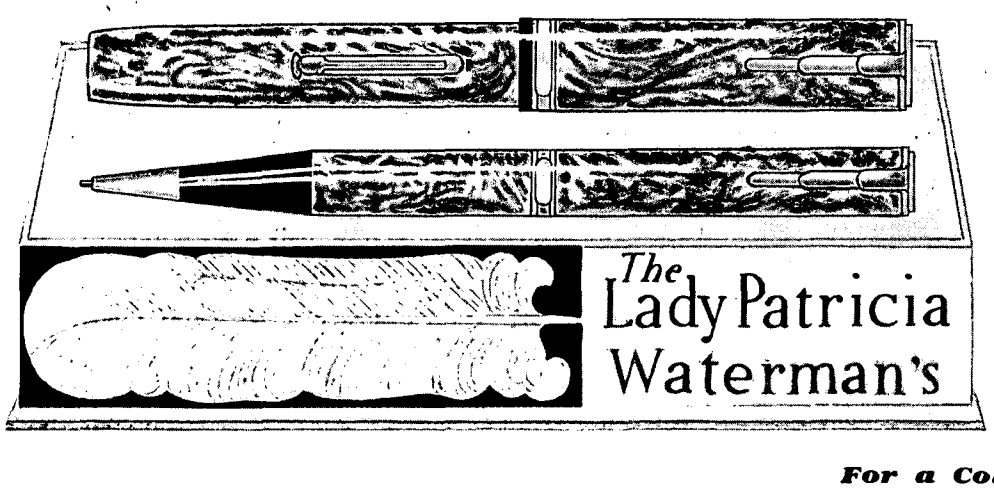


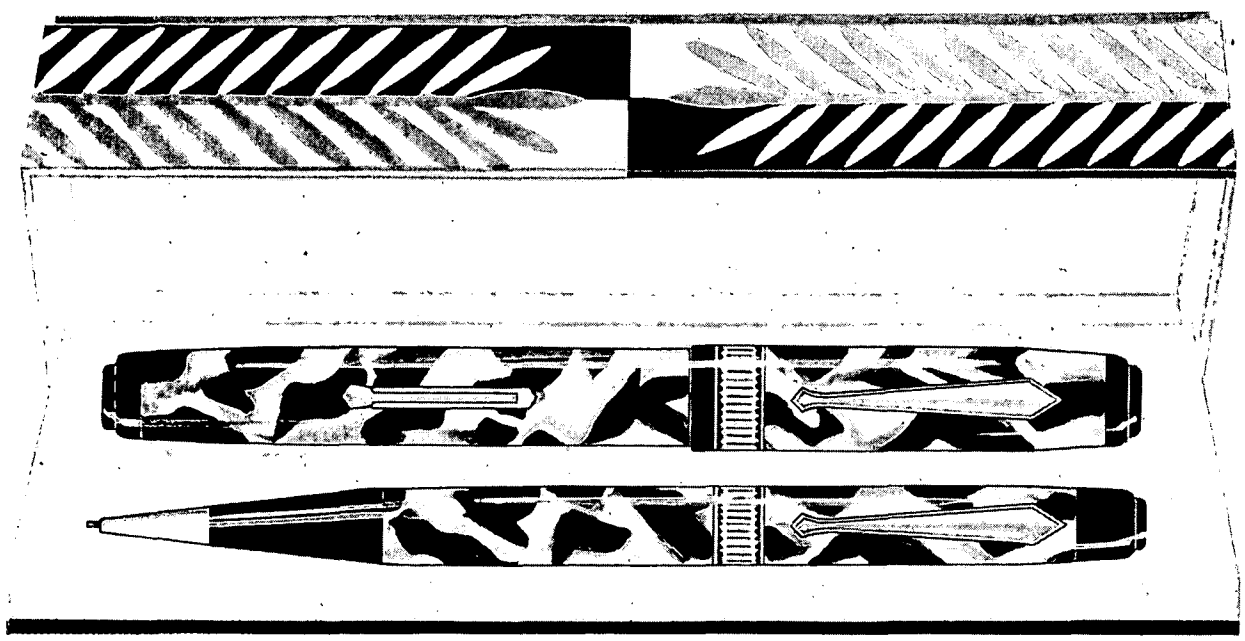
Waterman's gifts for the graduate

For a High School Graduate—The new NUMBER 94. • *A good-looking, smooth-writing pen of modern design and in three conservative shades of blue {shown}, brown and gray — truly practical, yet a stunning gift for only $5.00. Matching pencil $3.00. Set $8.00.*



The matter of points: the proper point is most important. When giving a Waterman's pen as a gift, be sure and remind the recipient that he can select his own point to suit himself.

For a College Woman—The LADY PATRICIA • *Definitely* her *pen . . . as colorful, as dainty, as slim and efficient as she is herself. With a modern tiny clasp that holds it securely in a handbag. In five feminine colors {Persian shown}, $5.00. Pencil to match, $3.00. Set $8.00.*



Your Waterman's dealer is ready with all these smart gifts. And remember — *Waterman's Inks* make any and every pen write better. So give ink with the pen.

Every Waterman's *is guaranteed forever against defects.* Service stations are maintained at the addresses below in order to make good our guarantee and to service our pens as required.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • • 40 School Street, Boston • • 129 South State Street, Chicago • • 609 Market Street, San Francisco
263 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

For a College Man—The PATRICIAN • *The large nib, the great ink capacity, the five jewel colors {Nacre shown}, and the seven styles of pen points all appeal to him. Pen $10. Pencil $5. Set $15.*

Waterman's

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Circumstantial Evidence

Continued from page 36

the story of four Californians who, on a bright day, set out to pick oranges; and perhaps, if luck should be with them, to shoot a rabbit or two for a treat on their family tables.

But at the moment we'll have to leave the four—who happened to be Mexicans, which should have helped them, but didn't, when their case came to trial—driving gayly down the San Gabriel Valley in a small car, while we consider the scene in the First National Bank in Arcadia, California, that noon of April 5, 1922. All the employees and a customer who had wandered in were face down on the floor, with an armed man standing guard over them while two other bandits hastily stuffed a couple of canvas bags with loot from the safe. The affair was soon over, and the robbers fled in a car which had been parked outside with a confederate at the wheel.

The alarm was quickly spread, and a short time later the robbers' car was found abandoned a few miles south of Arcadia. Less than an hour after the holdup the four picnicking Mexicans in their small car were stopped, arrested, and taken to Arcadia, where all four were identified either positively or in part by various victims of the holdup.

It was autumn before the police had their case ready. One of the unfortunate Mexicans, meanwhile, had died in jail, but his three friends were placed on trial. Briefly, the prosecution contended that the Mexicans had used the first car for the first stage of their escape, had switched to the smaller car and that the two sacks and the pistols—which the Mexicans claimed were for rabbit hunting—were the holdup equipment. The prosecution could not explain how it was possible for the prisoners, who had to testify through an interpreter, to have used the fluent English described and quoted by the bank employees. Neither could it attempt to explain what had become of the loot, though the Mexicans were captured so soon after the holdup. Their story, however, of an innocent fruiting and hunting expedition and the meager alibi defense they were able to raise availed the prisoners nothing. They were found guilty and sent to prison. It was mid-1924 when the actual culprits were finally turned up and indicted; one was a former Los Angeles policeman.

Pardons for the Mexicans were gradually forthcoming, after they had served more than two years for a crime of which they were wholly innocent.

Snatched from Wife and Baby

"The obvious facts which pointed to the complete innocence of the defendants," said Professor Borchard, "were apparently disregarded by the police, the prosecution and the jury. Indeed, there is some indication that the police were not impartial. At any rate, the mistakes in the administration of justice in this case were so palpable and avoidable that the State should have offered indemnity at once without a petition—California being one of the three states that has an indemnity law—yet no indemnity was ever paid, so far as I can discover.

"But no amount of indemnity could ever have righted the tragic and irreparable wrongs done at least two of the poor Mexicans. That to Rivera, who died in prison under the shameful cloud. Or that to Mendival, an honest and hard-working fellow who had been snatched from his wife and young baby. When he returned to look for them in the little house for which he had been paying on the installment plan before his arrest, they had vanished; apparently driven away by poverty."

You have had an example of the havoc that can be wrought when police activities are not as disinterested and thorough as they should be; now let us go back across the continent to Virginia and consider the strange drama in the colored congregation at Reid's Ferry, Virginia, where an astonishing chain of circumstantial evidence, backed by the finding of a corpse, pointed to an innocent man, a colored parson, who was so impressed and hypnotized by the eloquence of his prosecutor that he confessed to killing a man—*although the man he was supposed to have murdered had never been murdered!* As if the complications weren't already mystifying enough, his confession implicated many innocent and bewildered parishioners.

A False Confession

Between Reverend James Smith and Reverend Ernest Lyons there had grown up a rivalry for the pastorate which was reflected in many quarrels. On July 31, 1908, Smith disappeared with the church funds, forty-five dollars, which he had been given by the congregation to take to a regional conference at Suffolk.

Soon afterward the corpse of a Negro of proportions similar to Smith's was found in the Nansemond River near the church. The body was unrecognizable, and the head had been battered in by some blunt weapon. Rumors spread through the community that Lyons, who was now pastor, had murdered Smith. The commonwealth's attorney, hearing these, investigated; and several articles found upon the corpse were identified as Smith's by his parishioners. One parishioner, who had not seen the corpse, told the authorities that if the body were really Smith's they would find a ring with a purple setting on the little finger of the left hand. This was found, exactly as described.

Lyons was arrested and tried. The prosecutor introduced the rivalry between Lyons and Smith as a motive; and also brought out that Lyons had told several conflicting stories about the last occasion on which he had seen Smith. Despite the strong accumulation of circumstantial evidence against him, Lyons stoutly protested his innocence. The prosecutor made his plea to the jury to return a verdict of first-degree murder, carrying with it a sentence of death against Lyons. It was observed that the eloquence and fire of the prosecutor apparently made a deep impression upon Lyons. The jury, however, was not so moved; it evidently believed that the killing was an incident to a quarrel between Lyons and Smith, and contented itself with a second-degree verdict, and Lyons received a sentence of eighteen years in prison.

Robert W. Withers, Lyons' attorney, was convinced of his client's innocence. You may picture his astonishment, therefore, when after the trial Lyons suddenly told him he had participated in the killing. The details of his confession matched exactly the version of the killing as alleged by the prosecutor in his dramatic speech. But Lyons went further; doubtless out of revenge, he implicated many of the members of the congregation who had been witnesses against him in the trial. These poor

(Continued on page 42)

Don't hurry to buy . . . *first*

shave this way free for 7 days

We want you to be convinced that the olive oil principle in shaving cream brings vast improvement.

GENTLEMEN: When more men buy one certain product than any other kind, you ought to try it—see what it's like. Usually you'll find the reason is sheer merit.

That's why we say: Try Palmolive Shaving Cream. It wouldn't be the largest seller unless men liked it best. 86 of every 100 who try it remain our steady customers and prefer it to all former ways. Will you please accept a free supply?

Our chemists and 1,000 men

We deserve only part credit for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Before our chemists started work, 1,000 men wrote down the faults of other creams and told us what they wanted. That was a priceless service. To our knowledge, no other manufacturer had ever thought of that before.

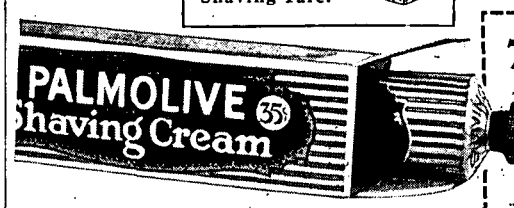
Once more the olive oil principle in soap was brought into use. Palmolive Shaving Cream possesses 5 unique advantages men told us were essential:

1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2. **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3. **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
4. **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.**
5. **Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.**

Please let us send this free supply of Palmolive Shaving Cream. No obligation. Indeed, we consider it a courtesy on your part to let us prove our case. Send the coupon now.

NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



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7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1149, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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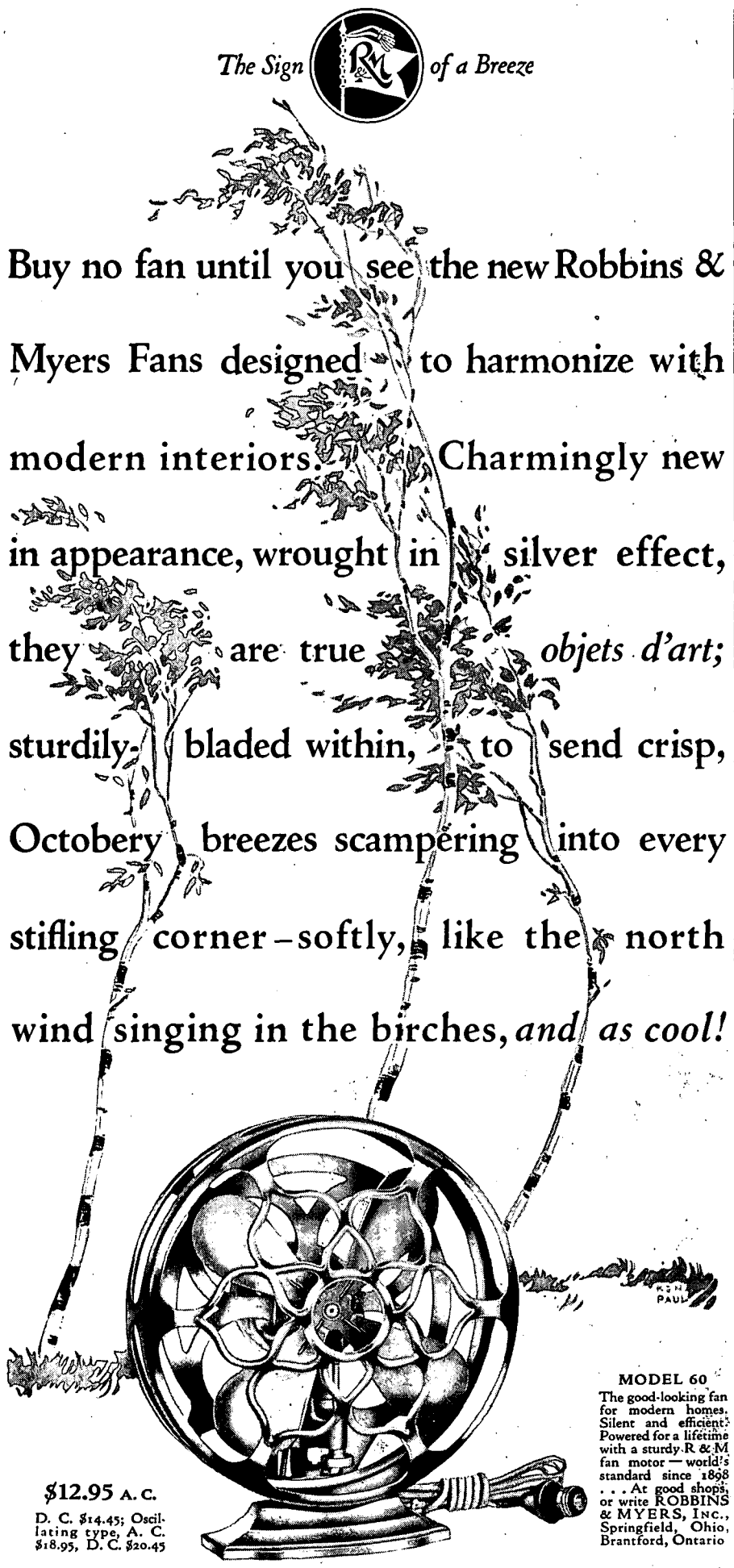
The Sign of a Breeze
Buy no fan until you see the new Robbins & Myers Fans designed to harmonize with modern interiors. Charmingly new in appearance, wrought in silver effect, they are true *objets d'art;* sturdily bladed within, to send crisp, Octobery breezes scampering into every stifling corner—softly, like the north wind singing in the birches, *and as cool!*
MODEL 60
The good-looking fan for modern homes. Silent and efficient. Powered for a lifetime with a sturdy R & M fan motor — world's standard since 1898 . . . At good shops, or write ROBBINS & MYERS, Inc., Springfield, Ohio, Brantford, Ontario
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D. C. $14.45; Oscillating type, A. C. $18.95, D. C. $20.45
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MODERNISTIC FAN—Specially designed for up-to-date homes. Beautiful. Efficient. Rich silvery finish. Oscillating type. Only $12.75
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STANDARD FANS—All sizes, stationary and oscillating, A. C. and D. C.—quiet, trouble-proof, built to last. $6.50 up.
MOTORS, GENERATORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

(*Continued from page 41*)

folk, too dumfounded and frightened to speak, were huddled into the prosecutor's office, where Lyons repeated his lurid confession; but when the prosecutor ordered Lyons to raise his hand and repeat, "If I have told a lie may God strike me dead," he refused.

The authorities were convinced he was lying; so they released the badly scared parishioners, and bundled Lyons off to prison, where he remained until Reverend Smith, alive and in the best of health, was turned up in North Carolina three years later through the efforts of George E. Bunting, clerk of the circuit court, who had conducted a private investigation. The mystery of the corpse was never solved, but Lyons was pardoned after he had served more than three years for the murder of a man who was still alive.

Trial and Error

"This," Professor Borchard told me, "is a rather remarkable demonstration of the danger of lending too much credence to even the strongest chains of circumstantial evidence. The disappearance, the quarrels, and the alleged motive made things look serious for Lyons; but the amazing coincidence that Smith and the corpse wore identically similar rings on the little fingers of their left hands probably convinced the last skeptic in the courtroom of his guilt. Considering our precedents and practices in such cases, it is perhaps not too much to say that no one could find fault with that jury if it had returned a first-degree verdict against Lyons and sent him to the gallows before Smith could have been found. Yet this ring coincidence, like so many other coincidences, was utterly worthless as evidence.

"Fortunately for the records of the State of Virginia, those jurors had minds of their own and did what the law itself should do in such cases; namely, make impossible the death penalty when the conviction rests upon circumstantial evidence alone. Only the fortunate fact that Mr. Bunting took a personal interest in unraveling the mystery saved Lyons from a harsher fate; not all victims of the mistakes of justice have such good fortune. The state of Virginia merely turned Lyons loose; it took no steps to make amends for its grievous wrong."

Professor Borchard's purpose is to point out to the average man the frequency of tragic miscarriages of justice and thus to gain public support for a reform in the law which will prevent, minimize and atone for such errors. It is a burden he assumed as an avocation nearly twenty years ago, when he was law librarian of Congress. He later framed a bill providing a limited state indemnity not to exceed five thousand dollars for those unfortunate victims of error who were later proved innocent of the crimes for which they were convicted. That measure was sponsored by Senator Sutherland, now a justice of the Supreme Court, but it was sidetracked in the excitement of the war days which began so soon afterward.

"I have told you some of the most typical stories of mistaken identity and circumstantial evidence," Professor Borchard concluded, as we sat in the quiet little office off the law library in Yale University from which he had conducted his scientific investigation of this subject. "You have seen that these errors are not confined to any one state or section, but occur in all parts of the land. Nor are they confined to any one class of our citizens; almost any of us may be struck. In the cases we have reviewed, innocence has been established beyond doubt and pardons granted. But there are numerous cases—not under the scope of my investigations because they are still debatable for one reason or another—in which I have no doubt innocent persons are suffering for crimes they did not commit; crimes which, indeed, in many instances were never committed by anybody but are only figments of that most treacherous legal imagination, circumstantial evidence.

"Those we have considered, however, are enough to show the hideous injustices that can be worked upon innocent, law-abiding citizens under our criminal laws as at present administered, and to indicate the danger that you or any of your neighbors might be picked off the street or out of your desk chair and seated in the electric chair *through error.* Therefore the following major lessons taught by my records are of real and personal importance to every citizen:

"First, the proven unreliability of identifications made by victims of a crime or others in time of emotional excitement.

"Second, the frequency of perjured testimony in trials for murder and other felonies.

"Third, the frequency with which police and prosecuting officers, sometimes in entire good faith, display overzealousness in securing convictions; occasionally overlooking *and sometimes not in good faith* suppressing evidence in favor of the accused.

"These lessons, considered on the basis of the stories we have gone over, justify, it seems to me, the following major reforms in our laws:

"First, the abolition of the death penalty in all cases of conviction on circumstantial evidence. That is most vital.

"Second, the necessity for a review of the facts in cases of capital felony; a review not now permitted in appellate courts in many states, but permitted in England and Scotland and in New York. It took the Beck case in England and the Slater case in Scotland, both convictions of absolutely innocent men, to bring this reform to England and Scotland.

Haphazard Justice

"It seems to me that from the viewpoint of the average citizen, who must share responsibility for the laws of his land, there cannot be much argument against the desirability of those changes. These are not matters for legal technicians or for the bickerings of theorists and moralists and experts. Innocent human lives, and that equally important possession, liberty, are at stake. But even when these reforms of our statutes are made, some shocking errors will continue to occur. Therefore, a third and almost equally important major reform is essential:

"Third, state indemnity within proper safeguards for the innocent victims of unjust convictions.

"Such indemnity is now provided by law in the principal countries of Europe. Our country lags behind in the sensitiveness of the social conscience. For only three of our states have indemnification laws: Wisconsin, North Dakota, and California. Even where we have such a law, its application seems haphazard. California has neglected to make amends to innocent victims of at least two gross miscarriages of justice. Money indemnification, after all, is only partial compensation. It cannot heal broken hearts and homes. Yet it is an honest step forward and our decent citizens who are untouched by the toils of the law should not rest until compensation becomes automatic for the more flagrant injuries our courts inflict through their fearful mistakes."

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An Exceptional Motor Car is

TAKING COMMAND OF AMERICA'S HIGHWAYS

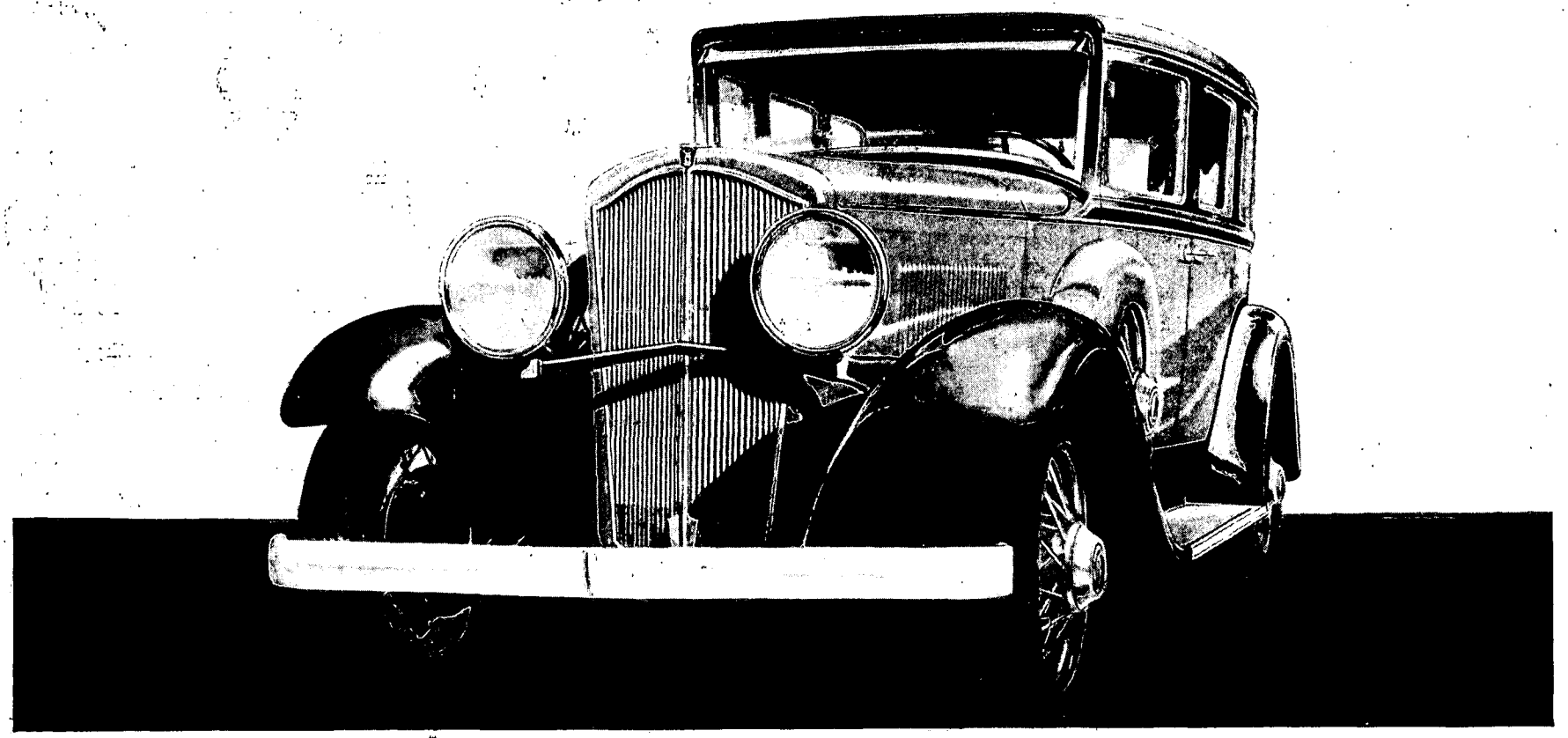
De Vaux 6-75

A motor car of surpassing excellence is now performing its way to a position of honor in America. It is the new De Vaux 6-75, powered by the famous six-cylinder Hall Motor — the first low-priced automobile to offer the *exclusive advantages* of Col. Elbert J. Hall's engineering genius. ✓ Its high speed and vast power are astonishing for a low-priced car. ✓ Impressive, indeed, is the manner in which it brushes past higher-priced cars on steep hills — whirls out of "pockets" on crowded highways — flashes ahead at the traffic signal and accelerates quickly to speeds that go unchallenged among low-priced cars. ✓ Five minutes at the wheel will convince you: — *De Vaux Performance is truly sensational.*

70 TO 80 MILES AN HOUR

DE VAUX VALUE is exceptional — The Hall Motor develops more than 70 horsepower, without special fuels. It is the *only* "L" head passenger-car motor with six-port intake manifold, a notable advancement that gives remarkable power output to the cubic inch. From 5 to 70 miles an hour the flow of power is almost uniform. Among other De Vaux features are—Quiet Second with helical gears constantly in mesh . . . Wheelbase of 113 inches . . . Six-inch deep frame with five cross members . . . Steeldraulic four-wheel brakes fully enclosed . . . Over-size, double-acting Houdaille Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

M. COMTE ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY, *PARISIAN ARTIST AND MASTER OF COACHCRAFT*, DESIGNED THE DISTINCTIVE DE VAUX BODY



The model illustrated is the Custom Sedan — Price $795. Other De Vaux models are Phaeton, Business Coupe, Sport Coupe, Custom Coupe, Standard Sedan, and Sport Sedan. A low-priced truck will be announced soon.

Distributors—write for franchise details.

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Plants at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Oakland, Calif.

PRICES RANGE FROM

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Norman de Vaux — Manufacturer. *Formerly president, general manager, and half-owner of the Pacific Coast factory of Chevrolet Motor Company; famed for building extra-value into his motor cars.*

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Not another thrill like it "a Dude Ranch

Surrounded by painted hills. A pony of your own. —Days and nights of health-giving fun.

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Santa Fe Vacation Tickets Cut the Cost to the Far West

Santa Fe Pullmans right to the rim of Grand Canyon.

Indian-detours—by motor, off-the-beaten-path, escorted by courier.

California where dreams come true.

Colorado Rockies and the National Parks.

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Protection

Continued from page 21

Harworth was shaking with excitement and Canovi, noticing how pale he was, said:

"Hell, you're taking it hard. It ain't your funeral. Wait till tomorrow. They'll be some pretty bumping tomorrow. Molina's sore as hell. Sure."

When he got downtown the extras were already on the street and everybody was talking about Molina's narrow escape.

HARWORTH had just got home from Lily's. Stein was in bed, and the house was quiet. He took off his coat and vest, unfastened his collar and, opening a window, sat down. He was tired and disgusted. Lily did not interest him any more; he went to see her out of boredom and habit. She no longer sang when she was with him; she no longer kept up a steady fire of amusing chatter. Most of the time she sat silent or else made a labored effort to listen or to be funny. She was no longer natural in her words or actions.

He got up and stood looking out the window. A strong, steady wind was blowing in from Lake Michigan. Far off he saw the boulevard lights of the Lake Drive, in a curving parallel northward; beyond was the quiet lake, and at the far point of some pier a winking beacon, alternately red and white. The city was very still; occasionally a taxi stopped with a shriek of brakes, or hooted crazily on the drive; westward, he could hear the elevated trains stopping and starting at the Chicago Avenue station; but between these sounds there were long gaps of utter silence.

He turned from the window. His nerves were jumpy and he felt very tired, but not sleepy. For a while he walked up and down the room, trying to figure out what it was he wanted. He felt stale, slack, bored. He wasn't hungry, he wasn't thirsty; his senses were quiet. What was wrong with him?

Aimlessly, he walked about, lighting lights, looking at his apartment which once had seemed so magnificent to him. He looked at the furniture, the rugs, the pictures, the bookcases with their tier after tier of books he had never read; then he went to his desk in the library and unlocked a drawer in which he kept his letters, his souvenirs, everything which would remind him of what he had come from and where he had got to.

He glanced through his account books, his bank books, his list of investments; but there was no thrill in it. He read a few letters from a pile he kept tied with a ribbon; but they were mostly requests for money from men who, in the days when he was drifting, broke and hopeless, would have grumbled about giving him a cigarette. He never answered these letters, but kept them to remind himself of his increasing power and of the venality of men generally.

On one envelope he had written in pencil: Money is power. The letter was from a man his father had done business with once. The man had turned out to be a crook and had bilked his father out of two thousand dollars, an enormous sum then. Now the man had written him that Tom Keogh (Harworth's father) had died owing him money, that he was broke and had a family on his hands. Harworth answered this letter, threatening the man with criminal action if he did not at once pay him the two thousand dollars he had embezzled from his father. He never heard from the man again.

One day he said to Stein:

"It's funny how they get my name and address."

But Stein said:

"Cats find fish no matter where you hide it."

Harworth choked at the word "fish," but Stein had intended no double meaning, and Harworth agreed with the truth of the maxim.

Naturally careless and generous, he had trained himself to hardness. With men he trusted he could be generous enough, but with others, with all others, he was stingy and had acquired a reputation for being tight-fisted. With his servants he was too generous and spoiled them, as Stein was always pointing out; but with the men who worked for him and were not in personal contact with him, Hrdlicka, Pierce at The Machine, all his restaurant managers, he was ruthless; paid them as little as possible and expected miracles.

His whole success, his triumph over his naturally lazy and careless disposition, was due to a will he had not started to cultivate till he was nearly twenty-four. Until that age he had drifted, had worked as a clerk, a tout, a stevedore, a carpenter's helper, a marker in a brokerage house, an engineer's helper on a lake boat, a super on the stage, and once as a waiter in a waterfront joint in Toledo. As fast as he made money he spent it; he was always playing the horses, always, when he could raise funds, putting in with a faro game, betting on prize fights, shooting craps.

But he was never satisfied. Unlike the men he knew, he was unable to swallow insults or to bow to humiliations. He began to understand that if you've got money, no matter how you got it, you are deferred to, respected; if you haven't you're under the lash. It was merely a matter of dollars and cents. Luckily he made a killing on the Kentucky Derby and instead of feeding it across the faro board, as he would formerly have done, he put it in the bank, settled down to work and began to save.

His first venture was enormously profitable; he bought a half interest in an amusement park which had been mismanaged. Zimmerman, the man who took it over, was a German and work-broken early; he worked day and night and in one season had the park going full blast. He was an honest fellow and liked Harworth (who was known as Frank Keogh then) and was grateful to him, as Harworth was the only one who believed in Zimmerman's ability enough to put in with him. At twenty-four Harworth was broke; at twenty-eight he had over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

IT WAS during the four years at the park that Harworth had begun to read. Before, he had read nothing but magazines, principally Wild West fiction and detective stories. But they had never satisfied him; he had wanted something else from reading, but there was no one to advise him. One day Mrs. Mahaffy, who ran one of the better park hotels, gave him Suetonius' Lives of the Twelve Cæsars; a man had left it in his room. Harworth ate it up and wanted more. He drove into Cleveland and consulted a librarian, a little man with a pale, thin face and thick-lensed glasses, who was very puzzled and superior, but who helped him. For two years he read incessantly, and was jeered at by Stein and Zimmerman, who thought he was losing his mind.

The books had a queer effect on him. He was not content to live vicariously; he was not soothed by reading about the successful lives of Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, Octavius, Antony, Charles XII and Marlborough; he wanted to emulate them. But Captain Jesse's life of Brummell and Casanova's Memoirs affected him most deeply and changed him, in a few months, from a rather tough young man who used his fists and argued afterwards, into an exaggeratedly polite young man who had his clothes made by the best tailors and wore a monocle.

Everybody laughed at him and said he was crazy; but they generally laughed behind his back. Stein, a shrewd man, was puzzled and Zimmerman was worried. But Harworth would say to himself: "If they" (meaning his heroes) "could do it, why can't I?"

Harworth locked his desk and put the key in his pocket, then he walked over once more to the window and stood looking out. Far off, the red-and-white beacon was still winking. He felt tired and lonely. He did not know what was the matter with him.

IT WAS a terrifically hot day and Harworth was sitting at his desk in his shirt sleeves. Stein, with his collar unfastened, was lying on a couch under an electric fan. Michaelson had a silk handkerchief stuffed down inside his tall, stiff collar, and Canovi sat complaining about the heat and sweating profusely.

Finally Harworth raised his eyes.

"Sam, I hate to take a loss like that."

Canovi said:

"But you don't have to. It's a cinch. Molina can fix it."

"Sure," said Michaelson, "it's a shakedown. We're making too much money out there and Bourke wants to cut in. But a grand a day, boss; you know that's ridiculous!"

"Give me Bourke's number," said Harworth.

"All right," said Michaelson, handing Harworth a slip of paper, "but it won't do no good."

"That guy ought to get taught a lesson," said Canovi, thrusting out his chin; "the dirty double-crosser. Him a reform candidate! Ain't that pretty!"

"It won't do any good to kill him," said Stein. "That's always poor business."

Canovi turned and stared at Stein, who was laughing. Canovi laughed too and said:

"Sure. But somebody might tap him one just for luck. You know, just playful-like. A headache might do that guy some good."

"Be quiet," said Harworth; "he's on the line."

Stein sat up and they all stared at Harworth.

"Oh," he was saying, "you don't want to talk about it, eh? Well, listen here. . . ."

Harworth slammed down the receiver.

"He hung up," said Harworth, flushing.

There was a long silence and they all sat avoiding one another's eyes. Then Harworth said:

"August, I'm not going to close that place up. It's worth too much."

"Well, I hope not," said Michaelson.

"Well," said Stein, "I'm out of this. I was against it in the first place. But think it over, before you do anything."

Harworth got up and began to pace the floor. Canovi said:

"Let me call the Big Boy, Boss. He can fix it. Say, if Bourke knew Molina was behind you, he'd turn a handspring and crawl up here on his hands and knees."

Harworth turned and said:

(*Continued on page 47*)

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WIND OR NO WIND ... OFF THE FAIR ...
OUT OF THE SAND OR THE ROUGH ...
REGARDLESS OF SIZE, PRICE OR MAKE —

the GREATEST BALL I EVER PLAYED • • • •

"WHO said the new size ball was going to take all the joy out of golf?

"If you play the *right* ball, you'll be farther off the tee than you ever were—and far deadlier on the putting greens.

"My record breaking 65 at the Miami Country Club during the opening 36 hole play of the international four ball matches on March 8th *proves it.*

"The new high tension WILSON HOL-HI is the greatest ball I ever hit—wind or no wind.

"Off the tee it cracks like a rifle. Your shots are crisp and clean. On the fairway it sits up good and high, where you can get a clean hit. With this ball on fairway, rough or sand, there is practically no such thing as a bad lie. And on the green it goes right where you send it—true as a die.

"My hunch is that before the season is much older you'll see practically all the crack shots playing this new high tension WILSON HOL-HI. They'll HAVE to—or we fellows who have got onto it will lick 'em consistently.

"One thing I know. Regardless of whether you play the usual business man's in-and-out game, or take your golf seriously, as sure as you're alive this great ball will take strokes off your game—and plenty."

Gene Sarazen

THE NEW WILSON HOL-HI WILL CUT STROKES OFF YOUR GAME ▼▼▼ TOO!

SARAZEN'S 66 ON LAST ROUND WINS LA GORCE OPEN

Miami Beach, Fla., March 21.—Gene Sarazen sank birdies at all points on this well-trapped course today to win the $15,000 La Gorce open, one of golfdom's wealthiest purses, with 282 after it looked as if he could do no better than tie Tommy Armour, Detroit, with 285. The finish was typical of Sarazen's last minute scoring rushes.

Breaking a tie that ran up to the 68th hole, Gene picked up a stroke a hole on the last three of the 72 to win the match and its $5,000 first money after leading the field through the first two days of play.

Gene sank eight birdies in the last 18 holes, calling upon his putter and short iron clubs to place him three strokes in the lead of Armour. His last 18 holes was accomplished with a brilliant 32-34—66. . . . Gene's scores for the tournament were 68-71-77-66—282.

SARAZEN, FARRELL SET RECORDS IN BEST BALL GOLF

Miami, Fla., March 8—Gene Sarazen whizzed around the Miami Country Club course today with a record smashing 18 hole 65 as he and Johnny Farrell swamped their opponents, 6 and 5, in the opening 36 hole play of the $5,000 international four ball matches. Sarazen and Farrell also set a new record of 62 as they defeated Willie Klein and Tom Kerrigan.

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

Sarazen Plays WILSON HOL-HI Exclusively

IN both of these tournaments, as well as in the Florida West Coast Open, where he established the lowest record ever made by any Pro with the new size ball (67-72-68-71—278) Gene Sarazen was playing the new WILSON HOL-HI.

This marvelous ball, because of a newly perfected Wilson method of moulding and winding the center under greatly increased tension, has made his drives little short of phenomenal and given to his putting, deadly accuracy.

If you like a low score and really mean to improve your game you, too, will like the new WILSON HOL-HI.

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THE *Great American Gift* FOR GRADUATION

AN ELGIN WATCH

A precision secret of untold value imprisoned in these beautiful timepieces

GIVE an Elgin! A watch that your son or daughter will wear with pride. An article of fine jewelry, created by master craftsmen. But—more than that—a watch that holds precision secrets unknown to any other timepiece.

It was long ago that Elgin conceived of machines ... ingenious mechanisms ... to eliminate the errors in old-fashioned, hand-tooled methods of watchmaking. Elgin knew that in certain vital operations human eyes, human hands must invariably falter—that unfailing accuracy, so long sought for by watchmakers, could be attained only by precision machines.

A great advancement

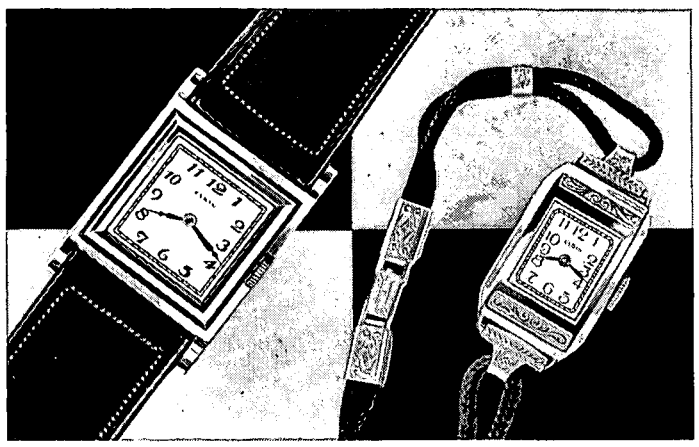
This principle of watchmaking, as perfected by Elgin, is a marvelous precision achievement. Machines that defy the eye and hand with their infinite exactness! Instruments that measure to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

A whole year to make an Elgin Watch

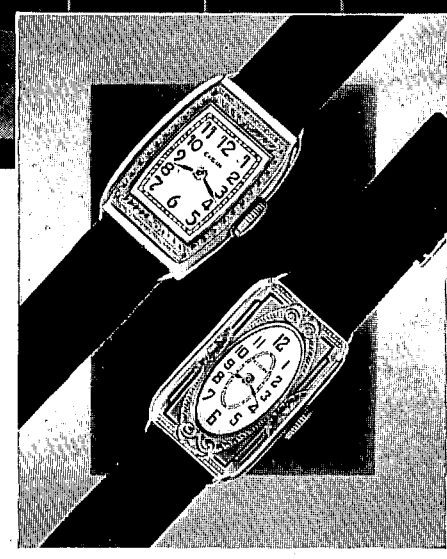
Human hands, human eyes, human brains to create, design, assemble! ... Machinery to give precision ... Therein lies the supremacy of Elgin. Every tiny part is assembled by skilled artisans. Among the thousands of Elgin craftsmen, more than 242 actually work on every single watch.

So perfectly is each Elgin constructed that it takes a year—a whole year, think of that!—to complete a single watch. Only when it runs true to the minute does it go to your jeweler ... a timepiece of fine precision that will serve for years and years.

Where deadly precision is needed—where human hands must invariably falter and tremble—Elgin has attained unfailing accuracy by marvelous machines. These machines were designed and constructed by Elgin. Their secrets are carefully kept concealed.



(LEFT) *A smart strap watch for the graduate, beautiful and accurate. Elgin 15 jewel movement. Combination white and green gold filled case, $50.* (RIGHT) *A beautiful ladies' wrist watch, small and exquisite in design. 7-jewel movement, fully guaranteed. Comes with smart silk cord attachment, $25.*

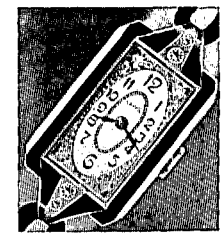


(ABOVE) *One of our newest Elgins for ladies in the smart "tonneau" design. 7-jewel movement, fully guaranteed. 14-karat filled case, richly engraved. $32.50.* (BELOW) *An exquisite new Elgin model with 17-jewel movement and 14-karat filled case. An ideal gift for the graduate. $47.50.*

Choose from these beautiful graduation watches

Your jeweler has just received these new and exquisite Elgins for graduation. Their beauty lifts them out of the ordinary, makes them a tribute of exceptional value. Elgin Watches are created not as fads of the moment, to meet a passing vogue, but as jewelry of unusual distinction whose beauty will outlive the years.

Elgin graduation watches range from $14.85 to $500. There are also diamond-ornamented, models as high as $2000.



Smart Elgin diamond wrist watch with 15-jewel movement. Set with four sparkling diamonds. Silk cord attachment with four diamonds in clasp. $125.

ELGIN *time from the stars*

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Protection

Continued from page 44

"Do it."

Michaelson and Canovi exchanged a glance, but Stein said:

"Think it over, Frank. You know what this means."

Harworth got very red in the face and shouted:

"I know! I know! I'm running this."

Canovi said:

"I'll have to call him on another line, Boss. I can't give his number away."

"All right. Go in my bedroom."

Canovi went out. Stein said:

"This means plenty of grief, Frank."

"Why?" Michaelson cut in. "Joe Molina's as square a guy as there is. All that newspaper stuff's the bunk. He's got him a wife and a kid. He's a good guy."

"I'll take a chance," said Harworth.

In a few minutes Canovi came in grinning.

"Well?" said Harworth.

"O. K.," said Canovi. "I talked to Frankie Dean. The Big Boy was sitting right there. He said he'd fix it. So I asked Frankie what it was worth and he asked Joe. Know what Joe said?"

"What?" Harworth demanded, apprehensive.

"He said it wouldn't cost nothing. He said he was doing it as a favor."

"Yeah," said Stein, "a favor with a string to it."

Canovi glanced at Michaelson, who said: "No, you got Joe wrong. He's a good guy and if he likes you he'll go the limit. He took a shine to Mr. Harworth here."

"Sure," said Canovi, "he says to me: 'That guy's okay. He's got a grip like Strangler Lewis.'"

Harworth smiled and passed out cigars. The phone rang and Canovi laughed.

"Just answer it," he said, "and see how Joe Molina does things."

Harworth answered the phone. It was Bourke; he was very nice, too nice, and said that he had reconsidered things and had decided to take a chance on the protection even if he was a reform candidate; but he wanted one hundred a day. Harworth said that fifty was all they were willing to pay, and Bourke, after many protestations and a long explanation of how much he needed for his campaign, accepted.

While Harworth was talking Canovi sat grinning. When he hung up, Canovi said:

"See?"

Harworth smiled.

"There ain't anything that guy can't do," said Michaelson. "Well, that's that."

"Yep," said Stein, "that's that."

HARWORTH in his shirt sleeves was going over restaurant accounts with Stein when the phone rang. It was about seven o'clock and they had just finished dinner.

"Answer it," said Harworth, deep in a calculation which made him sweat; he was slow at figures.

Stein obeyed.

"Frank," he said, holding his hand over the receiver, "it's a woman."

"If it's Lily, I'm not here," said Harworth. Then he began to count on his fingers, staring at the ceiling, his face puckered.

"Frank, it's somebody's maid."

Harworth looked up. Stein was speaking into the phone:

"Mrs. Markle? Mrs. Magnussen? Just a minute."

Harworth snatched the receiver from Stein. It was Mrs. Magnussen's maid speaking; Mrs. Magnussen wondered if it would be possible for him to come to her house that evening; she was having some people in.

Harworth flushed with pleasure, but said:

"Tell Mrs. Magnussen I'll call her in an hour. I'm not certain."

But the maid said, "Wait a minute," and Mrs. Magnussen came to the phone:

"Mr. Harworth? It's not nice of me calling you up at this short notice, but I'm just having a few people in. Can you come?"

He liked her voice; there was vitality in it. He thought of Louise Joyce, whose voice sounded so weary, so far-away; of Lily, whose voice, over the phone, was harsh and insistent.

"I think I can arrange it," said Harworth. "I'm tied up right now. Business. I could call you in an hour."

"Try and make it," said Mrs. Magnussen. "I'm counting on you."

HARWORTH hung up the receiver and sat smiling at Stein.

"Well, well, well," said Stein.

"I'm getting in right," said Harworth. "That girl's away up there. She was Richard Magnussen's wife; you know, the guy who made all that money in lumber. He built the Triangle Building on part of it. What a building!"

Stein sat tapping with his cane and looking at Harworth.

"Well," he said, finally, "that's what you been wanting, Frank. And I guess it's as good an ambition as any. Just don't take it too serious; don't never take anything too serious."

"That's pretty good," said Harworth, paying no attention to Stein. "Yes, sir. That's pretty good, her inviting me like that. I liked her the minute I saw her."

He rang for Joseph and when Joseph came in he said:

"Call Mrs. Magnussen, Mrs. Richard Magnussen, at eight o'clock and tell her that I'll be able to get away. Find out what time I'm to go to her house."

"Yes, sir," said Joseph; then he looked from Stein to Harworth and went out.

Stein went back to the books, but Harworth got up.

"Frank," said Stein, "let's finish this."

"Not tonight. I don't feel like working now. Can't you do it?"

"Yes. But I want your O. K."

"O. K. it for me, August. Hell, don't kid me. I'm just in your way, anyhow."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Keep it up. Keep it up!" said Stein. "I ain't seen you laugh like that for two years."

Harworth went into his bedroom and shut the door.

Stein took off his coat and unfastened his collar; then he sat bent over the mass of reports, trying to concentrate. But he heard Harworth banging around and occasionally singing. Harworth had a queer voice which alternated between bass and tenor, as if, at adolescence, it had never changed properly. He had a good sense of pitch but his singing was terrible as he would jump from octave to octave. But Stein sat smiling. He was glad Harworth was singing.

Stein turned from the reports and sat looking off across the room. He remembered when he had first seen Harworth. He was making a small book then and Harworth came in to place a two-dollar bet. Harworth was a broad-shouldered, pale, surly young man. He walked with a swagger and never smiled. But Stein liked him. He came to realize that the surliness and swagger

(Continued on page 48)

Tone up *your wardrobe with these two-tone Walk-Overs*

TWO BLENDING tones . . . it's the smartest note in sport and semi-sport clothes this season. A darker jacket with lighter flannels in harmony. Or a light jacket and darker trousers. For this two-tone combination and its adaptations for town wear, Walk-Over has designed these two-tone sport shoes.

Above, you see the BRISTOL in mode beige with trim of Java brown. Below, the same last in mode beige and willow brown with perforations through the lining that make for breezy going in warm weather.

Ask the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood.

● Two Walk-Over sport shoes each in two tones of brown. The model below is perforated through the lining. Each priced at $8.50.

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MILLIONS of faces . . . saved by this new kind of shave!

COTY'S SHAVING CREAM embodies *the "analgetic" shave.* It *lulls* the skin because it contains a balm-like ingredient perfected by Coty which tranquilizes—comforts—making the skin indifferent to the razor-touch. And this lulling sensation l-i-n-g-e-r-s—saves your skin from after-burn!

What a treat for your face! The *"analgetic"* shave . . . learn how smooth it is—how fast—how pleasant! Send the coupon below for a free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream—*today.*

COTY
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Other *"analgetic"* preparations for the man—each supremely finer, in the Coty tradition of excellence:
After Shaving Lotion Talc Hair Lotion Hair Dressing

COTY, Dept. X, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
I want to test *the "analgetic" shave.* Please send me my free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream (Postpaid).

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from page 47)

were assumed; that, underneath, Harworth was just an overgrown kid, generous and easily hurt. They got to be good friends.

A few years later Stein was hit by an automobile and, as he had dropped all his money meanwhile, he was taken to a charity hospital. All his friends had disappeared; no one came to see him. He was very much depressed and didn't care whether he lived or died. One day Harworth came to see him. He had been out of town and had just found out that Stein was in the hospital. He gave Stein a good cussing for not letting him know, then he told him that he was having him moved to the best hospital in town. Harworth had made a lot of money and was itching to spend it. Stein protested but it was no use; he was moved into a private room at a big hospital. When he recovered he went to work for Harworth and had been with him ever since.

"But he ain't my boss," he would sometimes explain. "I'm his. He's like a son to me."

Stein thought there was nobody in the world quite like Harworth.

WHEN Harworth came out to get into the car, Sandy touched his cap and said:

"Frank, I mean, Boss, I want to see you a minute."

"All right," said Harworth, smiling. "Are you in another jam?"

Sandy ducked his head and grinned.

"No, it's this way: somebody's tailing you."

"I don't believe it."

"Sure as shooting," said Sandy. "There's been two guys watching you for three days."

Harworth didn't say anything.

"Sure," said Sandy. "I don't know for certain, but I don't think they're dicks. It's funny."

Harworth stood with one foot on the running-board, wondering.

"Look," said Sandy, nodding his head cautiously in the direction of the apartment-house entrance.

Harworth looked. A man with a slouch hat over his eyes was standing in the shadows, watching them.

Sandy put his hand on Harworth's arm.

"Listen," he said, "send me back for something. Make it loud. We'll buzz this bird."

"Better let it go."

"Say," said Sandy, "you don't know what this means. Let me handle this."

"All right. But you're probably making this up. Still on the gin?"

"Never mind," said Sandy and, turning, he took a short, blunt automatic out of a vest pocket.

"What you got that thing for?" Harworth demanded, taking a step backward.

"I bought it yesterday," said Sandy. "I ain't taking no chances. Do your stuff, Boss!"

Harworth hesitated then he said loudly:

"Sandy, go get my gloves, will you?"

"O. K., Boss."

SANDY touched his cap, then turned and hurried back toward the apartment-house entrance, but instead of going in he veered suddenly and shoved his gun against the man in the slouch hat.

"Don't bump me," said the man, panting. "This is square, O. K. Take me out to Mr. Harworth."

Sandy nodded, but made the man walk in front of him. Harworth was sitting in the car but had left the door open. The man took off his hat.

"Mr. Harworth, you got me wrong, I guess. Your boy here shoved a gat up against me."

"What are you following me for?" Harworth demanded.

"Listen," said the man, "this is square, take it from me."

"Better get the police," said Harworth.

The man laughed.

"Say, they wouldn't pinch me. I work for Number One. On the level, Mr. Harworth, don't do nothing silly. This is square."

"Well," said Harworth, "speak up then."

"Look," said the man, "Number One put us on this job. He told us to look after you and see that nothing happened to you. That's all. It's square."

Sandy looked at Harworth, who was bewildered.

"Who's Number One?" he demanded.

The man laughed.

"It ain't hard to guess, is it? I ain't saying a word."

"Molina?"

"Maybe, maybe," said the man. "Look, Mr. Harworth, this is square. Number One sure has took a big interest in you. You're a lucky guy."

"Sounds funny," said Sandy.

The man put his hand on Harworth's arm and whispered:

"Get in touch with Canovi."

Harworth thought for a little while, then he said to Sandy:

"I guess it's all right. Let's go."

Sandy shook his head, but said nothing, and got into the driver's seat. The man put his hat on and smiled at Harworth. Then they drove off.

Harworth was puzzled and uneasy, and all the way to Helen Magnussen's apartment he sat wetting his lips, and staring out at the traffic. It had rained and the headlights of the automobiles made a glare on the wet pavement.

When they drew up in front of the apartment house, a big black touring car drove slowly past, and a man leaned out, looking back.

"Keep your eyes open, Sandy," said Harworth.

"O. K.," said Sandy. "Boss, if I was you I'd be careful, the way they been bumping people off!"

Harworth said nothing.

HARWORTH looked off over the room. Burne was playing and everybody was listening, or pretending to. From time to time Helen looked in Harworth's direction, but he avoided her eyes. She didn't know what to make of him; he seemed very distant. Once she noticed that, for some reason, he had flushed and his usually pale face turned nearly brick-red; she was still wondering what had caused the flush when suddenly he stiffened in his seat and put his monocle in place.

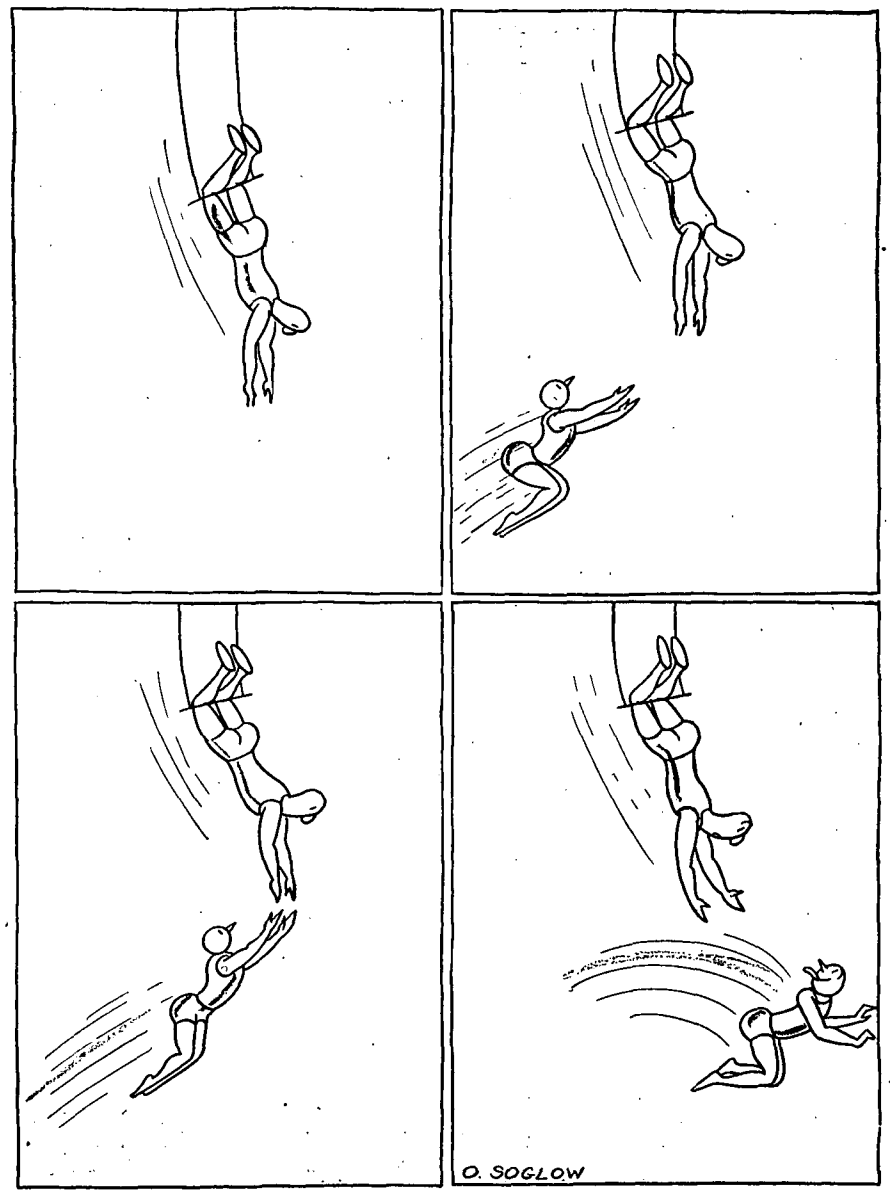
She lowered her eyes and thought:

"He's shy, poor thing. He's having one hell of a time."

Louise was very pale and silent and sat looking at the carpet. Harworth had hardly spoken a word to her all evening. She didn't blame him, but she blamed Helen. Why invite him? He didn't fit in. Burne had gritted his teeth when he found Harworth with Helen; then, barely nodding to Harworth and Helen, he had whispered to Louise: "I always told you what she was!" Arthur was so possessive; he even objected to her women friends! She turned to look at him. He sat with his head bent over the keys, his big, bony hands going full tilt. He played very well; everybody said so.

Larsen and Richman were sitting on a lounge together, silently contemplating their shoes. Each had a half-empty glass in his hand. Joyce was sitting in a big armchair with his eyes closed.

(Continued on page 51)



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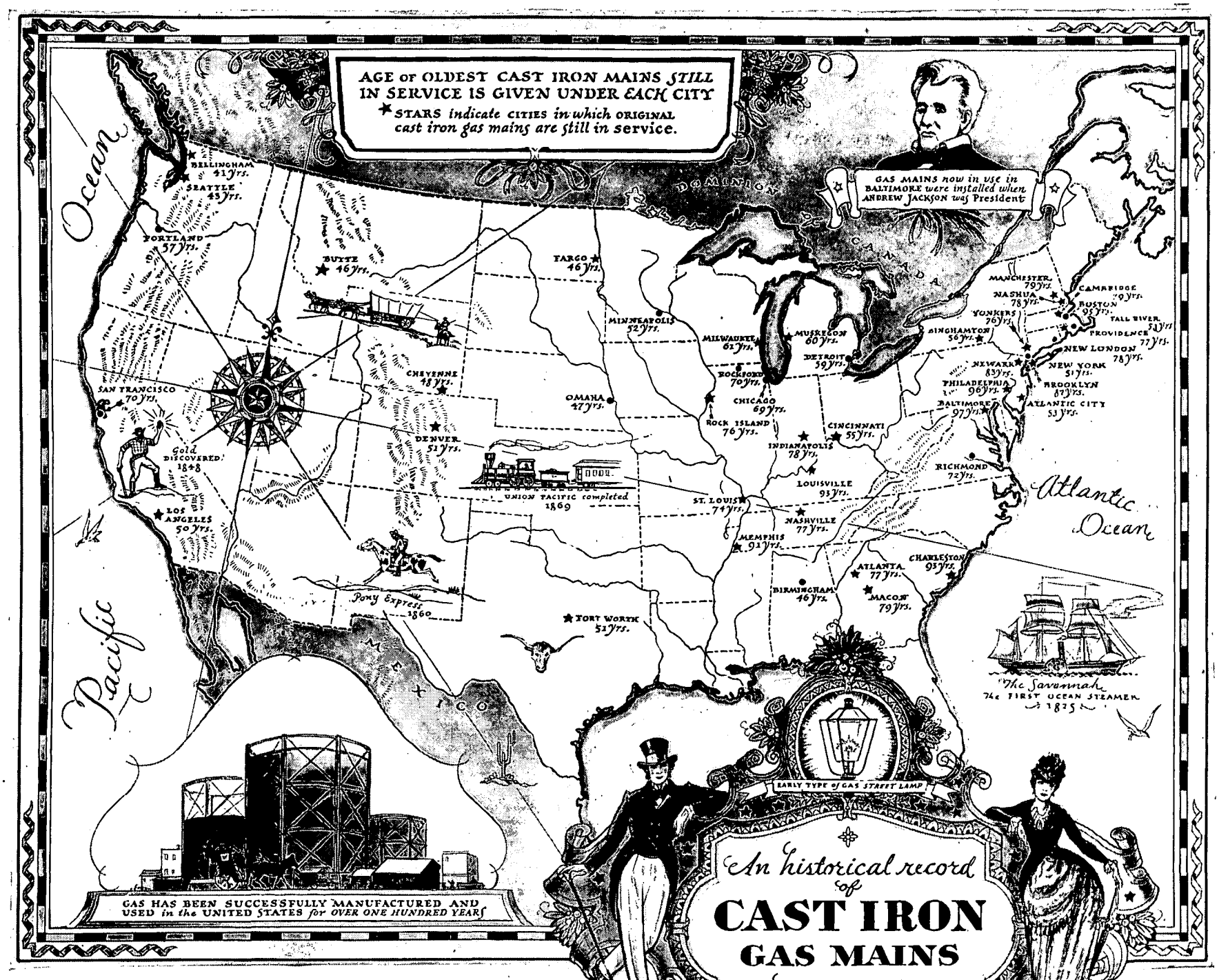
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Protection

Continued from page 48

He always listened to music with his eyes closed; it gave him a good excuse for napping.

Harworth, very self-conscious, sat avoiding everyone's eyes, trying to follow the music, but it was too intricate and peculiar for him. He had never heard such music before. It confused him.

Finally Burne stopped and whirled around.

"I'm sick of that sugar," he said.

"I like Debussy," said Richman. "His music is primitive. What was that?"

"L'Ile Joyeuse. Primitive, my hat!"

"It is," said Richman. "The whole-tone scale is primitive in itself. Shepherds' pipes, see?"

"Oh, nonsense," snapped Burne. "If that sweet stuff's primitive, I'm a cannibal. It's sugar-water, romantic junk."

"Play us one of yours," said Richman, with a cruel smile.

Burne, ruffled, turned to Harworth.

"What do you think of Debussy, Mr. Harworth?"

EVERYONE turned to look at Harworth. He hesitated a moment, then he said:

"I don't know Debussy from Adam."

"Neither does Berg Richman," laughed Helen, "only he's not so honest."

"Me!" cried Richman. "Say, I've sung Debussy. He's my favorite composer. Don't know him! I wrote one of the first articles about him ever printed in a Chicago newspaper."

"That proves it," said Burne.

"Play something! Play something!" called Joyce.

"Wait," cried Richman; "want to hear me sing Beau Soir?"

"No," said Burne.

"Shall we eat?" asked Helen.

"No," said Joyce, "I want to hear Arthur's latest. Tell them the title, Arthur. That's the best part of the piece."

"*Nein*," said Burne.

But Richman, Larsen and Joyce began to shout, so Burne turned back to the piano and struck a few chords.

"This opus," said Joyce, "is entitled The Death of a Prostitute."

Harworth sat up suddenly and stared. Helen said:

"You ought to sell that title to the movies."

Louise said:

"It's just some of his nastiness. He likes to shock people."

"Thanks," said Burne.

Then he started to play. Richman got up and poured himself another drink. Harworth sat stupefied. Was Burne serious? It sounded like a series of reiterated discords to him; it made him feel queer. He looked at the others; they were all listening. The piece, a short one, ended with a burlesque funeral march, built on a popular tune, then trailed off. Burne got up and stood looking at Louise.

There was a short silence, then Richman called:

"You've got something there."

"I know it," said Burne.

"Let me have a copy of that," said Richman. "I'll see what I can do."

"I'm not ready yet."

Everybody began to talk at once. Harworth watched them, feeling remote. Then Helen came over and sat beside him.

"Arthur's very talented, I guess. I don't know," she said; "but he's so silly. He won't let anybody see his work."

Harworth cleared his throat but said nothing. He liked Helen; she was not like the others; she was friendly.

She smiled at him.

"Are you very bored?"

He hesitated, stammering slightly, and lowering his eyes, said:

"Oh, no. Not at all. Only it's all new to me. You see, I never had any education."

She smiled.

"But Bob told me that you read a lot."

"Oh, I read. But that's not like going to college, is it? I mean I know a lot about history and stuff like that, but I never had anybody to show me how to study."

"I like you," said Helen, suddenly. "You don't put on."

"I put on a lot. But not about some things."

"We all do. For instance, I'm bored stiff right now."

Harworth looked up. Louise was staring at them. Her eyes were narrowed and there was a set, determined look on her face. Harworth shifted about uneasily, avoiding her eyes. Burne was talking with Richman in a corner; Larsen was pouring himself another drink.

"After that music I guess I better drink," he said. "What music! It makes me itch all over."

"You're one of the great unwashed," said Richman. "You need insect powder."

"Say," said Larsen, "I take a cold shower every morning."

"Olaf," exclaimed Louise, "won't you ever learn! Come here and sit by me."

Larsen forgot his drink and, grinning with pleasure, went to sit beside Louise.

Harworth hated Larsen now. He watched him as he leaned over Louise's chair, grinning. He had shoulders like an ox and big red hands covered with yellow bristles. Louise looked so frail beside him; like very fragile china. He glanced at her slender, silken legs; at her small, high-heeled shoes. Then he flushed and shifted at a sudden ugly thought. If that big bird'd ever get her alone and get a notion! "I'd break his neck!" thought Harworth, automatically clenching his hands.

"And I feel sorry for Louise," Helen was saying. "She's every bit as bored as I am. But what can she do? She hasn't any money. She goes where she can."

HARWORTH thought he detected malice and glanced up at Helen, but her smile reassured him.

"Money's pretty important," he said. "I know."

"You've made lots, haven't you?"

"Quite a lot."

"And all yourself. You must be very young."

"I'll be thirty."

"When?"

"Next month. Twelfth."

"I'll remember that."

Harworth looked up at her.

"Why?"

"Because."

He hesitated for a long time, then he said:

"Let's have dinner together some night!"

"All right, let's. What night?"

"Tomorrow night. Seven. I'll come after you."

Helen smiled and put her hand on his arm.

"It's a go."

He glanced across at Louise. She was staring, but quickly looked away.

Helen got up.

"Come on, people, We'll eat."

(To be continued next week)

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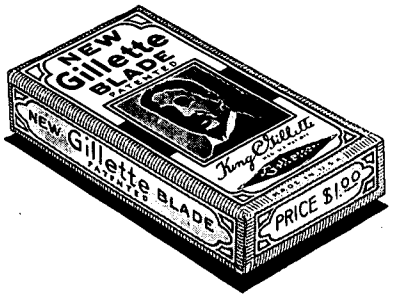

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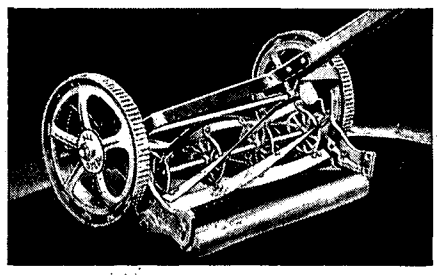

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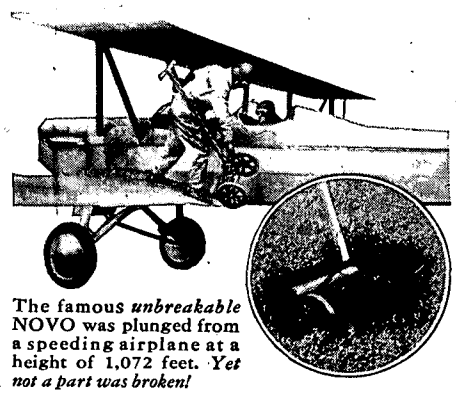

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That Egg

Continued from page 15

"If it's about Daniel Boone," Tubby said generously.

"I don't like Daniel Boone," Rumpel protested.

"Billy the Kid, then." Tubby's voice implied that this was her last chance.

Reluctantly she took it, saying, "Well, all right, Billy the Kid."

The story was barely finished when the blast on the battered trumpet which Johnny kept for that purpose summoned them home. With a lump in his throat, Norb watched them trudge off into the dusk, hand in hand. Those kids, and his house, and his country, and, up to a short time ago, his dream of Jonquil, were his life.

Then Edmund, and Norb's vision of satins and sables for Jonquil's yellow perfection, followed by his retirement. Even now, an occasional presumptuous dream sneaked up and bit him, but for the most part, he kept his eyes turned steadily away.

It was hard to picture a summer without Jonquil near by. . . .

JONQUIL and Edmund, following the performance at the Plaza, had a soda at the corner drug store and lagged home in the moonlight.

Edmund's talk was of New York, its parties and its advantages.

"I want you to come back with me," he said. "Mother and Edna have made all sorts of arrangements for your trousseau at the best shops. There's a lot to be done. They're planning parties. Old Mr. Briggs is in town. I want you to meet him. He's important to me right now, and I think he'll be impressed by you. . . ."

"So soon?" Jonquil said wistfully.

"Darling, we're going to be married in three weeks!"

"Oh, yes," Jonquil said, just remembering. "I wish I could bring Tubby and Rumpel."

"There'll be too much to do, Jonquil. They'd be in the way. You have to get used to being away from them sooner or later."

They were directly opposite Norb's house. Jonquil drew to a sudden and unpremeditated stop. "You take the car and go on," she said. "I'll collect the kids and walk over."

"Will you be along soon?"

"Right away."

Norb saw her coming up the path and damned her for coming. She was too close and precious. Her pointed little face was a triangular gleam against the darkness. She paused at the bottom of the steps and cleared her throat. "Where are the kids?" she said. There was a yearning note in her voice.

"They've gone. Your father blew the horn."

JONQUIL sat down on the top step. "I'm going up to New York next week," she said. "Monday, in fact."

"Shopping?"

A bit defiantly she said, "Shopping and parties. Important people. Edmund knows a lot of important people. I'm going to buy lots of things and go to *lots* of parties. . . ." She paused, out of breath.

"I hope you have a grand time," Norb said.

She twisted around and regarded him. "I'm going to have a grand time," she said, as though he had said that she wouldn't.

"Of course you are," Norb said.

She caught her breath and jumped up suddenly. "Oh, hateful!" she said.

"Why hateful?"

"You're so . . . so calm about things!"

"Should I have broken into cheers?"

"I have to go. Edmund's waiting for me."

"I hope you have a marvelous time," Norb said. "I'll take care of the kids."

"Yes," Jonquil said fiercely, "you'll take care of the kids and fly kites and make pin-wheels wiggle, you blind bat!"

She plunged down off the porch and was gone. A few moments later, she banged up to her own porch with tears on her cheeks. Tubby and Rumpel were carrying on a logical argument with Johnny, against bedtime. Johnny was convinced a half-hour's worth. Tubby and Rumpel tried excitedly to think of something to make the half hour worth while. They piled over to Jonquil.

"Norb thinks you're awful pretty," Tubby whispered.

"He says you need money," Rumpel whispered. "Do you need money, Jonquil?"

Jonquil said "Sh-h-h," and made passes at the upper part of her face with her handkerchief.

"But Norb says . . ."

"If you say 'Norb' to me again I'll *shriek!*" Jonquil said in a menacing undertone, and went to the other side of the porch where Caroline and Edmund were talking. She curled up, put her head on Johnny's knee and sat there, silent.

Tubby and Rumpel plugged out to the hammock and swung unhappily. "I'm not going to have that egg for an uncle," Tubby said. "I asked him about the zoos in New York and he gave me a dollar to get rid of me. Jonq could just as well marry Norb."

"Why don't we ask her to?"

"She won't listen to us," Tubby said. "She said she'd *shriek.*"

Johnny's voice cut the darkness. "Half hour's up!"

Tubby looked at Rumpel. "I don't believe it's been a half hour," he said suspiciously. But they tumbled out of the hammock and trotted to the house. As they went in through the door, Jonquil called, "Wait a minute!"

Pausing with the screen door open, they stuck two cherubic countenances out at her. She bent and hugged them, whispering: "There are some chocolates in the top dresser drawer. Don't tell Johnny, and don't quarrel over them."

They scuttled upstairs, tugging and shoving, and she went back to Edmund and bond issues.

The following day, a mysterious note was left on Norb Underwood's porch chair. It said, in brief, "JONQUIL LOVES YOU. SHE WANTS TO MARRY YOU." It was not signed. Norb laughed, put it in a special pigeonhole of his desk and waited for them. Presently they came, hand in hand, very wide-eyed and quiet. He said, "Why don't you kids start a matrimonial agency?"

Tubby regarded Rumpel fixedly. "I told you," he said.

"I didn't say he wouldn't," Rumpel argued. "I just said maybe he wouldn't."

"Now you look," Norb told them. "Jonqu'l knows what she's doing. Don't you go gumming things. Have you said anything to her about your overpowering desire to have me for an uncle?"

Gravely they shook their heads.

"I'm thinking of going fishing," Norb said. "Want to go?"

"Yes!" they said, and made one cloud of dust scampering up the road after their fishing tackle.

THE following morning, Johnny was driving Jonquil and Edmund to the station. Tubby and Rumpel wandered around while waiting for Jonquil to come downstairs. They came upon Caroline poking in the linen closet and crying. Rumpel's nose rumpled up and her eyes got watery and scared-looking. Tubby gripped her hand fiercely, and she gripped back with gratitude.

There were scrambling sounds on the stairs. Caroline dashed the tears from her eyes and Johnny banged a bag onto the front porch. Then came Jonquil's call: "Where are the kids? Caroline!"

They raced out. Jonquil was kissing Johnny. She kissed them all, and then kissed Tubby and Rumpel again, hard.

(*Continued on page 55*)

Love at first sight

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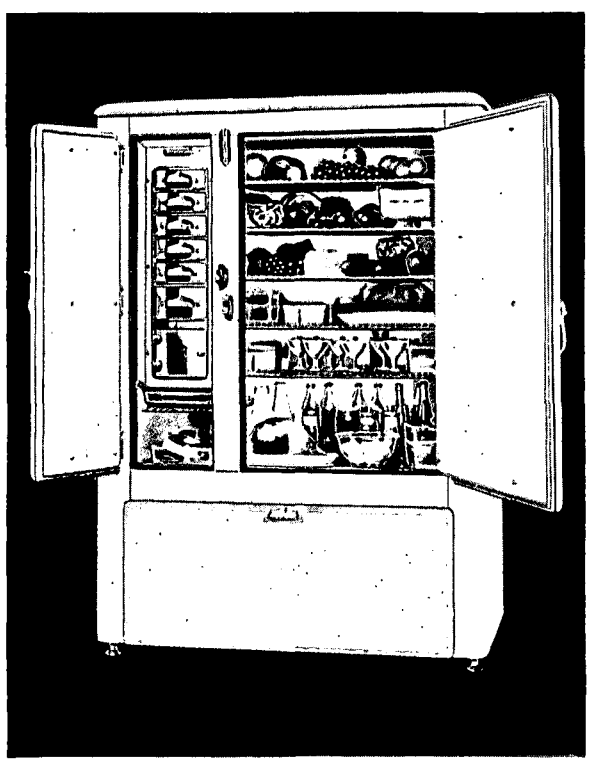

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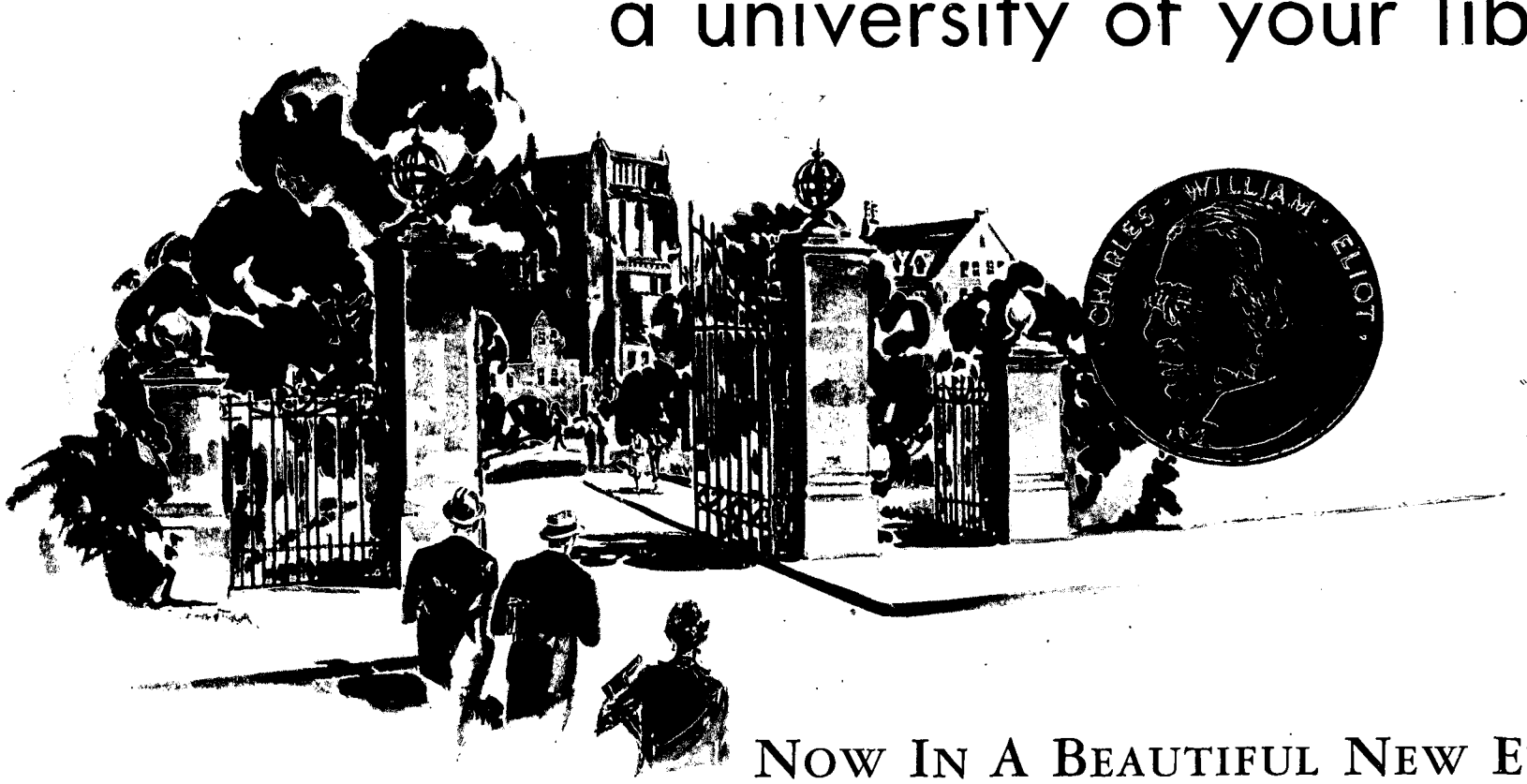

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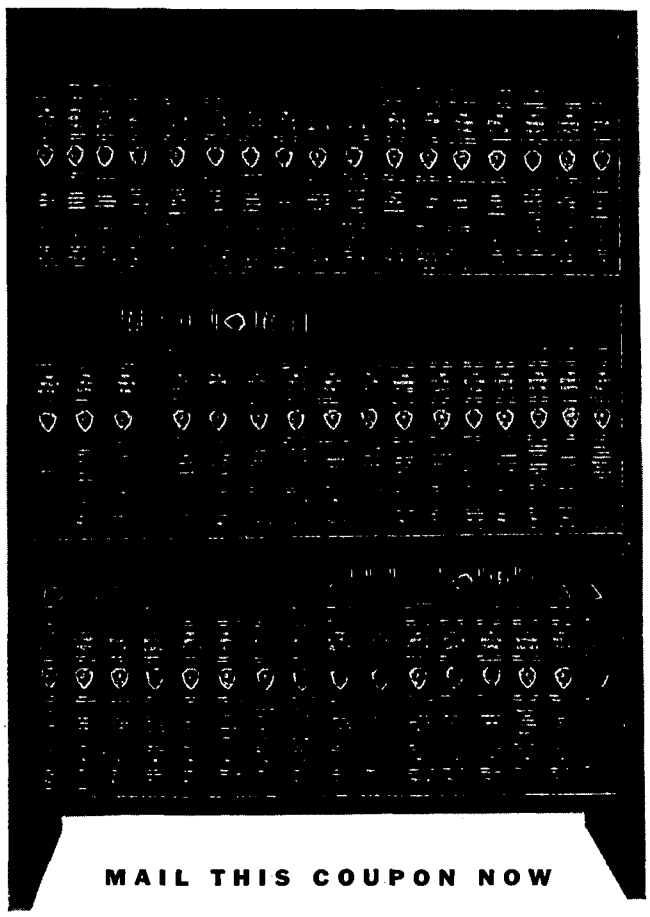

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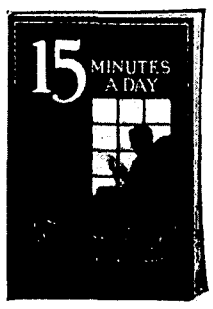

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That Egg

Continued from page 52

"Take care of Norb," she whispered, swiftly. "Write to me and . . . let me know how he is." There were tears in her eyes, and Tubby and Rumpel were scared and ready to howl.

Johnny flourished down the driveway. The bright green of Jonquil's béret vanished. The kids felt deserted. They repaired to the peach tree in the back yard and experimented with a tree-toad that hopped only when he was prodded beyond endurance.

"He does and she does," Tubby said suddenly, "and she doesn't want to marry that egg any more than I do." Then: "How much money have you got in your bank?"

"Lots," Rumpel said promptly.

"I must have anyway fifteen with that last dollar," Tubby said, jumping up. "Come on—I'm going to open our banks."

"You can't, until they're full," Rumpel said, running along beside him.

"Penknife," Tubby said briefly.

RUMPEL gasped. Her admiration for Tubby and his penknife was overwhelming. Twenty-five minutes later they sat on their heels in the attic regarding thirty-one dollars and sixty cents in change and bills, each other, and a daring plan. "I'll take the morning train," Tubby said.

"I'm going too," said Rumpel.

"You can't. You're too little."

"I'll tell Johnny," said Rumpel.

Tubby nodded. He hadn't expected to get away with it. "All right," he said, "you can go."

Jonquil and Edmund entered the apartment of his mother to be greeted by her, his twin sister Edna and a woman who turned out to be the president of some club. The woman who was president regarded Jonquil's béret with disfavor. Jonquil chucked it behind the cushion of the chair she occupied and listened to Mrs. Vrillon's cooing over her son. While Edmund let her coo, Jonquil squirmed. The overtones of Edna's voice extolling Edmund's cleverness and mentioning figures were almost harder to bear. Luncheon was announced. They ate. Edmund basked. Clearly, he was relieved to be out of the rural atmosphere of Jonquil's home.

There were hundreds of people for tea. The stupid men were very rich and the clever men were very poor, but they were all important. The women present were either the wives of the stupid men or hoping to be. Jonquil talked with one of the poor young men and found him clever, but melancholy.

Then that was over and a mad scramble around the household followed which was termed "dressing for dinner."

The dinner table was impressive—but dull. Jonquil explored the mysteries of a stuffed tomato and thought longingly of the front porch. Tubby and Rumpel would be arguing, just about now, against bedtime, and would win because Johnny always started his campaign a half hour early to allow for the grace he gave them.

Coffee and liqueurs were served in the library and a great deal of energy was consumed in conversation. Jonquil spent the evening swallowing an obstruction in her throat and telling herself that she would *not* be homesick. Only babies were homesick, and these people were important.

When the guests left, Jonquil was limp. Edmund praised her highly, and his mother praised her highly, and Edna said gently that she had been perfect. Jonquil murmured weakly that she'd like to go to bed.

Edna insisted upon accompanying her. While Jonquil disrobed and brushed her hair, Edna discoursed on Edmund. "So spoiled . . ." she said. "Thousands of girls throwing themselves at his feet for five years . . . Mother and I have put up an awful fight . . . terrifically social, of course . . . needs a wife now . . . naturally Mother and I have been his hostesses as well as we could, and it's served nicely until now . . . we're breathing a sigh of relief. You'll be perfect, absolutely perfect. Poise and beauty . . . so important . . . Edmund goes into perfect furies if things aren't done just so. . . ."

"Furies?" Jonquil said, pausing in the brushing process.

"Awfully funny," Edna said. "Just a spoiled child."

"Edna," Jonquil said, low-voiced, "do you have parties like this all the time?"

"Oh, not like this one," Edna said. "Sometimes they're stuffy, but you'll have to put up with that . . . it'll be a marvelous life for you. Later, when Edmund has time and leisure, I know he plans to travel. . . ."

"I want children," Jonquil said.

"Edmund loathes them, you know, but I think he'll consent to have one later. Perhaps in five years. . . ."

She left the light on at Jonquil's request. Jonquil lay with the sheet pulled tight under her chin. It was terribly hot and hard to sleep. She stared at the ceiling. Five years of luncheons and teas and dinners. Five years of hostessing and listening to accounts of Edmund's cleverness. Then, after five years, perhaps, a baby. Maybe even two babies. Edmund wouldn't make kites or pinwheels for them. Jonquil turned over on her face and wept bitterly.

The following day, at noon, Norb received a telegram. It said:

NEED YOU DESPERATELY WILL YOU COME TO NEW YORK LOVE JONQUIL

Norb was alarmed, but he had no intention of alarming Caroline. He made inquiries about Jonquil's whereabouts in New York, said that he was catching the one o'clock up on business and hoped to catch a glimpse of Jonquil. He asked her to tell Tubby and Rumpel good-by for him. She said, "I haven't seen them since breakfast. Van borrowed the roadster and drove over to Jordan. Maybe they've gone with him, or they may be with Elsa. She took the station wagon and went to Milltown."

"Tell them when you see them, anyway," Norb said.

"I will."

AT TWO o'clock Johnny came tearing home, looking a bit white. He went in and got the horn. Caroline looked up from her magazine. "What on earth?" she said. Johnny blew a commanding blast.

"When did you see Tubby last?" he said.

"At breakfast. What has he done?"

"I saw Jed Carpenter in town and he asked me why the kids were going to New York," Johnny said.

Caroline dropped her magazine. "*New York! Johnny!*"

"Now don't get all upset," Johnny said. "There must be something we can do. Jed saw them buying their tickets for the early train, so I can't have the trains watched. When's the next train for New York?"

"Midnight," Caroline moaned.

"I'll wire Jonquil and drive up."

(*Continued on page 56*)

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL

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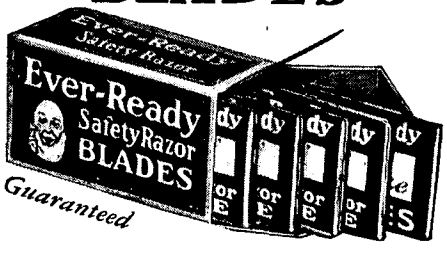

(Continued from page 55)

"Van's got the roadster and Elsa took the station wagon to Milltown. They won't be back until late."

"I'll call Norb. He'll have a suggestion."

"He took the one-o'clock for New York," Caroline said.

"Is he going to see Jonquil?"

"Yes, he called me for her address."

"Good. Norb'll tear New York upside down to find them. Don't *cry,* Caroline. I'll take the midnight, and Norb'll do everything that could be done in the meantime."

"But they're so *little,* Johnny!"

JONQUIL shopped until four-thirty in the afternoon, and then, in shreds, with Edna and Mrs. Vrillon as a bodyguard, she returned to their apartment. When the maid answered the door, she said, "There's a gentleman waiting to see you, Miss Lane, and this telegram came."

Jonquil tore it open, gasped, and ran for the living-room. Norb rose. She flung herself in his arms. "Darling," she said, "you *darling,* to come!"

"I've been waiting for an hour," Norb said. "What's wrong, Jonqu'l?"

"What have you done?" Jonquil said. "Where have you looked? Why didn't Johnny come with you?"

"Wait a minute," Norb said. "I got your wire, but you didn't say what was wrong. Did you wire Johnny, too?"

"No, he wired me . . . oh, Norb, it's so frightful!"

"Stop crying and tell me what's the trouble."

"You mean that you don't know Tubby and Rumpel came to New York this morning?"

"What for?" Norb gasped.

"I imagine they came to see me."

Norb ran his fingers distractedly through his hair. "Let me get this straight," he said. "You wired me at . . ."

"I didn't wire you," Jonquil said. "Johnny wired me. Here it is. I just got it." She brandished the telegram under his nose.

She hadn't wired him. Norb was beginning to see the light. He took Johnny's telegram.

TUBBY AND RUMPEL TOOK MORNING TRAIN FOR NEW YORK STOP CAROLINE ON VERGE OF COLLAPSE STOP NORB ON HIS WAY THERE STOP TELL HIM TO INFORM POLICE STOP AM TAKING MIDNIGHT TRAIN
JOHNNY

While Norb was calling the police station, he smoothed Jonquil's hair. She sat on the floor and clung to his left knee, trembling.

THE police had four stray kids rounded up for that day already and they expected a lot more, they said. He'd find two of them at Twenty-third Street station and two more at . . . no he wouldn't. An Italian couple had just claimed the last two. Norb was advised to try Twenty-third Street.

Jonquil said, "Wait till I get my hat . . ." and bumped into Edmund, who had come home for tea.

"You're not dressed for tea, darling," he said, half embracing her flying figure.

She came back with her béret on and said, "I'm going to the Twenty-third Street police station with Norb. Tubby and Rumpel are lost. They came to New York alone this morning."

"But, darling, you can't do that. Mr. Briggs is coming for tea, and I'd planned for you to meet him."

"Some other time," Jonquil said.

"He won't be here. He's sailing for Europe. This is important, Jonquil."

"Tubby and Rumpel are important, too," Jonquil said.

"But Norb can find out and let you know. Darling, the tea is being *given* for you!"

"I can't help it," Jonquil said. "Make my apologies for me. Come on, Norb."

Edmund took hold of her arm. "Jonquil," he said, "if this were necessary, I shouldn't fuss about it, but Norb can take care of it. The whole afternoon will be messed up by unpleasant explanations. This afternoon is most important. You've got to stay or I . . ."

"Or you'll what?" Jonquil said, coldly.

Norb said mildly, "I wouldn't, Edmund."

"Or I'll consider that you don't give a hoot about my social obligations. Now, Norb can . . ."

Jonquil looked at him, just once, and turned on her heel. "Coming, Norb?" she said. Norb went.

They went to the Twenty-third Street station to view two smeared, grimy and mournful kids who were not brother and sister, and who peered at them hopefully only to break into fresh wails of despair and terror.

On the station steps, Norb said, "Jonqu'l, you'd better go back to the Vrillons' and wait. I'll call you every half hour."

In a stuffed-up voice, Jonquil said, "I'm going to will the Vrillons my best dress. I'm not going back there. I'm going with you."

"But this may take all night," Norb protested.

"I don't care if it takes the rest of my life," Jonquil said.

"I think we'd better wire Johnny and Caroline. It must be awful, waiting."

"Let's call them," Jonquil said. "Caroline'll feel better if she talks to me."

They found a quiet pay station and put the call in. While they were waiting, Norb said, "Jonqu'l, aren't you *ever* going back to the Vrillons'?"

"No," Jonquil said, "I'm going to . . ."

The telephone rang and she flew to it. Norb followed.

After she said, "This is Jonquil, Caroline," she listened for a moment and then started to laugh. She said, "I'll be out with Norb on the six o'clock. We've just time to make it."

She grabbed his hand and dragged him to the door saying, "We haven't a minute to waste. Hurry!"

In the cab, she got her breath. "Tubby sent Johnny a wire. They went to Coney Island. They're taking the six o'clock out."

"But, Jonqu'l," Norb said, "you . . . you . . ."

"I . . . I . . ." she mocked. "Norb, you are a darling *idiot!*"

"Jonquil . . ." Norb said, hopefully.

"Yes, idiot," she said. "For three years."

"I can't believe it," Norb said, dazedly. "I thought it was all those kids and because I made good kites."

"That," said Jonquil after he kissed her, "is one of the most useful attributes of a husband."

"That?" Norb said, kissing her again.

"No," she said, squirming free, "making kites. Don't stand there like an idiot, idiot! Pay the driver. We've three minutes to make that train. I wouldn't miss this!"

They walked slowly through the train. Rumpel's face was very dirty. She had been eating cotton candy. Their thirty dollars were gone but for two single bills. Rumpel's head reposed blissfully on Tubby's shoulder and he was dabbing at the dirty spots with a dirtier handkerchief.

"Tubby!" Jonquil said, sternly.

Tubby and Rumpel both sat up, startled. "It's Jonq!" Tubby cried delightedly, and looked behind her for Edmund. "It's Jonq and Norb," he cried, ecstatically, and flung himself at them. Rumpel scrambled up and stood on the seat. "I rode on the roller coaster and lost my hat," she announced.

NORB took her on his lap and Tubby wriggled in beside Jonquil, holding her arm tight. "I wired Johnny so that he wouldn't worry if we were late for dinner," he said.

Norb looked at him meaningfully. "You sent a lot of wires, didn't you?"

Tubby grinned and Rumpel wriggled delightedly. They'd been pretty proud of that "desperately."

Jonquil looked at Norb. He smiled at her. "Tomorrow," Jonquil said, "the biggest and grandest kite ever made will be yours, Tubby."

"Mine, too," Rumpel squealed, sitting up in alarm.

"Two kites," Norb promised. "One for Tubby and one for Rumpel."

There was a short silence. Then Tubby said, "Just make one, Norb. We'd rather have just one. Rumpel can have half."

"And I'll carry it to the field," Rumpel said.

"All right," said Tubby. "I'll carry it back."

Norb put his free hand out and Jonquil took it. Tubby stared politely out of the window and Rumpel slept.

"Aw right, folks, everybody sing"

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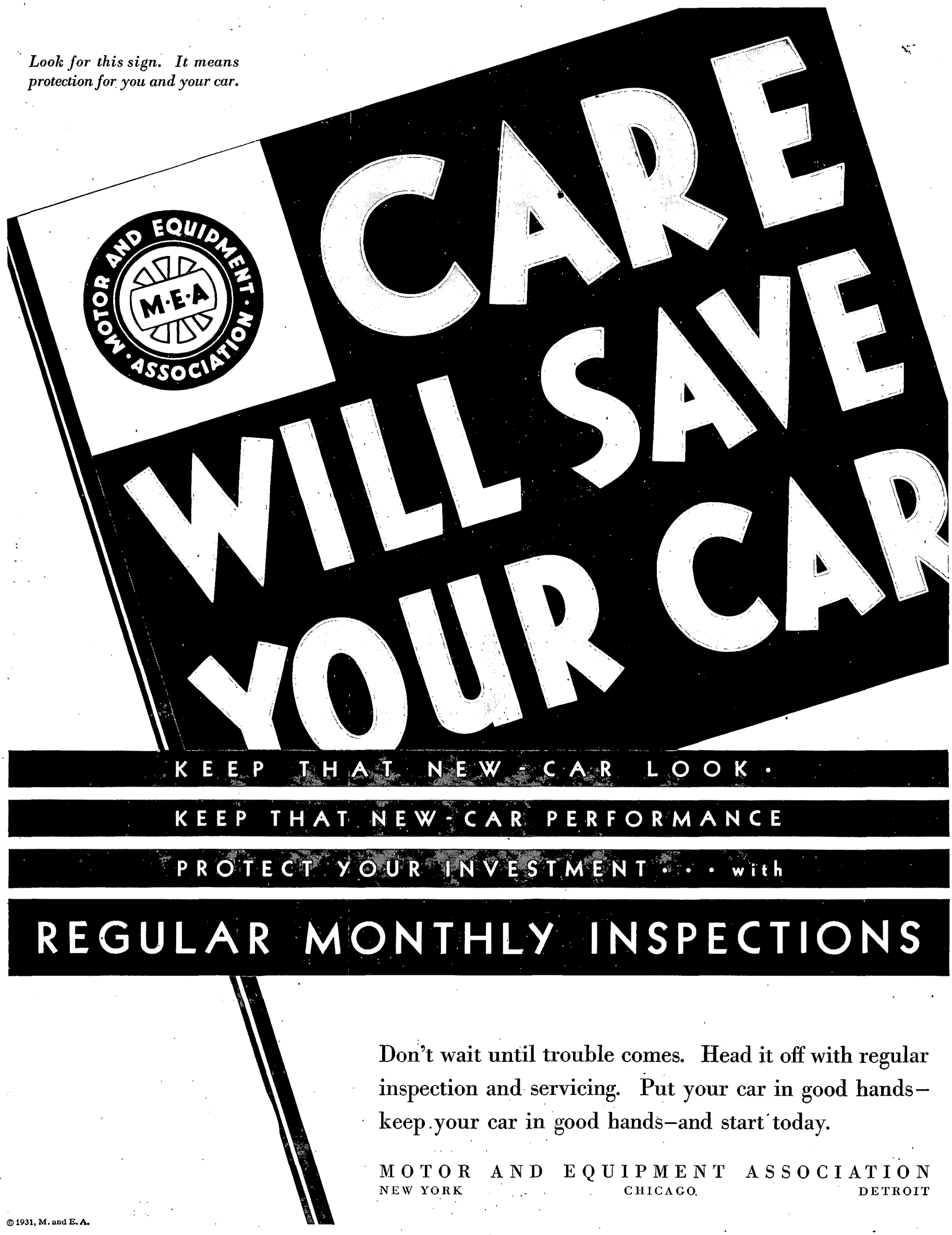

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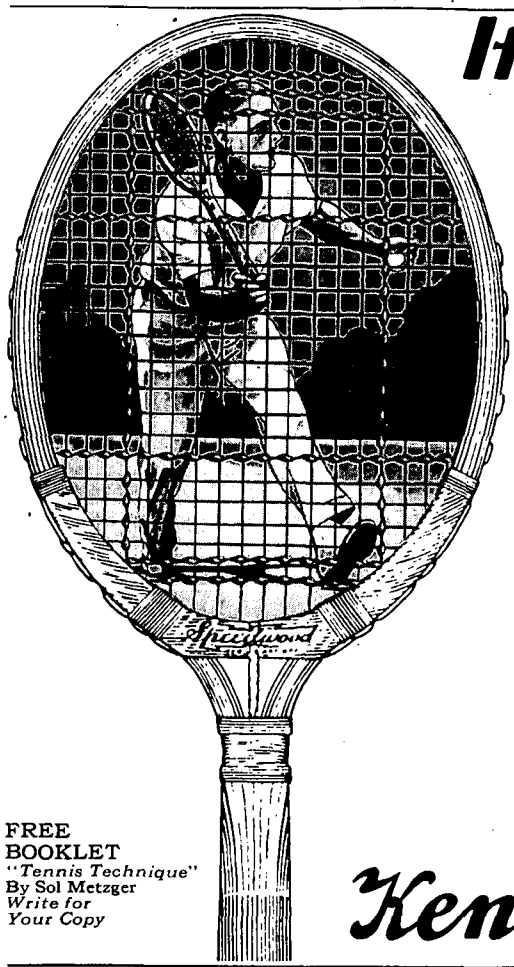

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Kent Rackets

"Never Bet on an Even Chance"

Continued from page 25

threw a rock—just an ordinary rock—over a twelve-story hotel in Tulsa. He admits it—"Shucks! That was nothin'. I used to kill quail with rocks when I was a boy"—and many witnesses testify to the truth of it. Asked how he performed the feat, he said, "I just throwed it."

Titanic is supposed to be the original of a story that has gone the rounds for some time. He was arrested once, they say, for running a roulette wheel. When the judge charged him with "running a game of chance" Titanic pleaded not guilty. The judge was surprised. Gamblers always plead guilty and pay their fines.

"What? Not guilty of running a game of chance?"

"No, suh," Titanic replied. "There wasn't a fellow in that room had a chance beside myself."

The Winning System

Titanic just grins when they tell this story on him. He assumes everyone knows that all commercial gambling games—roulette, craps, faro, and the like—are run with a high percentage in favor of the house and that most of them are crooked. Asked if there was any system by which one might win at roulette, Titanic said: "Sure. One. Own the wheel."

There is little choice between the facts and legends of Titanic's career. If anything, the facts are more picturesque.

He learned his trade, he says, just like all boys do. "Playin' marbles for nickels, pitchin' horseshoes, learnin' to shoot down on the Arkansas farm where I was born. I learned to play cards there, too. I was lucky. But I learned to do things pretty good or else I didn't do them. I aimed to do everything a little better'n the other fellow. There are certain things I know I can do better'n anybody else now and those are the things I bet on. I bet three fellows $500 apiece recently that I could beat all three of 'em pitchin' horseshoes. I pitched ringers every time."

Titanic's definition of a good gambler is one who never gambles unless he has a percentage in his favor. This percentage should be skill or ability. Never bet on an even chance. Bet only if you are sure you will win. It is all right, in his opinion, to bet on a "fixed" game or prize fight or race, but not always infallible. . . . Titanic once had $119,000 on a horse at Tia Juana. Everything was prettily arranged for the horse to win but when it was half a block ahead of the other horses on the last lap it fell and broke its leg.

"What did you do then?" he was asked.

"Dusted off and went home."

"Broke?"

"Sure," he said cheerfully.

The professional gambler vibrates from millionaire to pauper level and back again with a speed that would give the average business man the jitters. It disturbs Titanic no more than a change in the weather. He coolly claims that he can lose $100,000 or win the same amount with no emotional reaction whatsoever. No real gambler is ever depressed over his losses or excited over his winnings, according to him.

"I bet my last twenty grand just like I do my first," he said. "Sure. It's chicken one day and feathers the next. But if you lose everything on one prop'sition you win it back on something else. A good gambler can get money out of a lamp-post. Just keep gamblin'! If you lose on the races you can clean up on a baseball game or prize fight. . . . Of course," he added, "a gambler considers himself broke if he has two or three thousand dollars in his pocket."

There have been a few times, however, when Titanic was down to his last fifty-dollar bill, but that was never a matter of grave concern. "You can always borrow from somebody you've helped when they were in a jam. I've never been broke for more'n twenty minutes since I was a boy."

Titanic never buys a bond; he has no savings account or money invested in anything, unless one counts his elaborate personal belongings. His bank is his pocket.

He does not look forward to retiring from his career and settling down to a more reputable, less dangerous and less exhausting existence. He lives intensely in the present, and moves about the country stirred by word of better gambling somewhere else—or, sometimes, by suggestion of local police.

He says that a gambler's life is a tough life. "Staying up three or four days and nights in succession—a room full of smoke and foul air—it's hard work."

Titanic always remains in a game until it breaks up. He has been in some that have lasted a week or more. The losers, he explains, will leave for a nap or to get more money. He finds it pays to stay with the losers until they give up or have no more to lose.

He does not like poker but he plays it pretty regularly all night during the winter. He considers it the best card game for consistent daily—nightly, rather—work. But he finds it a terrific mental and nervous strain.

"I not only play my own hand," he said, "I'm playing everybody else's. I watch every card, every draw, every bet, every expression. I don't trust to luck. I am betting all around the table, on every card drawn by each of the players. I often have more on side bets than I have in the pot. I have to think fast and figure my percentages. I can't relax for a second.

"Some folks think I bet too fast. They'll take me because they figure I'm bettin' without stoppin' to think. But I can't help thinkin' fast. These fellows who stroke their chins and say, 'Now what was that prop'sition again?' are marks for me. I figure so far ahead of them that their money is gone before they know they've been bettin'."

No Time for Amateurs

He does not like to play cards with amateurs. In fact he refuses to. No matter how much money they have they are usually poor sports according to his gambler's code. "Oh, they pay up when they lose—most of 'em," he said. "But you can tell it hurts. I don't like to play with fellows who get bothered if they lose a few thousand dollars."

He also has a secret horror of winning more from a man than he can afford to lose. "I don't want some guy goin' out and shootin' himself because he lost more than he could pay. And that's what happens if you fool around with amateurs."

Gambling is his business—a cold, hard business—and drama and emotion should not be mixed with it. He only plays cards with men who are as callous to fluctuations of luck as he is. With them he will bet as high as they care to go. Titanic has no limit.

"I love to gamble. I'm a gamblin'

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fiend. The higher the stakes the better I like it. 'I make gamblin' wherever I go, get people who never bet before in their lives to gamble on little prop'sitions. I can't help it. I just think that way."

His method of "makin' gamblin' wherever he goes" is to bet with strangers or casual acquaintances on his coin and match tricks, card tricks, or any matter which happens to come up, from the numbers of motor licenses to the time a train will reach a destination. "Little con games." His conversation is sprinkled with I-bet-you's and they are all genuine. If there is a taker in the crowd—and he has a technique of developing them—Titanic spots him as quickly as an auctioneer.

Titanic is thoroughly familiar with his own abilities. His conversation sometimes sounds like boasting. He has a simple, straightforward evaluation of himself, of what he can or cannot do. He thinks anyone is a fool who does something well and has to be told about it. He says he is not a "great" gambler, but that he is pretty good. He says there are much better gamblers than he is in the country. He considers "Nick the Greek" the highest gambler in the world, but not, for reasons somewhat personal, the greatest.

Spectacular Play

Nick the Greek lost $1,200,000 in a crap game in New York once. He won $120,000 from Titanic and another man "off a little prop'sition." The most exciting games Titanic has ever played were "high spade" or "low card" games at the Kingston Club in San Francisco a couple of years ago. . . . Titanic did not use the word "exciting." It is not in his vocabulary. He said "best." . . . These games lasted all winter and several hundred thousand dollars were bet on a turn of a card. Their private club room was crowded with spectators standing on chairs and radiators and window sills, watching Titanic and Nick the Greek play. The kibitzers were excited if Titanic wasn't.

"That was real gamblin'," Titanic said. The dark, sleek-haired Nick the Greek put one over on Titanic once and the big Arkansas gambler is still hurt about it. A golf game was started and the betting was heavy. Titanic bet Nick $20,000 he would not sink a twenty-foot putt on the first green. Nick sank it, collected the money and dropped out of the match.

Titanic evened the score later. Nick bet $20,000 that Titanic could not hit a silver dollar with a pistol thirty feet away, once out of eight shots.

"I did an eight check freeze-out," Titanic said proudly. Translated, that means he hit the dollar, or its remains, eight times straight.

Titanic has made himself conspicuous in a profession which remains under cover as much as possible by his propensity for freak bets. His greatest talent and much of his wealth are the result of his shrewdness—his ability to outwit the other fellow. He says he sometimes lies awake nights thinking up schemes, and at other times they come to him on the spur of the moment.

He was driving another man's car from a golf club into Kansas City one day when they passed a sign indicating the distance to town. Titanic bet the owner of the car that he could reach the city from that spot in a certain number of minutes. The owner knew his car was not capable of enough speed, and put up his money. Titanic made it. . . . The day before he had driven over that same road and moved the sign ten miles closer to town.

Titanic likes to have it clearly understood that a gambler is not to be confused with a gangster or racketeer. A gambler does not rob banks, hold people up (technically) or commit murder—very often. It seems there are several social strata in the underworld and Titanic and the other big-time gamblers do not associate with gangsters if they can help it.

"The reason a gambler has such a hard name," he complained, "is because all killers and burglars and stick-up men claim to be gamblers. There is about one high-class gambler to every five hundred who gamble in this country. Occasionally one of those fellows sits in our games, but we don't like to have 'em. They're poor gamblers. To be good a man has to stick to the gambling business and do nothin' else."

Titanic has two habits which are disconcerting to strangers. One is his informal way of receiving guests clad only in his union suit. The other: When he is in his room, in whatever hotel where he happens to be temporarily residing, he leaves his door unlocked. He has a good many visitors and it is too much trouble to walk to the door and open it for each arrival.

He calls "Who is it?" and then "Come in," if the reply is satisfactory. His gun is always placed conveniently on a table beside him. Before the knock, however brief, is even completed Titanic has his gun in his hand. When he hears a familiar voice he lays it down. The whole action is over in a few seconds. Titanic's movements are as quick and smooth as though controlled by an electric motor. Reaching for his gun is one of his reflexes. Asked about it he said he supposed it was just a habit, and that he was not expecting any special enemy. He merely liked to be prepared.

A bootlegger called one day to bring Titanic a complimentary bottle of liquor. Titanic was not expecting him, did not know who he was but invited him to enter. Titanic had him covered when he was inside the door. The bootlegger was reaching inside his belt for the bottle which he carried there and the gesture looked to Titanic very much like that of a man reaching for a gun. He made his visitor keep his hands in the air until he explained his mission. Afterwards Titanic was upset.

"I like to shot that fellow," Titanic said. "He hadn't oughta come up to a fellow's room unexpected like that. I don't know what stopped me from shootin' when he reached inside his belt like that. I sure like to shot him."

Minus Emotions

Titanic is always at high tension. He is never jumpy and shows no indications of nervousness. He is quite still but it is the stillness of tension, not the quiet of relaxation. The rapidity of his speech and movements is the reaction of perfectly coördinated nerves controlled by a mind which functions with maximum efficiency—along specialized lines. There is nothing impulsive in any act or word of this gambler. He seems incapable of emotion and he has cultivated restraint to a point where it is doubtful if he is capable of any stirring human passion. Cold-blooded.

Yet he is a likable person. He is extremely popular with his associates. They consider him a "square shooter." He has a certain charm, due to his wit, his boyish good nature, a friendly manner and a warmth of personality. There is a paradoxical air of sincerity and candor about him. He has an engaging grin but most of the time he goes around with a puzzled, almost dolorous expression as though he just does not know what the world is all about but feels it is mightily filled with troubles. This is his poker face.

Women are attracted to him. This an-

(*Continued on page 60*)

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The new, fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish for removing Traffic Film*

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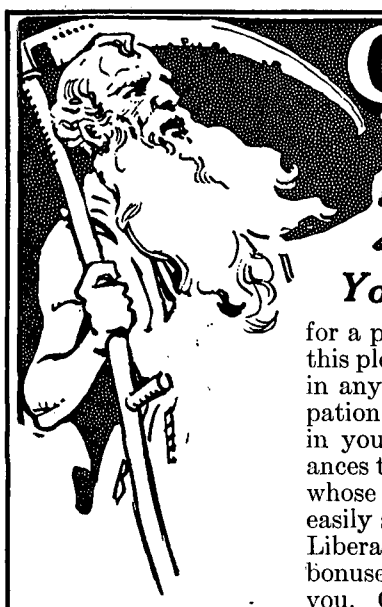

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"Old Town Boats"

(Continued from page 59)

noys him. One cannot mix women and gambling, he contends, without disastrous results. Fundamentally, financial achievement is more satisfying to Titanic than amorous conquest. Wine and women are not necessarily woven into the fabric of a gambler's existence, moving pictures to the contrary.

Titanic's great passion at present is golf. He considers it the greatest gambling game of all. He has a vigorous, athletic body and a taste for the outdoors preserved from his rural boyhood. In golf he can indulge this and his business instincts simultaneously.

He had never played golf until a few years ago and then, characteristically, it was a bet that started him. He knew nothing about the game; he was not quite sure whether one kicked the ball or threw it. He watched a friend play and it looked easy.

A Gold Mine in Golf

"I'll bet you twenty-one hundred dollars I can drive ten balls as far as you can," he offered the friend, a Kansas City sportsman named Welch. Welch of course took him on. The match was set for a few days later.

Titanic bought a driver and one hundred dollars' worth of cheap golf balls —a gunny-sackful of them. He went out to a large park on the outskirts of Kansas City and practiced driving them off into the woods, one after another. He found he could get distance. He made no effort to develop direction.

When the contest was played off Titanic's balls sailed fast and far in all directions, while Welch plugged straight along the fairway. Titanic's distance added up to a larger total than Welch's and, since it had not been specified that the balls had to be in bounds, Titanic won the bet.

He took up golf seriously after that and found that there were more ways of betting on a golf game than on poker or craps. He bets several ways on the round, on each hole, and each stroke of every player is good for a bet if anyone will take him. He will bet a thousand a man won't clear a bunker, five hundred that someone will go into a trap on his next shot, another five hundred that it will take a player two more strokes to make the green, a thousand that a man will or won't hole out on his putt.

There is no end to bets of this sort. As he usually plays in a foursome he often has ten to fifteen bets on one hole. Titanic makes and keeps his calculations in his head, but the men with whom he plays take notes. Titanic knows how he stands every stroke and, as in poker, he bets often enough and fast enough to keep the percentage in his favor. If he loses five hundred on one stroke he sees to it that he makes a thousand on another.

Just as in poker, he usually does not gamble on his own playing. He considers his golf as foolish a hazard as card luck. He claims that he is not an expert golfer, and plays around in the eighties on the average course. But he contrives to make a good living off golf by mathematics and his wits. . . . If it is really necessary from a financial standpoint for him to make a birdie he contrives to do so.

"The good gambler," Titanic says, "is the one who can outsmart the other fellow. That's my system. I'm a dub at golf but I can think up ways of outsmarting the pros."

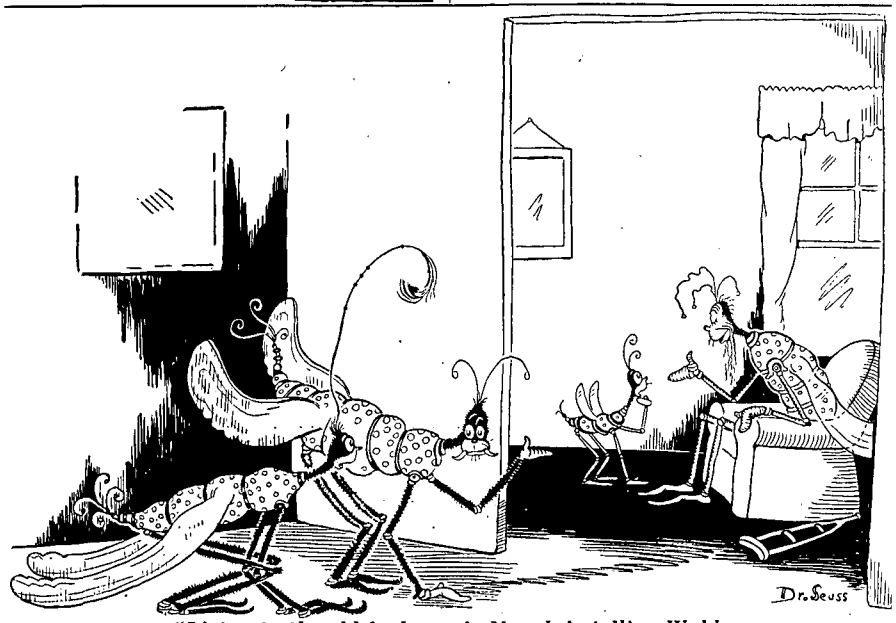
He has won some large bets on the hypothesis that he is a dub at golf. He once bet an elderly man who is a very fine golfer that he could beat him eighteen holes, driving one ball to the good golfer's three. His opponent could choose the best lie of the three balls each stroke. Everyone thought Titanic was crazy and a tremendous sum of money was put up against him. Titanic took every bet he could get. At the end of the first nine Titanic was several strokes behind, but during the second nine his opponent perceptibly weakened. On the last hole he was so worn out from driving three balls around the course that Titanic cleaned up on him.

Titanic's sanity was questioned on another occasion and he had the satisfaction of seeing stakes mount up against him. He boasted he could drive a golf ball five hundred yards. No one in the crowd had seen him drive over two hundred. He reserved the privilege of selecting the spot. A near-by lake was frozen over. He teed up on the edge of the lake and the ball skidded a mile.

"But it's gettin' so nobody will take me up on little prop'sitions like that any more. Folks have heard how smart I am supposed to be and when I come around their hands go deeper in their pockets—and stay there. I'm not smart —I just think quick." His voice was plaintive as a hurt child's and his brow was crinkled in lines of injured innocence.

A moment later he was betting a man one thousand dollars that another man would not bet ten thousand on a "certain prop'sition" with Titanic. The man left.

"He'll persuade that guy to bet the ten grand with me so's he'll make his one, see? He's a friend of his. I'll lose one and make nine."



"Listen to the old fool rave! Now he's telling Waldo how he used to be a Flit Swallower in the circus!"

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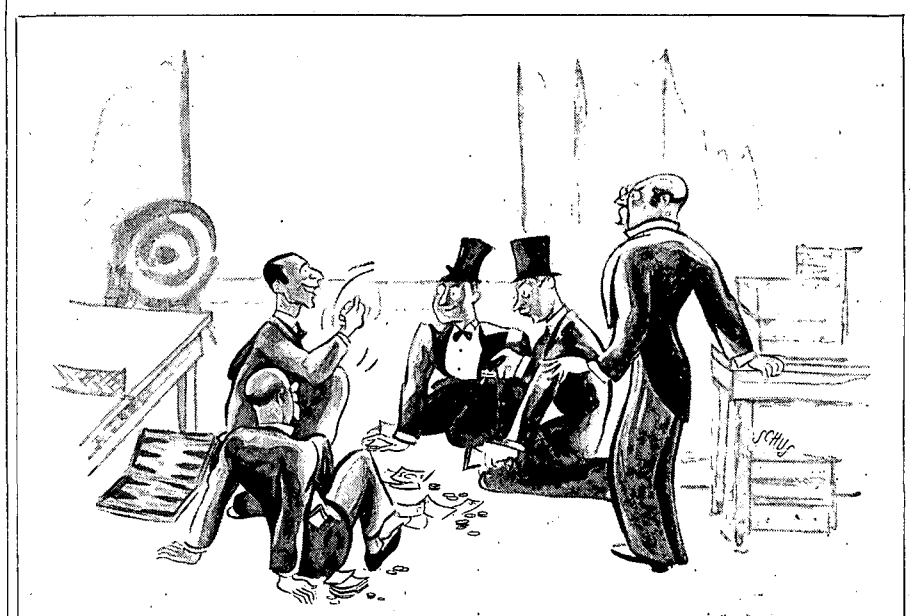

"I'm just showing these gentlemen the game department, Mr. Black!"

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Social Secretary

Continued from page 9

where she'd find the man who'd delivered the champagne.

He stood, a handsome, blue-jowled Italian, by one of the windows which overlooked the Harrimans' garden, and as Helen Blake's eyes fell on him she felt a cold, shuddering sensation in the very depths of her being.

Becoming conscious of her gaze he turned:

"Well, for ——!" he said, "what you doing here?"

The sound of his voice turned him from a nightmare out of the past into a person Helen understood and one with whom she could probably cope.

"I'm Mrs. Harriman's secretary," she said. "You work for Steuer, I suppose."

"I don't go out with this retail stuff as a rule," he hastened to assure her, and was about to continue when she interrupted:

"How much is the champagne?"

"Fifty cases at a hundred twenty. Six grand I figure it."

"I'll get you a check."

"Hey, Helen," he stopped her.

"Miss Blake to you," she told him.

"You must be making pretty good jack."

"A person in your business wouldn't consider it much."

"Got any caked away?"

"What's it to you?"

"I got a night club I want to buy. It's a gusher. The monkeys that own it got cold feet because the mob in the district put 'em on the shake."

"Haven't you sense enough to know that I wouldn't touch it with tongs?"

"You think your boss would like to know about us?"

"I doubt if she'd be much interested."

HE CROSSED the room, eyes fixed on her. It was actory and unconvincing.

"Want to take the chance?" he asked when he was close.

"I'd prefer it to paying out one cent," Helen told him, drawing the most extraordinary pleasure from her own calm. "Do you want to come upstairs and confide in her while I try to get the district attorney's office on the wire? There's an old bigamy charge I've neglected to report."

"Aw, don't be like that," he said, without alarm, but with a certain respect. "I wanted to let you in on something good. My wife's dead now, anyway."

"That wouldn't make any difference," Helen reminded him; then, her threat having served its purpose, she added, "I'd like to have sent some flowers to her funeral. I didn't realize at the time how much she'd done for me by her mere existence. Wait here and I'll bring you the check for Steuer."

As she crossed the great, marble-flagged hall Helen realized that it had been a healthful experience to see Frank D'Agnoli again. It was good to know what a different person she was from the little student at Columbia he had hurt so savagely. The little student had seen in the young pool-room Romeo, who had a room in the boarding house which her parents had chosen as more homey than a dormitory, a romantic hero touched with Luciferian glamour. Within three weeks she had suffered every disillusionment possible. Now, after five years, she could realize how stupid the illusions had been in the first place.

At the top of the stairs Sylvia Harriman, dressed for the street, stood pleading with a great gun-metal-colored greyhound who cowered in the corner formed by a vermilion lacquer cabinet.

"Come here, Anselm, and stop shivering your chest at me."

"Feeling better?" Helen asked. She certainly looked so, but Sylvia was the type to which make-up is becoming.

"Yes," she answered. "Why should that idiot dog be afraid of a leash?"

"Want me to help you catch him? Here, Anselm."

The two girls were quite close but Anselm dived between them and down the stairs. Sylvia ran after him saying: "Whoa, you imbecile. Come here."

"How much was it, Blakey?" Mrs. Harriman called from her room.

ANSELM, if he thought at all, which is doubtful, for he was a very aristocratic dog with only room for a splinter of brain in his thin, beautiful head, thought that his one escape lay in the cavern of a knee-hole desk in the library.

Sylvia lost sight of him but knew his habits and proceeded straight to the desk. Bending into the aperture she hooked the leash in his collar.

"Now, I guess you'll come along."

As she straightened herself and tugged at the leash a male voice behind her said: "What's the matter with him that makes him run away from you?"

Sylvia swung around to blast such impertinence.

"And who may you be?" she asked. Then she saw that the man was handsome in a dark, full-blooded way which excited her.

"I came with the milk," he said.

"Is that so? I've seen you before some place, haven't I? At some night club?"

"The Cricket Club. Is that one swell little joint? I seen you too."

"What's your name?"

"Frank D'Agnoli. What's yours?"

"Hey, don't crowd me, will you please?" she asked, in a comedy manner which she affected with boys.

"I'd like to," he said.

"What are you doing here, really?"

"Consignment of liquor. What are you?"

"Walking the dog. Can't you see?"

"How about dancing with me at the club, some time?"

"When?"

"You say. Any time goes for me."

"Tonight, perhaps. Around twoish."

"That means two o'clock?"

"Yes."

"What's your name? Won't you tell me?"

"Sure. I'm Sylvia Harriman."

His jaw actually dropped.

"No fooling?"

It was lots of fun and different from any adventure she had had, but Sylvia could hear the tap of Helen's heels crossing the hall.

"Careful," she said. "Come on, Anselm."

In the hall she faced Helen with peculiarly candid eyes.

"Open the door for me, will you Blakey?" she said. "This animal has dragged me all over the house."

MR. OGDEN HARRIMAN was not given to paying compliments, but when his visitor had completed his statement he delivered himself of one:

"That's what I call an intelligent summary of the situation."

"Thank you, Mr. Harriman."

"I'll have to get confirmations and think the matter over, of course. In the meantime how about taking a week to

(Continued on page 62)

GOLF AT ITS FINEST

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. . . and knowing how to keep them all *"sweet and good-natured"*

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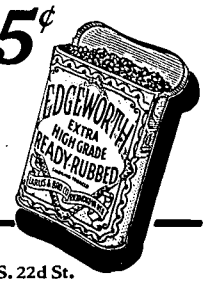

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Send me the Edgeworth sample. I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

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Address_____

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H-72

(Continued from page 61)

glance over our methods in Oklahoma?"

"I'd like that immensely."

The young man got up. He had a good figure, broad-shouldered, tall.

Mr. Harriman was not a whimsical, sweet old codger who went about weaving webs of romantic dreams. Simultaneously with thinking "good figure" he said to himself, "You fool, a man who married her for ambitious reasons would never do, even if she'd marry him. Probably would lose his ambition with money anyway."

"Good morning, Mr. Harriman."

"I don't believe I got your name."

"Danforth. I have a letter to you from my father, but I didn't think that you'd care to be bothered by it in business hours."

Mr. Harriman couldn't remember any English Danforths.

"Let me have it," he said, holding out his hand.

There was a crest at the top of the note, and it was in a big, assured handwriting which suggested pre-war certitudes.

My dear Mr. Harriman:

This will introduce my eldest son, Danforth. Any courtesies you show him will be deeply appreciated by

Your sincere friend,

CHELTENHAM

"No wonder you're interested in Tress Oil," Mr. Harriman commented, for the Earl of Cheltenham was the president of the company. "Where are you stopping, Lord Danforth?"

"At the St. Gregory."

"My wife will want to entertain for you when you get back to town." And, after a moment's hesitation, "I've got a granddaughter I want you to meet too. Young men seem to find her attractive."

ABOUT ten minutes later Mrs. Ogden Harriman said "Good-by" into the transmitter of her telephone, laid that instrument on its nest of gold-plated prongs, and made a proclamation to Helen Blake:

"Blakey, I've been married to Ogden Harriman forty-eight years. There are times when he's an army mule. There are times when he's a tropical earthquake. But if he's not the most resourceful man in North America I'll eat any two who compare with him."

"What's he done?" Helen asked.

"Nothing, really. At least it won't come to anything. But it's an effort in a direction where I told him effort was impossible. That's the kind of a man I like. Is there any evening next week when we could give a small dance?"

Helen glanced at her calendar.

"It's pretty full," she said. "On Saturday you're dining in, but you have ten guests."

"Well, make the dinner for fourteen, and add Sylvia and a Lord Danforth. Send his card to the St. Gregory. We'll have about a hundred people in for dancing afterwards, I think."

"But, Mrs. Harriman," Helen Blake interrupted the cataract of her plans, "Sylvia is going to Princeton for the hockey game that Saturday afternoon."

"She can be back and dressed by nine. Get me about a hundred and fifty cards from my A list and I'll make my selection. Better telegraph the invitations, I guess."

"Yes, Mrs. Harriman."

As Helen started to get the A file, however, she was arrested by a great laugh which shook her employer and brought tears to her eyes.

"What is it, Mrs. Harriman?" she asked.

"Just the thought of Oggy Harriman as a match-maker! He'll be knitting me an afghan next thing I know."

THE night of the day Mr. Harriman conceived his vague plan and Mrs. Harriman took such definite steps, their granddaughter played bridge with some of her contemporaries.

At what passed for a conservative hour she began consulting her wrist watch frequently, however, and at half past one she said: "This is my last game. I can't finish the rubber, even. Freddie and I have got to sweep away."

Freddie Ives was too well trained to ask why, before the others.

"What's the idea, Sugar?" he did inquire when they got in her car. "Did that Harlem session wear you out?"

"I'm never tired at night," Sylvia answered, "but I've got a date with a gorilla at the Cricket Club. You've got to take me there and leave me. And as I'm dismissing the car you'll have to get a taxi home."

"Say, Sylvia, you're crazy," Freddie protested in his boneless Southern voice. "You might get yourself into an awful mess."

"Just let yourself go and you'll turn into the biggest stuffed shirt on Murray Hill," Sylvia informed him. "This is a grand gorilla, and he eats out of my hand."

When they entered the black and scarlet smokiness of the night club Sylvia spotted Frank D'Agnoli instantly, sitting at a small table by the dance floor.

"It's all right, Freddie," she said. "Scram."

Freddie departed, and she crossed to Frank. He actually rose to greet her.

"You did come!" he said.

He was in dinner clothes which were far too elaborate, but which somehow suited him.

"I told you I would."

"I couldn't believe it."

The orchestra at the Cricket Club was small, loud and continuous. Dancing to its wild beat they scarcely spoke for over an hour.

"I guess I've got to call it a dawn," Sylvia said then. "Going to take me home?"

"Let me?"

He was not the fresh guy who had first spoken to her, for now Sylvia was as new an experience to Frank D'Agnoli as he was to her. She was an authentic Society Girl. Nothing can seem more romantic than snobbishness which does not recognize itself.

"You sure can dance, Good Luck!" he breathed as they waited for their things at the coat room.

"You haven't got any club feet yourself. Except night-club feet, perhaps."

"Night-club feet! Gee, that's cute, Good Luck!"

"WHY do you call me that?" she asked when he had given her address to a taxi driver and climbed after her into the cab.

"Good Luck? Because the minute I seen you I knew you was Good Luck for me. It come out true, too."

"How so?"

"Me and a couple of chislers been angling to buy this Cricket Club. Two days ago the three monkeys that run it wanted a price way out of reason. I met you this morning. Right after, I come back here. There was only two of the apes left, and them panicked."

"What do you mean, only two left?"

"The mob that's trying to squeeze the joint out of business had put the cross on one of them."

"Put the cross?" Sylvia repeated. "Do you mean killed him?"

Frank nodded solemnly.

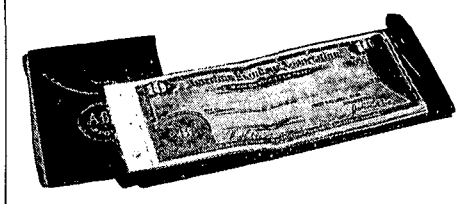
"Was that luck or was that luck?" Sylvia gave a little hoot of laughter.

LOST— A TRIP TO EUROPE

His plans are made; his bags are packed; the liner is ready to sail. *But his money has been lost or stolen!*

Had he carried A. B. A. Cheques his money would have been refunded—probably in time to sail. A. B. A. Cheques are insurance against the loss of your money—and refund on cheques lost, stolen or destroyed is made promptly. Use them instead of cash, at home or abroad.

Your own bank sells A. B. A. Cheques.



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Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

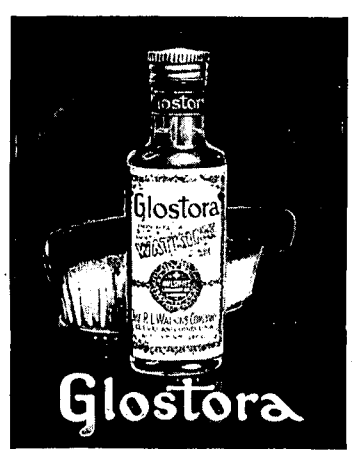
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



"Well, was it?" he repeated.

"For you."

"You said it. Them goofers would take anything for the dump now."

"What do you mean by anything?"

"Ten grand."

"Going to buy it?"

"My mob and me have only got six gees right now."

Sylvia felt the vague affront the very rich are apt to take from the mention of financial difficulties.

"Hard luck," she said coldly. "But why all this talk about business?"

Frank D'Agnoli moved over, put his arm about her:

"I was too panicked to talk about anything else. God, you're beautiful! Do you know it?"

"Am I?" Sylvia asked.

His big, dark mouth closed on hers in a kiss.

"Look out," she interrupted it. "You're coming to a red light."

"Not sore, are you?" Frank asked, almost timidly, but it was an actual red light and the taxi stopped with another car close behind it.

Sylvia Harriman answered him with a gesture. Lifting one of her arms from the folds of her dark evening cloak she held it so that the light through the window of the cab glittered on something blue-white.

"That bracelet," she said, "is worth seven thousand dollars."

"What kind of a gunman do you think I am?" Frank D'Agnoli asked. "I wouldn't take anything that belonged to you, Good Luck."

"It's insured for its full value."

"You mean you want me to take it?"

"I don't believe I'd notice if you happened to be kissing me like that."

The red light changed to green, their taxi sped on. When it reached 779 Fifth Avenue, Sylvia said, "Don't get out. Freddie always stays in the cab."

"I got to see you again, Good Luck."

There was no counterfeit about the male ardor of that groan.

"Ever go to college hockey games?" Sylvia asked.

"I been."

"I'm going to Princeton a week from Saturday with a chaperon who's not quite bright."

"Where can I meet you?"

"There's a shop called Woodie's. If you'll just wait there—I can't say what time I can get away."

"I'll be there."

When she had finished the hot milk which stood in a thermos in her room Sylvia stretched out her arms in a long ecstasy of satisfaction. Tonight was the first time she had dominated a man. More fun than the namby-pamby boys she could lead about by the nose.

IT HAD been a very simple matter for Mrs. Harriman to toss off a command for a dance for a hundred people to be given in something less than a fortnight in the full rush of the season and, as has been noted, Mrs. Harriman's name would bring the hundred or as many more as she had chosen to ask. To engineer a party of the caliber Mrs. Harriman exacted within that time was another matter and one which needed all Helen Blake's competence.

Every orchestra of note in town was booked. It was only by bribing a musical revue to close one day earlier than had been intended that Helen was able to secure the Newporters, who ranked with the first three.

Mrs. Harriman liked to have an official entertainer, so Helen got hold of Wallace Gifford, a young man who sat at a piano and sang rather bawdy songs of his own composition based on mythical experiences of people everyone knew. For him to come under such circumstances he had to receive double his usual fee and, as he expressed it, "have quinsy in Detroit."

Other entertainers could have been obtained for a thousand dollars less, but Gifford was popular at the moment, and in such matters Mrs. Harriman didn't believe in experiments.

"People in my set aren't clever," she stated her theory. "Better give them someone they've laughed at before and they'll find laughing at him again easier."

It was necessary, or at least Helen thought it wise, to interview caterers and florists in person and assure them that, though this was a hurry call, Mrs. Harriman would be satisfied with nothing less than their best efforts.

Everything of the kind had been attended to long before Saturday afternoon, however, and Helen was arranging the place cards around a dinner table already splendid with the golden plates which had been the gift of Marseilles to Napoleon, and Bohemian goblets so far from Bohemian in habit that, when they were not summoned out on occasions of state, each one lived in velvet seclusion in a little case of its own, when Parker appeared with a telegram.

"It's for Mrs. Harriman, Miss Blake," he said.

"Some last-minute refusal, I suppose," Helen commented, taking the yellow envelope. "The masseuse is with Mrs. Harriman, isn't she?"

"Yes, Miss Blake. Strict orders she's not to be disturbed."

HELEN, who had read the message, could only sigh: "Well, it can't be avoided this time."

Capable Swedish hands had just soothed Mrs. Harriman to the sweet edge of the nap with which she liked to prelude her own parties.

"What is it, Blakey?" she asked, in a resentful voice, opening one eye and only opening it a very little.

"I'm afraid Sylvia is going to be rather late for dinner, Mrs. Harriman."

"Hell!" Mrs. Harriman said, with a vehemence which would have done credit to a marine.

Helen read her the telegram:

ALL TIED UP WITH SOME TIGER CUBS MAY NOT WANDER IN TILL ABOUT TEN

"That's sheer perversity," Mrs. Harriman exclaimed, thrusting an accusatory finger in Helen's direction as though it were Helen's perversity. "It's what I get for asking her to be on time as a special favor to me."

"What do you want to do about it, Mrs. Harriman?"

"We'll sit down at nine-fifteen at the latest, Sylvia or no Sylvia."

"The only trouble about doing that is that you'll be thirteen at table, or don't you mind?"

"Of course I mind. Or at least one of the half-witted women I've asked would be sure to mind. Well, there's only one thing for it, Blakey. You'll have to take her place and slip away when she arrives."

It was no great innovation. Part of Helen's job was to fill in agreeably at Mrs. Harriman's parties.

"In that case I imagine that you'll want to rearrange the table," she suggested. "Sylvia sits next to Lord Danforth, you know."

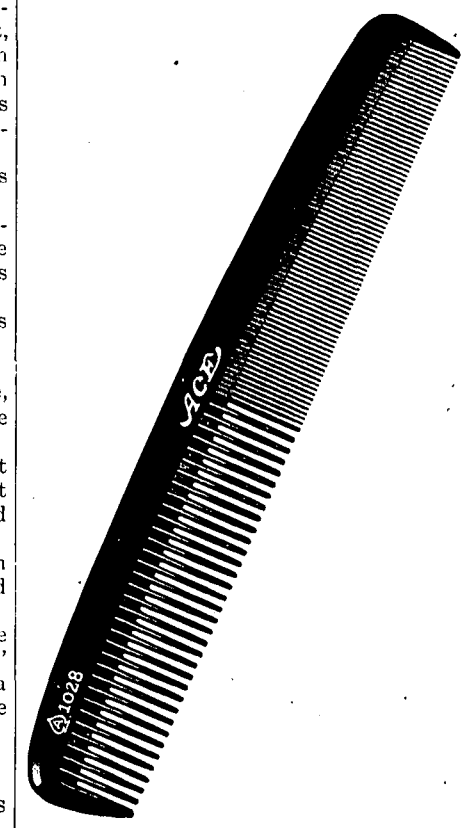
"I don't want to rearrange the table. I want Lord Danforth to have a chance to know Sylvia a little before the dance begins. Let it stand."

"All right, Mrs. Harriman."

"And I suppose I may as well have that pounding you wanted to give me, Hilma," Mrs. Harriman ended, turning to the masseuse. "No chance of a nap for me now."

(To be continued next week)

With the shaving outfit... *on the* dressing table... *in the* pocket...



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America's favorite
five cent pencil
is the answer.

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Miracle Men

Continued from page 19

foot against the door announced. *Her* beautiful sofa, the jewel of her heirlooms? There was a mistake; no one could have sent for her sofa; she had invariably refused all offers; and the sofa was willed to her nephew. Her arms shot out to bar the way, but she was thrust aside by strong hands that held her against the wall.

The two men waiting just outside brushed past her and without hesitation ran up the stairs to the second floor. The pair returned almost immediately, bearing her treasured sofa down the stairs, out through the gate and into the curtained van. "Keep quiet, lady, and I won't hurt you," the ugly creature said. The wretch at her side hastily followed, and the next moment men and van were gone.

"Those low creatures," she used to say afterward, "neither peered about nor searched my house, but went directly to the stairs, and up, as though drawn by a magnet. We have never been able to find the slightest trace of the thieves or of my rare, old sofa."

A Suave Technique

Fortunately, all the jobs which the furniture racketeer undertakes do not work out as flawlessly as did this one. But it is a fair example of their technique at its very best. In this case the pseudo art critic was the head scout of an organized gang.

The types of men who "racket" are as various as the public they meet. Many furniture racketeers are cultured foreigners, some are minus culture, others lack education.

Regardless of type, whether the scout is working directly or indirectly—whether he introduces himself as an antique dealer or disguises his purpose—he never admits enthusiasm for the object he plans to possess. Whenever he is frankly an antique dealer, the racketeer underestimates every piece of furniture that is offered for sale, though he can be led eventually to pay an extravagant price for an exceptionally fine piece. This he can afford to do because his gangsters always have ways of increasing their profits to counterbalance even the highest costs. It is when an outstanding piece cannot be bought at any price that the scout drops the subject of furniture. Then, under the cover of light topical chatter, he makes a careful survey of the situation, and if the prospects are favorable for a clean getaway, he contemplates theft.

Once the get-away is made, the chances of recovering a stolen article are slight indeed, for even the finest pieces are not displayed without falsification of some kind. Stripping the brasses from antique furniture is one of the methods racketeers follow to change the appearance of the wares they acquire through shady dealings. Without the hardware, identifying marks are lessened, and sometimes after a stolen piece is located competitive claims of identification are set up.

The fact that the source of genuine antique furniture is rapidly narrowing, with proportionately increased prices, causes racketeers to desire control of the market. In order to do this they talk down all antique furniture that is held by reputable dealers and extol their own wares to the utmost. Their imaginations know no bounds, and in their flights of fancy they frequently gild lilies of unquestionable merit.

Where a discriminating buyer or an honest antique dealer will be satisfied with an antique characterized throughout by perfect correlation of design, racketeers are impatient to add to its obvious value. One touch is needed to shoot the selling price skyward, and that is a celebrated signature. They know that a label signed with a distinguished name inside a drawer, or initials and date branded upon an inconspicuous part of a splendid example of antiquity, will increase the price from ten to one hundred times. For example, signed English furniture is of museum value, it is so rare. French signatures of consequence bring prohibitive prices also—$55,000 was paid by an American woman of wealth for a desk filled with secret drawers and signed for Marie Antoinette.

The worth of a signature that is difficult to find is often a question of debate among collectors, but racketeers readily explain that secluded signatures are most frequently long undiscovered for lack of a penetrating observer.

Racketeers assert publicly that old labels cannot be imitated, but they are familiar with the means of clever forging. The basis is a blank page cut from a book of an age contemporaneous with that of the piece of furniture that is to be marked. This sheet insures a correct tone and a quality of paper made in the designated period. The lettering of an original label is copied on the faded paper in either old type or type molded to old forms, or with ink made from an old formula, faded by strong artificial light. Such a label is a work of art when it is finished, and is not to be confused with makeshifts like reprints and lithographs.

The refusal of a racketeer to have the antiquity of his vaunted labels investigated by a responsible person is more nearly an admission of forgery than any evidence that can be deduced from the clever inventions themselves, but there are mechanical tests which are fairly reliable. For instance, whether the label has been there nearer two weeks than two hundred years can be determined by steaming a corner up. If the surface under this corner matches the color of the remainder of the board, the label is a new one, regardless of its own color, its type and faded ink. But when a light triangle appears under the lifted corner of the label it may be assumed that this is evidence that the paper was applied when the wood was new.

Multiplying Profits

The antique racketeer's business is increased by the rising market and, thanks to his freedom from scruple, he has less difficulty than the conscientious antique dealer with his source of supply. He can make five tables appear in the place of one; chairs, chests, beds, stools and the other types of early furniture are multiplied under his process. This consists of knocking an antique model apart, copying the parts in cleverly matched wood, and reconstructing replicas of the original, in each of which one genuinely antique part is combined with the faked parts.

In the case of the table, its top and four legs and minor sections are separated and the parts all copied with matched wood until there are enough members to make at least five tables in duplicate.

This scheme gives the racketeer a chance to multiply his gross profits five times, and it also enables him to satisfy five customers instead of only one. In some pieces the original and the duplicated new parts are so cleverly joined that even astute collectors are given considerable trouble to dissociate them, but more often the work is a clumsy falsification and bears evidence of crude faking—not too crude, however, not to mislead plenty of buyers.

Nothing yet has been discovered to equal the beautifying effect of time upon all hard cabinet woods, but the racketeer has no time to wait. He hurries new furniture into the rain, the sun, the wind and the snow. He leaves it on the roof of a tall metropolitan building throughout all the seasons, where the elements beat upon the wood textures and leave their stain. He places an expensive cabinet back of a barn, in the open where cattle knock against its sides. The racketeer smiles to himself—every knock is a dollar gained, dull knocks not so easily detected as those made with instruments, crushed glass or razor blades.

Aging the Wood

In back yards furniture is aging for the racketeers, and when it is "ripe" enough to be taken into a shop for the final rubbing and polishing, enough of the storm-ravaged wood will be left to indicate an old, if not too honest, past. The sale of this type of furniture has been so brisk at times that one racketeer was known to be unable to cope with his trade without outside help. It was impossible for his small finishing staff to do over enough furniture to keep up with orders. In his stock was a chest which had been so successfully weathered that a lady in sables had promised to pay two thousand dollars for it, provided it was restored, so the racketeer sent the chest back to the manufacturer from whom he had bought the piece a year before. The manufacturer in this case happened to be a man proud of his factory and the furniture built in it, and he was horrified at the condition of the returned chest. He berated his customer over the telephone.

"What on earth did you allow to happen to that chest?" the manufacturer growled. He despised abuse to furniture.

"Oh, that is just a little seasoning," his decorator-customer replied lightly. "All I want you to do is to put your finishers on it. Have them sandpaper through the rough" (wood that had been standing in an open court for a year) "and polish her over. Don't attempt to refine the edges, they are to stay exactly as they are. Don't clean the drawers or any of the insides of the works; I want them left dark as the rain and wind made them. They look as old as Moses now, and lots of my wise customers pull out the drawers to prove to themselves that they know an antique when they see one."

The manufacturer was aghast. He had no idea that the furniture ordered regularly by this customer (actually a racketeer) was maltreated after delivery, and as he had no intention of entering into partnership with a faker, the manufacturer directed the fellow to send back for the chest.

The American racketeer is not alone in his enjoyment of the rich rewards which await the ingenious counterfeiter in our market. He has to deal with the competition of foreigners as enterprising as himself. But the government, spurred by a long-continued strain on its credulity, is now watching and keeping check on both imports and domestic business. In this way, it is to be hoped, the word *antique* as applied to furniture may come once more to mean what it should mean—one hundred or more years old.

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Is Your Brake-lining man a magician?

You do not expect your brake service man to pull rabbits out of a hat. Is it any more reasonable to expect him to give you the *best* brake lining job, unless he uses the *best* lining?

No more labor is required to apply the best lining than the worst. Hence, the total extra cost to you of the best relining job is small compared with the extra service you receive. Not to make this slight additional investment is poor economy.

FERODO BRAKE LININGS

Among experts Ferodo Brake Linings are widely conceded to be the best. They are used by the biggest operators of buses and trucks, who should know. Like other quality products, they must be priced a little higher, but they cost less per mile of service. Besides, they give quieter, smoother and *safer* braking. Next time look up a Ferodo Service Station.

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Manufacturers of Ferodo Bonded Asbestos Brake Lining in rolls, Ferodo Pat. *Die-Pressed* Brake Segments, Ferodo M-R Lining and Ferodo M-R Brake Blocks.

The Bloodhounds of Broadway

Continued from page 13

house over in West Fifty-fourth Street about three blocks away, where it seems a guy is shot, and not having anything else to do, I go with them, although as a rule I do not care to associate with coppers, because it arouses criticism from other citizens.

Well, who is the guy that is shot but Marvin Clay, and he is stretched out on the floor in the living-room of his apartment in evening clothes, with his shirt front covered with blood, and after Inspector McNulty takes a close peek at him, he says that Marvin Clay is plugged smack dab in the chest and that he seems to be fairly dead. Furthermore, there seems to be no clue whatever to who does the shooting, and Inspector McNulty says it is undoubtedly a very great mystery and will be duck soup for the newspapers, especially as they do not have a good shooting mystery for several days.

WELL, of course all this is none of my business, but all of a sudden I happen to think of John Wangle and his bloodhounds, and it seems to me it will be a great opportunity for them, so I say to the Inspector as follows:

"Listen, Mac," I say, "there is a guy here with a pair of man-tracking bloodhounds from Georgia who are very expert in tracking down matters such as this, and," I say, "maybe they can track down the rascal who shoots Marvin Clay, because the trail must be hotter than mustard right now."

Well, afterwards I hear there is much indignation over my suggestion, because many citizens feel that the party who shoots Marvin Clay is entitled to more consideration than being tracked with bloodhounds. In fact, some think the party is entitled to a medal.

Anyway, at first the Inspector does not think much of my idea, and the other coppers are very skeptical and claim that the best thing to do under the circumstances is to arrest everybody in sight and hold them as material witnesses for a month or so, but the trouble is there is nobody in sight to arrest at this time, except maybe me, and the Inspector is a broad-minded guy, and finally he says all right, bring on the bloodhounds.

So I hasten back to Mindy's and, sure enough, John Wangle and Nip and Tuck are out on the sidewalk peering at every passing face in the hope that maybe one of these faces will belong to Regret. It is a very pathetic sight, indeed, but John Wangle cheers up when I explain about Marvin Clay to him, and hurries back to the apartment house with me so fast that he stretches Nip's neck a foot, and is pulling Tuck along on his stomach half the time.

Well, when we get back to the apartment, John Wangle leads Nip and Tuck up to Marvin Clay, and they snuffle him all over, because it seems bloodhounds are quite accustomed to dead guys. Then John Wangle unhooks their leashes, and yells something at them, and the hounds begin snuffling all around and about the joint, with Inspector McNulty and the other coppers watching with great interest. John Wangle puts Nip and Tuck back on the leash and all of a sudden they go busting out of the apartment and into the street, with John Wangle after them, and all the rest of us after John Wangle. They head across Fifty-fourth Street back to Broadway, and the next thing anybody knows they are doing plenty of snuffling around in front of Mindy's.

By and by they take off up Broadway with their snoozles to the sidewalk, and we follow them very excited, because even the coppers now admit that it seems to be a sure thing they are red hot on the trail of the party who shoots Marvin Clay. At first Nip and Tuck are walking, but pretty soon they break into a lope, and there we are loping after them, John Wangle, the Inspector, and me and the coppers.

At Fifty-sixth the hounds turn east off Broadway and stop at the door of what seems to be an old garage, this door being closed very tight, and Nip and Tuck seem to wish to get through this door, so the Inspector and the coppers kick the door open, and who is in the garage having a big crap game but many prominent citizens of Broadway. Naturally these citizens are greatly astonished at seeing the bloodhounds and the rest of us, especially the coppers, and they start running every which way trying to get out of the joint, because crap shooting is quite illegal in these parts.

But the Inspector only says "Ah-ha," and starts jotting down names in a notebook as if it is something he will refer to later, and Nip and Tuck are out of the joint almost as soon as they get in and are snuffling on down Fifty-sixth. They stop at four more doors in Fifty-sixth Street alone, and when the coppers kick open these doors they find they are nothing but speakeasies, although one is a hop joint, and the citizens in these places are greatly put out by the excitement, especially as Inspector McNulty keeps jotting down things in his notebook.

Finally the Inspector starts glaring very fiercely at the coppers with us, and anybody can see that he is much displeased to find so much illegality going on in this district, and the coppers are starting in to hate Nip and Tuck quite freely, and one copper says to me like this:

"Why," he says, "these mutts are nothing but stool pigeons."

Well, naturally the noise of John Wangle's yelling and the gabble of the mob following the hounds makes quite a disturbance and arouses many of the neighbors in the apartment houses and hotels in the side streets, especially as most everybody has their windows open.

In fact, we see many tousled heads poked out of windows and hear guys and dolls inquiring as follows:

"What is going on?"

WELL, all of a sudden Nip and Tuck swing back into Seventh Avenue, and pop into the entrance of a small apartment house and go tearing up the stairs to the first floor, and when we get there these bloodhounds are scratching vigorously at the door of Apartment B-2, and going woofle-woofle, and we are all greatly excited, indeed, but the door opens and who is standing there but a doll by the name of Maud Milligan, who is well known to one and all as the ever-loving doll of Big Nig, the crap shooter, who is down in Hot Springs at this time taking the waters, or whatever it is guys take in Hot Springs.

Now Maud Milligan is not such a doll as I would admire, being red-headed and very stern, and I am glad Nip and Tuck do not waste any more time in her apartment than it takes for them to run through her living-room and across her bed, because Maud is commencing to put the old eye on such of us present as she happens to know. But Nip and Tuck are in and out of the joint before you can say scat, because it is only a two-room apartment, at that, and we are on

(Continued on page 66)

"I wouldn't be without one"

Damon Runyon, journalist, traveler, authority on sports.

Sportswriter

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WHEREVER big things are taking place—there you'll find Damon Runyon . . . and his Corona.

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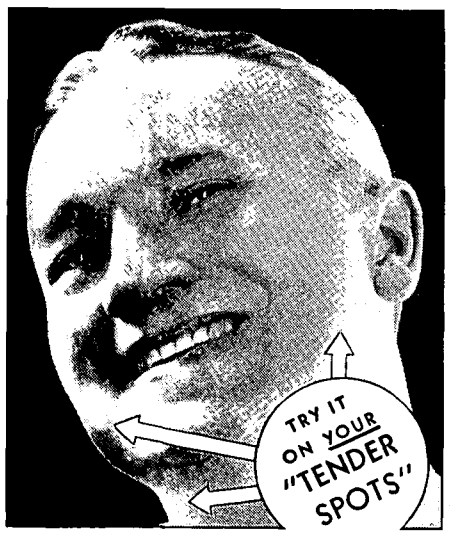

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Try it—note the difference

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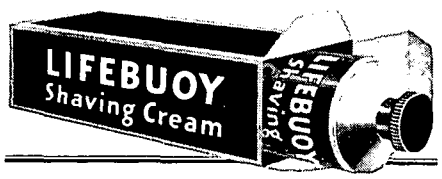

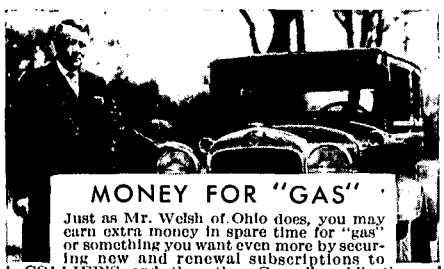

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See opposite page ➡

(Continued from page 65)

our way down the stairs and back into Seventh Avenue again while Inspector NcNulty is still jotting down something in his notebook.

Finally where do these hounds wind up, with about four hundred citizens behind them, and everybody perspiring quite freely, indeed, from the exercise, but at the door of Miss Missouri Martin's Three Hundred Club, and the doorman, who is a guy by the name of Soldier Sweeney, tries to shoo them away, but Nip runs between the Soldier's legs and upsets him and Tuck steps on the Soldier's eye in trotting over him, and most of the crowd behind the hounds tread on him in passing, so the old Soldier is pretty well flattened out at the finish.

Nip and Tuck are now more excited than somewhat and are going zoople-zoople in loud voices as they bust into the Three Hundred Club with John Wangle and the law and all these citizens behind them. There is a very large crowd present and Miss Missouri Martin is about to start her show when she sees the mob surge in, and at first she is greatly pleased because she thinks new business arrives, and if there is anything Miss Missouri Martin dearly loves, it is new business.

But before she can say Hello, folks, or anything else whatever, Nip runs under her chair, thinking maybe he is a dachshund, and dumps Miss Missouri Martin on the dance floor, and she lays there squawking no little, while the next thing anybody knows, Nip and Tuck are over in one corner of the joint and are eagerly crawling up and down a fat guy who is sitting there with a doll alongside of him, and who is the fat guy but Regret!

WELL, as Nip and Tuck rush at Regret he naturally gets up to defend himself, but they both hit him at the same time, and over he goes on top of the doll who is with him, and who seems to be nobody but Miss Lovey Lou. She is getting quite a squashing with Regret's heft spread out over her, and she is screaming quite some, especially when Nip lets out a foot of tongue and washes the make-up off her face, reaching for Regret. In fact Miss Lovey Lou seems to be more afraid of the bloodhounds than she does of being squashed to death, for when John Wangle and I hasten to her rescue and pull her out from under Regret she is moaning as follows:

"Oh, do not let them devour me—I will confess."

Well, as nobody but me and John Wangle seem to hear this crack, because everybody else is busy trying to split out Regret and the bloodhounds, and as John Wangle does not seem to understand what Miss Lovey Lou is mumbling about, I shove her off into the crowd and on back into the kitchen, which is now quite deserted, what with all the help being out watching the muss in the corner, and I say to her like this:

"What is it you confess?" I say. "Is it about Marvin Clay?"

"Yes," she says. "It is about him. He is a pig," she says. "I shot him, and I am glad of it. He is not satisfied with what he does to me two years ago, but he tries his deviltry on my baby sister. He has her in his apartment and when I find it out and go to get her, he says he will not let her go. So I shoot him. With my brother's pistol," she says, 'and I take my baby sister home with me, and I hope he is dead and gone where he belongs."

"Well, now," I say, "I am not going to give you any argument as to where Marvin Clay belongs, but," I say, "you skip out and go home, and wait until we can do something about this situation, while I go back and help Regret, who seems to be in a tough spot."

"Oh, do not let these terrible dogs eat him up," she says, and with this she takes the breeze and I return to the other room to find there is much confusion, indeed, because it seems that Regret is now very indignant at Nip and Tuck, especially when he discovers that one of them plants his big old paw right on the front of Regret's shirt bosom, leaving a dirty mark. So when he struggles to his feet, Regret starts letting go with both hands, and he is by no means a bad puncher for a guy who does not do much punching as a rule. In fact, he flattens Nip with a right hand to the jaw and knocks Tuck plumb across the room with a left hook.

WELL, poor Tuck slides over the slick dance floor into Miss Missouri Martin just as she is getting to her feet again, and bowls her over once more, but Miss Missouri Martin is also indignant by this time, and she gets up and kicks Tuck in a most unladylike manner. Of course Tuck does not know so much about Miss Martin, but he is pretty sure his old friend Regret is only playing with him, so back he goes to Regret with his tongue out and his tail wagging, and there is no telling how long this may go on if John Wangle does not step in and grab both hounds, while Inspector McNulty puts the arm on Regret and tells him he is under arrest for shooting Marvin Clay.

Well, of course everybody can see at once that Regret must be the guilty party all right, especially when it is remembered that he once has trouble with Marvin Clay, and one and all present are looking at Regret in great disgust and saying you can see by his face that he is nothing but a degenerate type.

Furthermore, Inspector McNulty makes a speech to Miss Missouri Martin's customers in which he congratulates John Wangle and Nip and Tuck on their wonderful work in tracking down this terrible criminal, and at the same time putting in a few boosts for the police department, while Regret stands there paying very little attention to what the Inspector is saying, but trying to edge himself over close enough to Nip and Tuck to give them the old foot.

Well, the customers applaud what Inspector McNulty says, and Miss Missouri Martin gets up a collection of over two C's for John Wangle and his hounds, not counting what she holds out for herself. Also the chef comes forward and takes John Wangle and Nip and Tuck back into the kitchen, and stuffs them full of food, although personally I will just as soon not have any of the food they serve in the Three Hundred Club.

They take Regret to the jail house, and he does not seem to understand why he is under arrest, but he knows it has something to do with Nip and Tuck and he tries to bribe one of the coppers to put the bloodhounds in the same cell with him for a while, though naturally the copper will not consider such a proposition. While Regret is being booked at the jail house, word comes around that Marvin Clay is not only not dead, but the chances are he will get well, which he does, at that.

Moreover, he finally bails Regret out, and not only refuses to prosecute him but skips the country as soon as he is able to move, although Regret lays in the sneezer for several weeks, at that, never letting on, after he learns the real situation, that he is not the party who plugs Marvin Clay. Naturally Miss Lovey Lou is very grateful to Regret for his wonderful sacrifice and will no doubt become his ever-loving wife in a minute, if Regret thinks to ask her, but it seems Regret finds himself brooding so much over the idea of an ever-loving wife who is so handy with a roscoe that he never really asks.

IN THE meantime, John Wangle and Nip and Tuck go back to Georgia on the dough collected by Miss Missouri Martin, and with a big reputation as man-trackers. So this is all there is to the story, except that one night I run into Regret with a suitcase in his hand, and when I ask him if he is going away, he says this is indeed his general idea. Moreover, he says he is going very far away. Naturally I ask him why this is, and Regret says to me as follows:

"Well," he says, "ever since Big Nig, the crap shooter, comes back from Hot Springs and hears how the bloodhounds track the shooter of Marvin Clay, he is walking up and down looking at me out of the corner of his eye. In fact," Regret says, "I can see that Big Nig is studying something over in his mind, and while Big Nig is a guy who is not such a fast thinker as others, I am afraid he may finally think himself to a bad conclusion.

"I am afraid," Regret says, "that Big Nig will think himself to the conclusion that Nip and Tuck are tracking me instead of the shooter, as many evil-minded guys are already whispering around and about, and that he may get the wrong idea about the trail leading to Maud Milligan's door."

"I always think it's a funny coincidence that my name should be Daniel"

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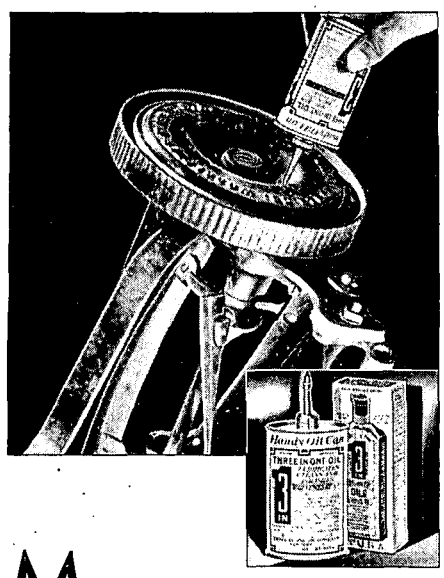

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 22

was closed, the household departed. He had waited for no more, but had left to Jack the establishing of contact with the police, Keneh and Cairo.

Now, having crossed the mountains, skirted a big Arab village and a desolate district where ancient mine workings suggested to his excited brain that they might be the homes of gnomes and goblins, the car was climbing through black rocks, up and up, for thousands of feet. In the light of early morning he looked down on a bleak plain dotted here and there with grayish mounds uprising amid the sun-bleached rocks of the desert.

As the car sped along, Haig gloated over the idea of taking the wizened throat of Hassan es-Sûk between his two hands and strangling that amiable old blackguard.

EILEEN, for the second time since she had set out on that ill-fated voyage from the London docks, found herself groping in the dark, trying to remember what had happened. . . .

It had something to do with drinking a cup of coffee. And Céleste—poor Céleste—had not been there. . . .

She recalled that this latter fact, for some reason, had worried her. . . .

"The risk is too great," a man's voice had said. . . . "It's madness! This may ruin us. . . ."

She had been ill, perhaps. It was all part of delirium . . . those gardens with the orange trees in which monkeys played . . . that queer recollection of being tended in a bath—lifted out—massaged . . . and the sickly, anæsthetic smell.

Its nauseating effects seemed to linger—she felt very sick. And there were voices again. . . .

"Yes, but it is dangerous. How can I ever hope to carry her so far? . . ."

"The price is low, my friend, for such . . ."

"Make yourself responsible . . . for her transport to . . ."

"Consider . . ."

"Her legs are too thin for the taste of His Serene Highness. . . ."

It was this last remark which had finally aroused Eileen.

She opened her eyes, looked down at herself—and, galvanized into life, sprang upright.

She was in a large salon with a matting-covered floor and closely shuttered windows. She had been lying on a divan covered with faded tapestry, above which hung a lighted lamp. Before her, one stout hand raised to his hairless lip as if in consideration, was a stout, greasy-looking person wearing European clothes.

Beside him stood a very dirty old Arab.

Eileen looked swiftly about her.

Taking a swift step forward, and conquering that deadly nausea which threatened to overcome her, she struck the hesitating buyer on his fat face!

Once, she struck . . . twice! He recoiled. A third time—and this with her fist!

Hassan es-Sûk clutched her in his sinewy old hands.

With her knee she kicked him viciously in the stomach. He released her. She kicked him again.

But this spurt of strength which had flared up under the sense of outrage now deserted her. She staggered, swayed forward . . . and felt the old Arab clutch her as she fell.

Followed an interval of complete unconsciousness. And then, a voice—the voice of the Arab again.

"What could I do, Effendîm? Said brought her to me. How was I to know she was reserved? Here was a famous jewel—and money is money. Business is also business, as the French say."

"Apparently a poisoned jewel!"

"She struck Ali Mahmoud in the face! And he had offered—my heart bleeds—one thousand English pounds for her!"

"He withdrew his offer, I presume?"

"Immediately, Effendîm. I fear he will come no more to my house. She has ruined me. Also, the American pigs know she is here. At any moment the café may be raided."

"Forget this fear, Hassan. I had thought the chief eunuch of the prince a wiser man. But my money is as good as his, and I also collect fair women. Twelve hundred pounds English, Hassan? Your share will be a big one."

Eileen opened her eyes.

She still lay in that dark, stuffy salon. The villainous old Arab was there; but she thought less of him than of the man who had last spoken, a tall, slim figure wearing a *tarbûsh*. His features were indistinguishable because of bandages which swathed them about, but through these bandages, dark eyes watched her greedily.

A silken coverlet had been thrown over her. She grasped this and drew it up to her shoulders.

"You have nothing to fear from me, my child," said the tall Egyptian.

"Although you just offered to buy me!" Eileen whispered.

"Perhaps this was the only way."

She sat upright, holding the coverlet close about her; and:

"You miserable, cowardly dog!" she said. "Do you think you or any other man could buy *me?*"

A DOOR at the farther end of the salon, one which she could not see, opened softly. The behavior of the Egyptian and the old Arab sharply diverted her attention, made her turn. . . .

Yu'an Hee See came down the steps.

Hassan bowed nearly to the floor, and began to retreat, still bowing, towards another door which Eileen realized lay somewhere behind her. The Egyptian stared at the Chinaman as though Hell's gates had opened and Satan had stepped forth.

Yuan Hee See, his arms locked behind him, stood still for a while, hissing softly; then, pointing toward Eileen:

"So this is the story, my friend," he said, the quivering flute notes sounding unlike anything human. "I passed through the tail end of the sandstorm which forced you down in the desert. It delayed your journey—but not mine. A fortunate accident, Aswâmi, for me—not for you. Always—always—I suspected. But last night, or very late this morning, I forced the truth from our little Orange Blossom, Aswâmi . . . *forced* the truth—you understand?"

He began to laugh; and it was dreadful laughter—laughter which for years afterwards haunted Eileen's dreams—incredibly high—chilling—a deathly menace.

Aswâmi Pasha seemed to be choking. Old Hassan stood rigidly just beside Eileen. Then, checking his laughter, apparently with an effort:

"Come, my friend," said Yu'an Hee See; he waved tapering fingers of invitation to the Egyptian. "I have matters to discuss with you which I do not desire this lady to overhear."

Aswâmi tried to speak, but failed, and:

(*Continued on page 68*)

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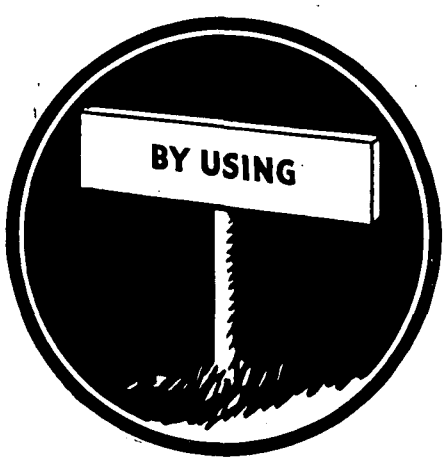

Cont'd from preceding page

(Continued from page 67)

"Come, my friend," the Chinaman repeated softly. "You have nothing to gain by remaining here."

He fixed his slanting eyes, which seemed to be closed, on the rigid figure of old Hassan es-Sûk.

"Carry this lady through to the café room," he ordered. "Find clothing. Bar your doors and return. I shall have work for you."

Eileen fell back, sick and faint, upon the divan. The bandaged Egyptian, with one last glance in her direction, walked up the steps and out, followed by the Chinaman. The door was closed; and:

"Most beautiful lady," the Arab began, "please remember of me . . ."

"Get out!" said Eileen faintly. "Get out, you dirty old pig!"

The drug administered—with grave misgivings—by Dr. Julian Hess at Koseîr (only half an hour before he left for Cairo) to carry on the work done by the opiate earlier placed in her coffee, overcame her again. . . .

She felt herself lifted—carried. . . . There was a dull crash—a stifled gurgling cry. . . .

IN a long low room, a sort of canteen, Yu'an Hee See's rogues were gathered. The roof of the place was supported by roughly hewn palm branches and thatched with matted bamboo; it was a mere lean-to against one of those twenty-foot, sun-bleached walls.

This was in fact that wall beyond which Dawson Haig had heard a babel of many tongues. And now the clamor rose higher than ever.

Black eunuchs, each with the golden badge in his *tarbûsh*, waited upon that gang of desperadoes. There was no drink devised by man which was not obtainable. Most of the Asiatics remained sober, and were clustered at one end of the place around Jo Lung and Len Chow, the latter looking strangely out of place, with his scholarly spectacles.

Above the buzz of general conversation, angry cries arose from time to time. There were scattered groups at tables, but the largest of these congregated at the farther end of the canteen around MacIles, the Scottish engineer. Dr. Oestler was there, Franz Hartog, Red, the Wasp; in short, most of the crew of the submarine.

Dr. Oestler was addressing the Scotsman, leaning forward across the table in order to make himself audible above the din. Hartog and the Wasp listened attentively to the doctor's words.

"I tell you, Mac," he said, "what you suggest is madness—ha? Madness. When you consider that we have two millions of minted money, not unloaded from the *dhow*, ha?—where is your good sense to suggest that the Chief has deserted us? Why should he desert us, ha? just when we have accomplished so great a success?"

"This is true," said the Wasp. He turned his vicious glance upon the Scotsman. "What do you say to this?"

MacIles, who was dead sober—he had touched nothing for twenty-four hours—fixed bleary eyes upon the speaker, and:

"I say," he replied, "tha' life is more valu'ble than gold. The Chief has gone, and so has Mr. King."

"How can you know this?" asked Dr. Oestler.

"That doesna' matter—I ken it. There's a Breetish warship nosing aboot the island. We a' know that."

"But they have come, these fellows, before," the Wasp interrupted— "and found, what? Nothing. Besides, they cannot pass the reef."

"Maybe no'," the Scot agreed, gloomily. "But they can put a landing party ashore, to cut us off on the east, and they cou' blaw this place to smithereens in twa minutes. Listen to wha' the lads are saying!"

Indeed it was apparent enough that the ruffians in the canteen were dissatisfied. High above the clamor a voice was heard demanding:

"Vot about der share-out? Dis it iss I ask. Vot about der share-out?"

The voice was drowned in drunken shouts, and:

"They dinna ken the truth," said MacIles. "Something's gone agley, and we've been left to face the music. It's true, we have the money, but we'll never live to spend it, unless we do wha' I suggest."

"You see, Mac," Dr. Oestler interjected, "it is pretty clear that we had a spy amongst us, ha? The Chief has gone to head him off—ha? head him off? If the other has gone also, why the situation is bad I think—bad. But we should wait—ha?—for instructions. You think so? I am myself in favor of waiting for instructions."

"Then I'm not!" MacIles was the speaker, and he banged his hand upon the table, to emphasize his words. "No harm can be done by hiding the bawbies. There's only one place we can hide them, and hide oursel', if we're to be raided—"

"I do not think she will carry it, not also with a full crew," said Dr. Oestler.

"Leave tha' to me," said the Scotsman, truculently. "If *I* say she can carry it—she can carry it."

At which pandemonium broke loose.

"I'm with you, Mac! . . ."

"Good old Mac! . . ."

"Listen to Mac. . . ."

"Dis iss der man for me. . . ."

The Wasp, suddenly converted, sprang impulsively onto the table, raised his arms above his head; and:

"Quiet! quiet!" he cried. But this admonition not being obeyed: "*Orders!*" he shouted.

That word had its familiar effect.

"You are taking risks, ha?" Dr. Oestler murmured.

"When the Chief is absent, you and Mac are senior," the Italian snapped viciously. "You call for orders, Mac?"

"Guid enough," said the Scotsman.

A HALF silence fell upon the drunken gathering. Conversation was lowered to drunken whispers. MacIles stood up, and the Italian jumped from the table.

"Boys," said MacIles, "I've ca'd for orders, because there's no one else here to gi'e them. . . ."

A stifled roar greeted his words. Jo Lung's party moved nearer.

"There's something wrong," the speaker continued. "I canna tell what it is, but our course is plain. I'm for transshipping the gold to the submarine, and standing by wi' all hands to submerge at the fairst hoot o' danger. Now, who's wi' me?"

A general roar indicated that all were with him.

"It's only us of the crew have anything to be afraid of," he continued. "But when the Chief retairns, if he does retairn, he can only thank us. There's a Breetish warship. . . ."

His words dramatically were terminated by the sound of a distant gunshot. MacIles looked down at Dr. Oestler, whose face, suddenly, had grown very white.

"That'll be yon Panther," he said calmly. "She'll be putting a boat ashore! . . ."

THE establishments controlled by Yu'an Hee See had one notable characteristic. They might be devoted exclusively to the sale of stolen property. They might be shipping and forwarding agencies, dealing in his loot, and also in drugs. They might, like the estab-

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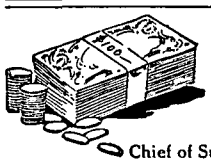

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lishment in Stamboul or that of Hassan es-Sûk in Keneh, be showrooms for the choicer products of those merciless raids, as a result of which frequent caravans passed at midnight along the ancient desert roads.

But this one property they had in common: there was a secret entrance and exit, known only to the local manager, and to those who may be termed Yu'an Hee See's board of directors; viz.: Aswâmi Pasha, Polodos and Dr. Oestler.

In the case of the Café Magrâbi, there were two such entrances and exits. One of these opened upon a narrow lane at the back into an old house which adjoined the establishment of Hassan. The other, reached by a short passage below this lane, was in a smaller house fronting on another street altogether.

This house was the residence, ostensibly, of a well-to-do potter of Keneh who was much away from home on business. And at such times, a Nubian caretaker might be seen smoking his pipe in the doorway.

There were a number of small rooms in the potter's house, and one large salon on the first floor.

This salon was the secret slave market.

Police headquarters in Cairo had got busy from the moment that Haig reported there—so had the American consulate. But, which was not remarkable, they had apparently wasted their time.

THE Café Magrâbi proclaimed itself what it professed to be—a dubious house of entertainment, in which, doubtless, dances were given for the amusement of selected visitors, but which, out of the season, relied upon local patronage.

But, on the morning that Haig and Rattray landed from one of Yu'an Hee See's motor cruisers at Koseîr, further steps had been taken. They had proved unavailing. Major Hilton, the American representative, had endeavored to frighten old Hassan es-Sûk into some admission. The endeavor had failed.

And whilst British and American agents watched the café, Eileen was taken into the potter's house and offered for sale!

When, at about two o'clock, Dawson Haig arrived, the dingy shutters of the café were closed. A circumstance, this, to attract little attention in that street, since Hassan frequently closed his establishment during the hotter hours of the day, presumably in order that he might take a siesta.

The party accompanying Haig had these shutters down in a trice. A small group of local inhabitants watched the operation apathetically. Haig leading, they dashed into the dirty café.

Where there had been a matting curtain leading to the short corridor beyond, a stout wooden door now showed. They broke it down.

This was the sound that, mingled with a gurgling shriek, had formed Eileen's last waking memories.

Indeed, old Hassan (whose doors were already barred), having carried the unconscious girl through the tunnel, had only just laid her on the divan when the raid started. He left her and fled to an upper back room from the balcony of which he had a private exit of his own onto a neighboring roof. . . .

Haig dashed down the three wooden steps.

"Eileen!" he cried.

He was on his knees beside a pathetic white figure, half draped by a dirty coverlet. His teeth clenched in furious anger, he drew it more closely over her, and eagerly bent his head. Then, at last:

"Thank God!" he whispered. . . . "Thank God!"

"Is she all right, sir?" asked the hefty police sergeant who had followed him into the place.

Dawson Haig turned, and nodded.

"The swine have drugged her! We must get her out."

The tall lean figure of Major Hilton blocked the opening of the doorway.

"Leave her to me, Inspector," he said; "she belongs in my province, although I see you share it. Go to the job of getting the devils who brought her here."

Haig nodded, gave one last glance at the girl's pale face, and raced up the steps upon the other side of the room. The door was barred. He stepped back to get a purchase, but:

"Stand aside, sir!" roared the sergeant.

And like a battering ram he hurled himself against the woodwork. The first impact of his two hundred pounds did the job.

Dawson Haig entered a smaller room, with a matting-covered floor, a divan, and an iron-barred window. It was empty. There was a narrow staircase leading out of it—the very staircase up which old Hassan had run not five minutes before. There was an open door, a disguised door very cunningly contrived, low down in one wall. Below—brick steps.

"Upstairs, Sergeant! Take three men! Send three more after me!"

Haig, ducking his head, raced down into the short tunnel which led to the house of the potter.

The way was open, and presently he found himself in an empty lobby, dark, and smelling mustily. He stood still, listening. Men were following along the passage, but in the house nothing stirred.

He ran up a wide staircase, and into a salon with shuttered windows. One lamp burned above that divan upon which Eileen had been submitted to the judgment of the chief eunuch of His Serene Highness. He crossed to a door approached by steps. It was unlocked; and he pushed it open, cautiously.

On the threshold of the room beyond he fell back.

"Merciful God!" he whispered.

A man whose face was a criss-cross of surgical bandages, a tall man, scrupulously well-dressed, from whose dark hair a *tarbûsh* had fallen, lay upon the floor in a pool of blood, his throat torn as though by the fangs of a wild animal!

"This was how poor Norwich died! . . . the Thing I saw in London is here somewhere!"

Men were running across the floor behind him; he turned.

"Jump to it, boys! Get to work! We must search every inch of this rat hole. . . ."

But the rat hole was empty, from moldy, decaying roof, to stinking cellars!

The only person, other than Eileen, found on the premises was Aswâmi Pasha, his jugular pierced by curving teeth, his blood pumping out automatically from those ghastly wounds.

And Haig thought he detected a faint smell of musk.

IN a long, low hangar, which from above (from an airplane, for example) resembled no more than a mound in the desert, the German U-boat, bought for breaking-up purposes by an agent of Yu'an Hee See three years before, and "lost" owing to the parting of a towrope on her way from the Australian yards, lay under flood lights suspended from the roof.

Two streams of Negroes poured, like black ants, up and down her gangway, the upstream laden with small, heavy boxes, the downstream empty-handed.

(Continued on page 70)

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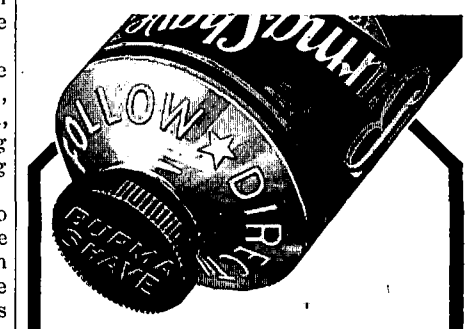

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(*Continued from page 69*)

Two million pounds in minted money was thus transferred from the *dhow* at anchor in the near-by harbor to the hidden submarine.

Supplementing the toils of the Negroes were members of the crew, each bearing a load of five thousand pounds sterling; and Red, the big Swede, proud of his strength, carrying ten thousand pounds sterling upon his great shoulders.

Gayety was restored. Danger was imminent, but there was not a man in that company unused to it. The only redeeming feature of Yu'an Hee See's rogues lay in the fact that they risked their own lives as readily as they destroyed the lives of others.

On the light-flooded wharf, Dr. Oestler, excited by many glasses of champagne, grasped the arm of MacIles as the Scot came down the gangway, pushing his way past laden carriers.

"I tell you, Mac," said the doctor hoarsely—"she is overloaded! Ha? That gold weighs nearly six tons, and with the crew . . ."

MACILES broke away from the detaining hand.

"Shut your mouth," he replied roughly. "I'm boss o' this job. Dinna sail wi' me if ye ha' doubts."

But the Austrian physician was not without supporters. Len Chow, second-in-command of the U-boat, stood by him, and:

"I agree with the doctor," he said in his monotonous tones—"that only two tons should be shipped."

"Go to hell!"

"I must remind you, Mr. MacIles, that in my chief's absence I am in charge here."

"Indeed?"

The vice-lined, unshaven, but truculent face of MacIles was thrust close to that of the spectacled Chinaman.

"I could navigate her to the Plata River—aye! an' back again!—wi' my eyes shut! But is there a scab among ye could run her motors?"

"Franz could do so—ha?" Oestler suggested.

MacIles drew back and seemed to reflect.

"That's true," he admitted, reluctantly. "But I just had a sma' deeference o' opinion wi' my second, Mr. Franz Hartog. . . . I settled it wi' a spanner!"

He brushed Len Chow aside and passed on.

An Arab boy came running. A launch from the gunboat was headed for the jetty. . . .

MacIles returned, urging the Wasp, box upon shoulder, to greater speed.

"There goes the last five thousand," said he; and, raising his voice: "*All aboard!*" he cried.

He turned to Dr. Oestler.

"The town's empty. Only the blacks and the Chief's canary birds are left. Ye're woman's expecting you, Doctor—"

Jo Lung and Dr. Oestler's wife (known on the Wallaroo as Miss Ednam) stood at the head of the gangway, anxiously watching the trio on the little wharf. The Negroes had drawn away and were grouped like cattle near the wide entrance gates.

"Do ye sail?"

The Austrian thought: "Money opens many doors, ha?" There was no escape if he remained ashore. The marquis and the pasha plainly had deserted the sinking ship, and the danger must have been great, since they had left two millions of minted money behind them.

Dr. Oestler nodded briefly and walked up the gangway, followed by MacIles and Len Chow. A few moments later it was dragged clear by two Nubians, and MacIles was at his engines. Hartog, the second engineer, senseless, cumbered a narrow alleyway. . . .

They slipped out to the open sea, through an inlet northwest of the harbor and beyond the headland which guarded it. Oestler, from the forward conning tower, saw the threatening gray lines of H. M. S. Panther lying half a mile outside the reef.

Then, for he knew the channel like the palm of his hand, Len Chow gave the order to submerge. Only through the periscope did that doomful shape remain visible.

They sank lower.

Dr. Oestler ran down a cramped iron ladder. He stumbled and clutched. It seemed to be strangely tilted.

"They can never see the periscope!" he cried, his voice stifled in stuffy oiliness. "Why do we submerge so deep? . . ."

The whole fabric of the underwater craft shook suddenly and quivered as though a submarine earthquake had taken place beneath her keel!

"Mac!" Oestler screamed desperately. —"Chow! Gott! . . . we're *aground!*"

The Scotsman stopped his motors.

Other voices came, dimly at first—then raised to shouting pitch. There was movement—rushing footsteps—clattering—at once, curiously enough, sharpened yet dimmed, by the tonnage of water beneath which they lay . . .

"Dr. Oestler," said MacIles, "Mr. Len Chow—ye were right in a' ye said! We're overloaded. There's five fathoms between us and God's sunshine, and no human power can raise us to it. We're buried under the sea, wi' two million pounds and a' our sins!"

The iron-framed doorway was crowded with ghastly faces. MacIles sprang to his feet, dropped to his knees, and raising his head and his locked hands:

"Oh, Lord!" he cried, "for this one wee deed in a sinful life—spare me a grain o' mercy!"

THAT nameless town dominated by the palace of Yu'an Hee See was closely invested. A landing party under Lieutenant Hesketh held the only two routes to the desert beyond. A second party in the launch—Lieutenant Markham—which had found its way in to the jetty, discovered a deserted port.

Even the café in the palm-lined street was empty, save for one dog. The Arab inhabitants, willing servants of the master on the hill, had flown at the moment that the battleship had showed her nose over the horizon. Such was their custom. They had been three miles inland with their women, children and few portable possessions, long before Lieutenant Hesketh's party had come ashore a mile north of the bay.

Only the eunuchs, like stupid, faithful dogs, remained, huddled in a hapless group inside the great gates opening on the courtyard of the old palace.

The palace itself, with its wonderful gardens, exotic birds and animals, surpassed anything which Lieutenant Markham had seen or imagined. Room after room, each more luxurious than another, he explored, with a wondering party. One very strong door defied them for a long time, but succumbed at last. Instantly they knew they were in the women's quarters.

The female inhabitants of Yu'an Hee See's palace, huddled in cushioned corners, were staring wide-eyed at the intruders; the Arab women uttering queer, wailing sounds. . . .

Lieutenant Markham pressed on through more and more extravagant apartments . . . and suddenly found muscular arms about his neck, and tearful dark eyes looking up into his own!

"Oh, thank God, I see you!" cried Céleste. "But tell me quickly—is she safe? Is she safe?"

The lieutenant, much embarrassed, endeavored to extricate himself, and:

"Madam," said he, "I don't know what you mean!"

"The little girl—Eileen—who was here!"

"She means Miss Kearney, sir," said one of the party. "The American lady who disappeared in Port Said."

Lieutenant Markham, looking into the quivering face, suddenly understood, and:

"I am sorry," he said, "truly sorry. But I have no news of her. But, I think—" as the woman's massive figure seemed to become limp—"she is safe."

"One of the right sort, sir," said the former speaker. "She could give us a few tips."

"I can give you no tip, my friend," Céleste replied sorrowfully. "All I know is what happens inside these walls." She waved eloquent hands. "But in that room there—" she pointed dramatically to a narrow door paneled in dull gold—"in that room there, this morning, something happened. . . . I think —a good thing."

"Have you the key?" asked the lieutenant.

Céleste laughed, and:

"No, break it down!" she said.

IT PROVED to be nearly as tough a job as the door leading to the women's quarters; but it was accomplished at last.

A horrified group stood on the threshold of a room entirely paneled in gold lacquer and opening onto a long, narrow balcony.

Lying across a divan covered with black cushions, delicate ivory body gleaming through the fine texture of a silken robe, lay Orange Blossom—her downward-hung head ghastly, because of the blood which had drenched it.

"Good God, sir!" came a hoarse whisper. "Some wild animal—"

"Darling!" Dawson Haig whispered. "Oh, my darling! Thank God!"

Eileen opened her blue eyes and looked up at him—wondering. Then, with a slow smile, she twined her arms about his neck and drew his head down to her breast.

The kindly Greek doctor tiptoed to the door, opened it softly, went out, and closed it behind him.

Dawson Haig held her tightly.

He had done much and gained much. At last, he had justified his quixotic choice of a profession. He had fashioned a stepping-stone, he knew it, which would carry him from the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard to the goal of his ambition. He had been instrumental in breaking up a formidable organization, a danger to the civilized world. . . .

But the Wallaroo, with more than three hundred souls on board, had been swallowed up in the Red Sea, and the survivors . . . he could never forget Rattray's story. . . .

The sharks!

Yet, being human, he could not have foreseen it. At least, he had done something.

Keneh was being combed. Air Force pilots were watching all roads to the Red Sea. The Camel Corps were at Bir Ambar. And the secret base was in the hands of the navy.

"What is it, my dearest?" Eileen whispered.

He stroked the thick waves of coppery hair.

"Nothing, darling," he replied.

But, save for one glimpse in London, he had never yet come within reach of the *Thing* which tore human throats . . . and, somewhere deep down in his mind, he seemed to hear the high, batlike laughter of Yu'an Hee See.

THE END

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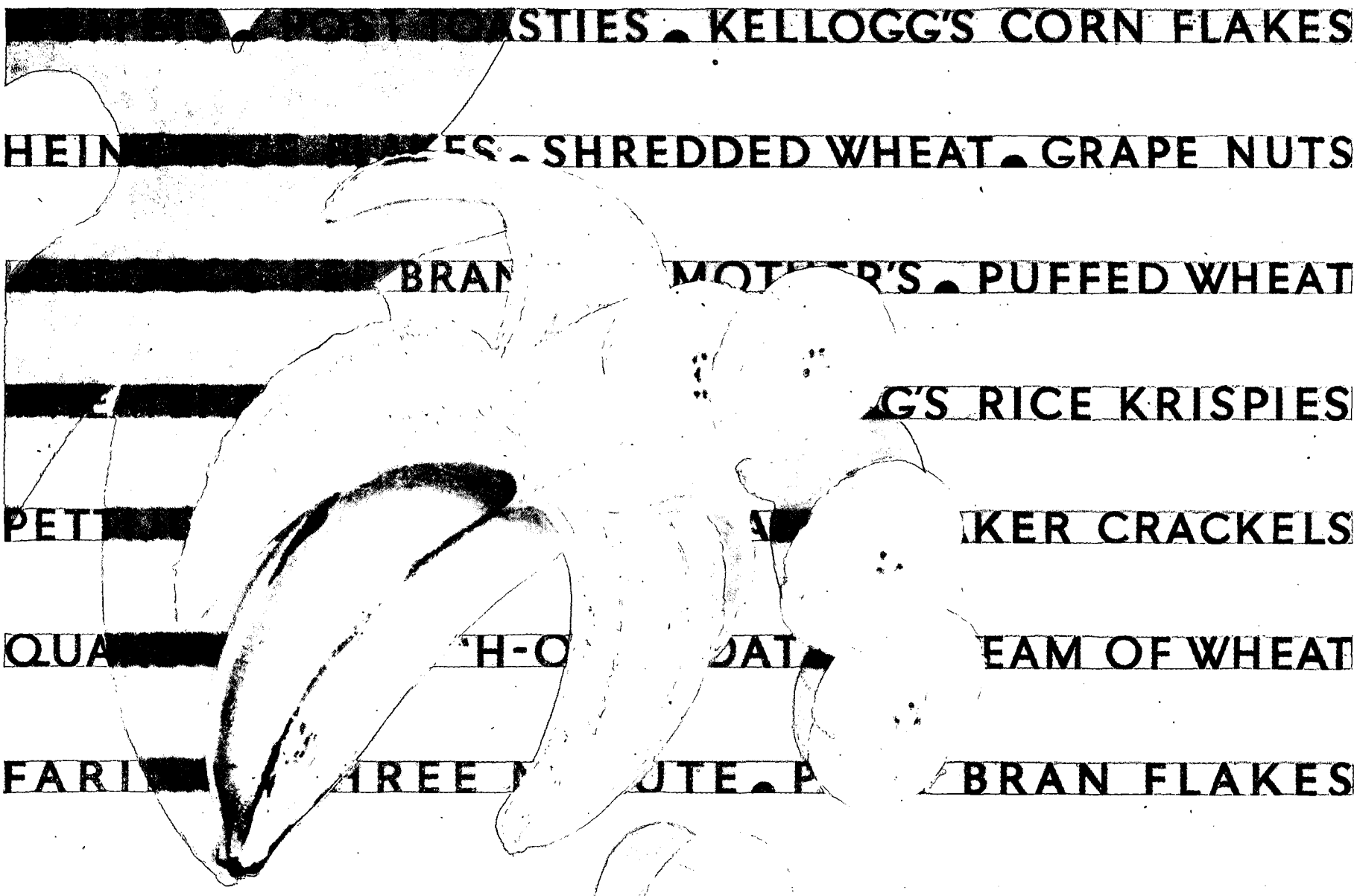
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"Well, then, let's vary our act. Plump a few slices of bananas over me. Now trickle some cream over us—bananas, cereal, and all.

"What's that you say? Your appetite is stirring already? Why not? It's a *heavenly* combination.

"Ah—but there's more to tell. Those bananas help me do a prize job for your health. They've got . . . what is it the doctors call them? . . . vitamins? Yes, three of them—and they're fairly packed with minerals, too.

"Another thing, your food budget will welcome their economy. My word for it!

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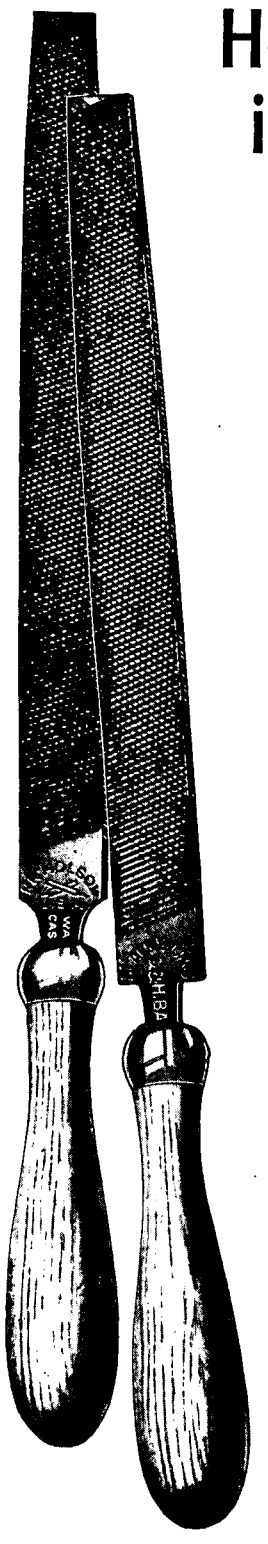

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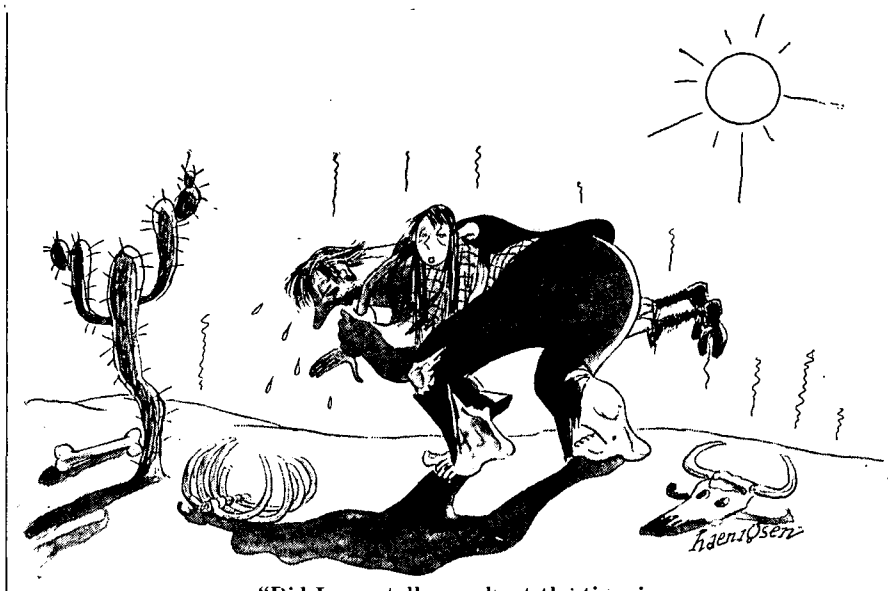

"Did I ever tell you about the time in Akron when I held thirteen spades?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North S. Q-J-10-7-6-4 H. A-K-9-3 D. A-6 C. A	
West S. 8-3-2 H. Q-J-6-2 D. J-2 C. 8-6-3-2		*East* S. None H. None D. K-Q-10-9-8-7-4 C. K-J-10-7-5-4
	South (Dealer) S. A-K-9-5 H. 10-8-7-5-4 D. 5-3 C. Q-9	

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, is one of the most remarkable ever called to my attention.

South, being just short of bidding strength, passed. West of course did the same, and North considered his veritable whale to be worth a bid of three Spades. East bid four Diamonds, South four Spades, West and North passed, East bid five Clubs, and South five Spades. West passed and North somewhat reluctantly did the same; East bid six Clubs, not expecting to fulfill his contract but with the idea of taking a loss in order to save game. It was a dangerous bid because North or South might fear that the six Clubs could be made and instead of doubling, bid for a slam in Spades.

This time South passed and West showed his preference for Clubs by passing also. North, although confident that East could be defeated, went on to six Spades because he felt that South's bidding must show the Ace and King of Spades and possibly something in Hearts. The bid of six Spades obtained the contract as East, who was vulnerable, had ventured as far as he dared.

In Auction Bridge, the bidding doubtless would be carried as far as in Contract, possibly even farther, as the hand is such an eccentric one.

With North undertaking a small slam contract in Spades, East led the King of Diamonds, which North won. North then led the Spade Queen; and when East refused he knew that there was no danger of a Heart ruff from that hand, so he led North's Heart Ace to trick 3. When East refused Hearts also, all the adverse Hearts could be placed, and putting South in with a Spade to lead through West's Queen-Jack of Hearts held West to one Heart trick. But West led a Diamond after winning that trick, and set the small slam contract.

A question of play which I believe to be one of the most interesting I have ever met at the Bridge Table is whether the Declarer, when East refused Spades at trick 2, should have won the trick in the South hand and led the Ten of Hearts, North finessing if West played small, as unquestionably he should in that situation. East is marked with long Diamonds and Clubs but may have a singleton Heart, and if so there is at least an even chance that it is the Queen or Jack; in that case the Heart finesse would be fatal to slam hopes, as East would win the trick and cash a Diamond immediately. On the other hand, if East has no Hearts or a singleton Six or Deuce, and West has the Queen-Jack and one or two other Hearts, leading the King from North or refusing the finesse will make one of West's Heart honors good with the same result.

The lead of South's Ten of Hearts in this situation would induce many a West to play a covering honor, but no expert player would make so unsound a play.

All of which brings us back to the question propounded above, whether Declarer should lead the Ten of Hearts from South and finesse if West does not cover. Fearing that my own judgment might be influenced by my knowledge of the distribution of the East and West cards, I submitted the situation to a half-dozen of the best players I know, giving the North and South hands and the bidding, but not giving the location of the adverse cards. Three said they would finesse; two said they would lead the Ten of Hearts from South but in the event of West's failing to cover they would play high from North; and one said that he would lead the Ten of Hearts from South and if West did not cover he would depend upon "his inspiration of the moment" to guide him in determining whether to finesse.

Perhaps some of my readers may be able to dig deeper into these intricacies and construct some mathematical argument for one play or the other. If so, I should be delighted to hear it.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 8-6-5-2 H. A-J-5 D. 6-5-3 C. K-10-3	*East* S. Q-10-9-3 H. Q-9-6 D. 10-9-8 C. A-J-9
West S. None H. 10-8-7-3 D. A-7-4-2 C. 8-7-6-4-2	*South (Dealer)* S. A-K-J-7-4 H. K-4-2 D. K-Q-J C. Q-5

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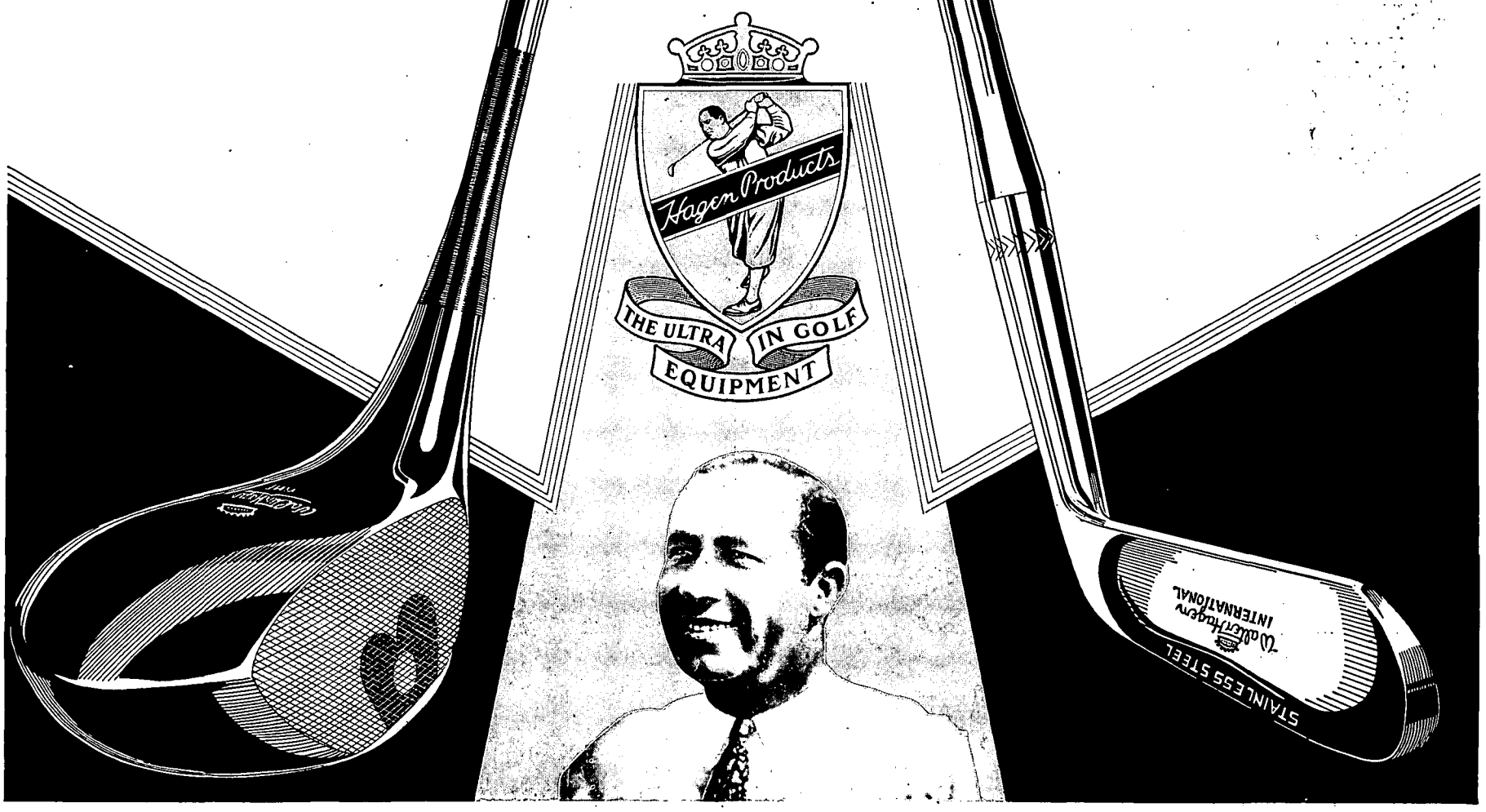

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
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It's Quite Unnecessary

WE HAVE heard much half-baked business talk during the past few months. Many who ought to know better said that the business depression which began at the end of 1929 was different from those which had previously occurred.

That is just nonsense. Little new has happened during the last eighteen months. The same important forces which operated ten years ago or forty years ago have been at work. Fundamental conditions have not changed.

Bad times succeed good times and good times follow bad times and the cycle of life moves on. When prosperity is abundant we insist that dark days will never return. When, actually, adversity is at hand many talk as though they believed the world were coming to an end. The last hours of night are traditionally darkest.

It was true a generation ago, and it is true now, however, that we as a nation can do much, if we show sense and public spirit, to lessen the suffering which always accompanies the changes in the business seasons.

Consider the broad facts. They are fairly simple. First, our civilization is based on machinery. Machines enable us to produce so much that the earth can support a population incredibly larger than that which lived a century ago.

We have believed in this country that machines could be best operated under private ownership and management. Experience has justified this opinion. Today Soviet Russia, which challenges our democratic ideas, is seeking to make its industry as efficient and as productive as ours.

The second great fact is that while our machines are capable of producing enough to satisfy all of our wants all of the time, we have not yet learned how to keep the machines busy without interruption. Our system of distribution is not as efficient as our productive methods.

So, at times, buying diminishes and unemployment appears. We have too little because we are able to produce so much. Overproduction makes continued production unprofitable and incomes are less and millions are jobless.

This condition, however, is not new, unprecedented, or without remedy. There is enough trained intelligence in this country to solve the unemployment problem and all that goes with it whenever public opinion as a whole decides it is time to act.

We have hitherto preferred not to act because we have liked to think that everybody by his and her own efforts, unaided, could provide for all the emergencies of life. This was never generally true and it is not true now.

We can, without losing any of the great advantages of individual initiative and private ownership, protect ourselves against these recurring crises in our productive life.

The primary step is to recognize the recurrence of the business seasons and to adapt our plans to actual conditions.

Production can be regulated by long-time schedules. Some corporations are already doing this. Hours can be shortened. The buying power of wage earners and salaried workers can be stabilized.

Unemployment can be lessened by long-time planning of public works and building programs. The worst evils of unemployment can be relieved by insurance. We fear "doles" in this country, but charity, upon which we now rely, is certainly not better than insurance.

We can also stabilize business if we put our minds to it.

American business will be steady and profitable to the extent that business leaders deal thoughtfully with the facts which they must face.

Customers have to be considered. Nine out of every ten of the customers of American industry live in the United States. One lives somewhere abroad. The buying power both of the American customers and of the foreigners who take our exports must be protected if work is to be continuously profitable.

Russia, furthermore, is not always going to be a pariah among nations. Russia exported long before Bolshevism was a familiar word and Russia will continue to export long after the Soviets have become a historic memory.

We shall have to make our peace with Russian competition and we shall have to recognize the right of others to sell to us if we wish to sell to them.

Finally, we and other nations shall have to invent something comparable in its advantages to the long-term planning of the Russians. We shall have to devise reasonable forms of economic government if we are to escape the evils of economic anarchy.

For, regardless of what our attitude may be toward the Soviet government, the Russian Five-Year Plan is a new and challenging economic development. The Russians are making a vast effort to coördinate all the industries of a great nation. The American way will be different and it will preserve freedom and individual initiative but it will be not less boldly imaginative.

In all this, however, there is nothing which was not plain to discerning eyes long before October, 1929. Furthermore, we are making progress along some lines.

The Federal Reserve System, stabilizing credit and currency, was a great advance. Plans now in process to regulate the exports of sugar also point out the road to the future. We are more open-minded in our consideration of unemployment insurance.

Our great danger is not that an economic era has come to an end but rather that with returning prosperity we shall defer making the adjustments which have been clearly necessary this quarter-century and longer.

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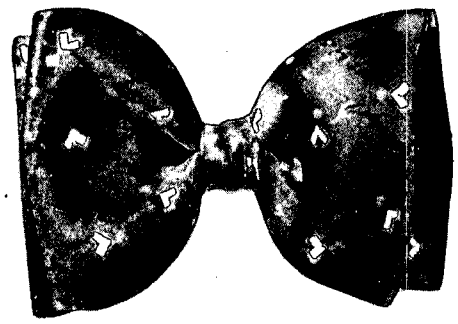
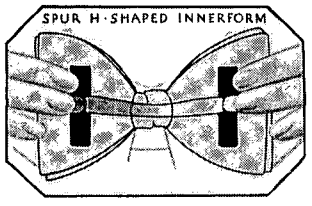
Your tie AS EVERYBODY ELSE SEES IT

You know it's smart *if it's a new* Spur Bow





FEEL FOR THE H-SHAPED INNERFORM

The flexible Spur Innerform holds the tie in the shape that your fingers give it, so that it looks like your tie and nobody else's. Only genuine Spurs have this styling feature that lets you wear the bow any way you want to.

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If you tie it yourself you are probably never quite sure how it looks. But you *know* it's smart if it's a new Spur Bow . . . as the approving eyes of those you meet will tell you.

Spur Bows are fashioned by expert fingers to save you the bother of either tying or untying them. But their real individuality is in the style that you give the bow by bending or flattening the H-Shaped Innerform concealed in its silken ends. Any good men's wear store will show you this season's smartest Spur Bow shapes and colors. Ask them to show you, too, the new Spur 4-in-Hands that are "all tied for you."

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